INDICATIONS.
FAIR TONIGHT AND SUNDAY.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

"MAN'S CAPACITY FOR ENJOYMENT IS UNLIMITED, ONLY GOD CAN SATISFY US."

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1909. 24 PAGES—5 Cts.

MARAUDERS WERE HACKED TO PIECES

Two Austrians Chopped to Bits With Axes by Infuriated Italians.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY NEAR CENTERVILLE

Laborers' Camp Scene of a Butchery—Victims Had Attempted Robbery.

Indianapolis, Nov. 6.—Two Austrians were chopped to pieces with axes by Italians in a camp of laborers on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad near Centerville early today. The men killed were Sam Crocherski and Steve Soreta. They had been following the camp for days and the Italian workmen, under the leadership of Joe Dulich, were warned that the Austrians were bad men. Crocherski, according to camp gossip, had murdered and robbed several men in Europe. Crocherski and Soreta and two other Austrians at 3 o'clock this morning knocked at the door of a cabin in which twenty Italians were sleeping.

Begged for Shelter.

"Let us in out of the cold," cried Crocherski. After a consultation the Italians decided to give the Austrians lodging and the door was opened. The Austrians entered and prepared for sleep, but as soon as the cabin was quiet they jumped to their feet and demanded the money of the Italians under pain of death. This is the story of the Italians.

A terrible and bloody fight in the crowded little cabin followed. Knives, axes and revolvers were used. Crocherski and Soreta were horribly mangled, but their two companions, their bodies slashed, escaped to the woods.

Reported the Battle.

Joe Dulich at daybreak went to Richmond and reported the battle. The police permitted him to go free, but he did not return to the camp. The sheriff and several deputies went to the camp in automobiles. They saw the all but dismembered bodies of Crocherski and Soreta. Search for the other two Austrians was without result, though they were badly wounded.

FIVE LOSE LIVES IN RAILWAY WRECK IN JERSEY CITY

Train on the Pennsylvania Leaves Track on Elevated Structure.

New York, Nov. 6.—Five persons, four of whom were railroad employes, were killed and six passengers seriously and a score slightly injured in a collision between Pennsylvania train No. 104 from Philadelphia, and an engine running light, on the elevated tracks in Jersey City today.

The engines and all the cars except the rear one on the train left the rails and the smoking car and both engines were overturned. The killed:

J. STILE, engineer of train 104.

J. MONROE, engineer of light engine.

FIREMAN of light engine, (name unknown.)

TWO UNIDENTIFIED MEN, one supposed to be track walker.

Practically all of the injured passengers were in the smoking car, which was overturned. Six were badly enough hurt to require hospital attention. The wreck caused a serious interruption to traffic, the tracks being blocked for several hours.

The members of the Dartmouth college foot ball team, on their way to Princeton for the annual game to be played this afternoon, with the Nassau eleven, were among those delayed by the wreck. And excursion trains to Princeton were stalled several hours. Every effort was made to move these special trains forward, but at noon the likelihood was that the game originally scheduled for 2:30 would have to be postponed for an hour or more.

Tower Man in Custody.

The police took into custody Daniel Harrington, a tower man. They said the tower man may have turned the wrong switch. The railroad officials believe that a defective flange may have caused the wreck.

The light engine and the passenger train it appears, were on parallel adjoining tracks and came together while running in the same direction.

Before noon one track was repaired and trains were moving fairly close to schedule.

Harrington was discharged by the police after it had been shown that the semaphores were all properly set.

MEN ARE IDENTIFIED.

Sheriff Reichelderfer Locates Burglars for Brother Officer.

"Doc" Baumbach and Ishmel Covell, arrested yesterday at Jackson, Mich., through information furnished the officers of Noble county by Sheriff A. M. Reichelderfer, have been identified as the men who robbed the Rosenberger hardware store at LaOtto Wednesday night. They still had some of the stolen stuff in their possessions.

MME. STEINHEIL'S STORY IS RIDDLED

Former Servant Tells of Finding the Accused Woman Bound.

NO EVIDENCE SHE HAD BEEN SECURED

Gag Was on Pillow Beside Her—She Denounces the Witness.

Paris, Nov. 6.—Madame Steinheil, who was led from the court room fainting yesterday, was not called to the stand when the trial was resumed today.

Police witnesses were introduced to describe the appearance of the Steinheil home immediately after Adolphe Steinheil with his motherin-law, Mme. Japy, had been murdered. The purpose of the testimony was to show that there was no evidence of a genuine character to support the claim of the widow that robbery was the motive for the crime.

The first witness called was Remey Couillard, formerly a servant in the Steinheil household, but who is now in the military service. He appeared in the uniform of a dragon. It was Couillard who discovered Mme. Steinheil bound and gagged in her bed and the bodies of her husband and stepmother in adjoining rooms.

Tells Story With Nothing New.

He recounted today the story which he had told the police, but nothing new developed.

In his examination special emphasis was laid upon the condition in which Mme. Steinheil was found and the way in which she was bound and gagged. After the crime Couillard left the service of Mme. Steinheil and on Nov. 21, 1908, he was arrested upon suspicion of having been implicated in the murders.

A pearl which Mme. Steinheil had claimed was stolen from the home at the time of the murders had been found in his pocket, but after he had been held in jail for several days he was released upon Mme. Steinheil's confession that she had placed the jewel in his pocket. She claimed she had become convinced that the servant was guilty and believing that if arrested he would confess, she planned to bring him into the custody of the police.

Damaging to Woman.

Couillard's testimony was damaging to the defendant. He insisted that when he found Mme. Steinheil she told him only of a burglary, making no mention of her husband and stepmother who lay dead in their rooms.

He said the gag was not in her mouth but near the pillow upon which Mme. Steinheil's head rested. Her hands were tied in front of her and not behind her back as she had testified, the witness said, and both the ropes about her wrists and ankles were loosely bound.

Moreover the witness said that after the police had arrived and the woman had told them the story of the murders, the telephone bell rang, whereupon Mme. Steinheil, who had been feigning illness and pain, ordered him from the room and springing from her bed, answered the telephone. During this testimony the prisoner interrupted repeatedly, denying most of Couillard's statements as fast as he made them.

Ordered Dog Removed.

Questioning brought out the statement that the alleged murderess had ordered that the watch dog be removed from the house the night preceding the murder. She explained her desire to get rid of the animal, it was said on the ground that he some times damaged pictures in her husband's studio. Couillard was followed on the stand by police witnesses. During the afternoon much contradictory testimony was regarding just how Mme. Steinheil was bound, the general appearance of things in the household in the morning after the crime was committed and also as to whether the artist knew of his wife's intrigues with other men.

One of Steinheil's models, a man named Antanzie, swore that a few days before the murders, the painter told him that he intended to divorce his wife for the sake of their daughter.

Tells Another Story.

On the other hand Bouneaud, a brother-in-law of Steinheil, testified the painter always had insisted that his wife's character had been maligned.

He said that Steinheil adored his wife and was in no way suspicious of her. M. Bouneaud and his family, however, knew Mme. Steinheil's character and severed their relations with her after the gossip following the death of President Faure.

Another brother-in-law of Steinheil, on the contrary, testified that the artist was familiar with his wife's escapades. This statement aroused an outburst of indignation from Mme. Steinheil, who cried out "You have dishonored the memory of my husband. It is infamous."

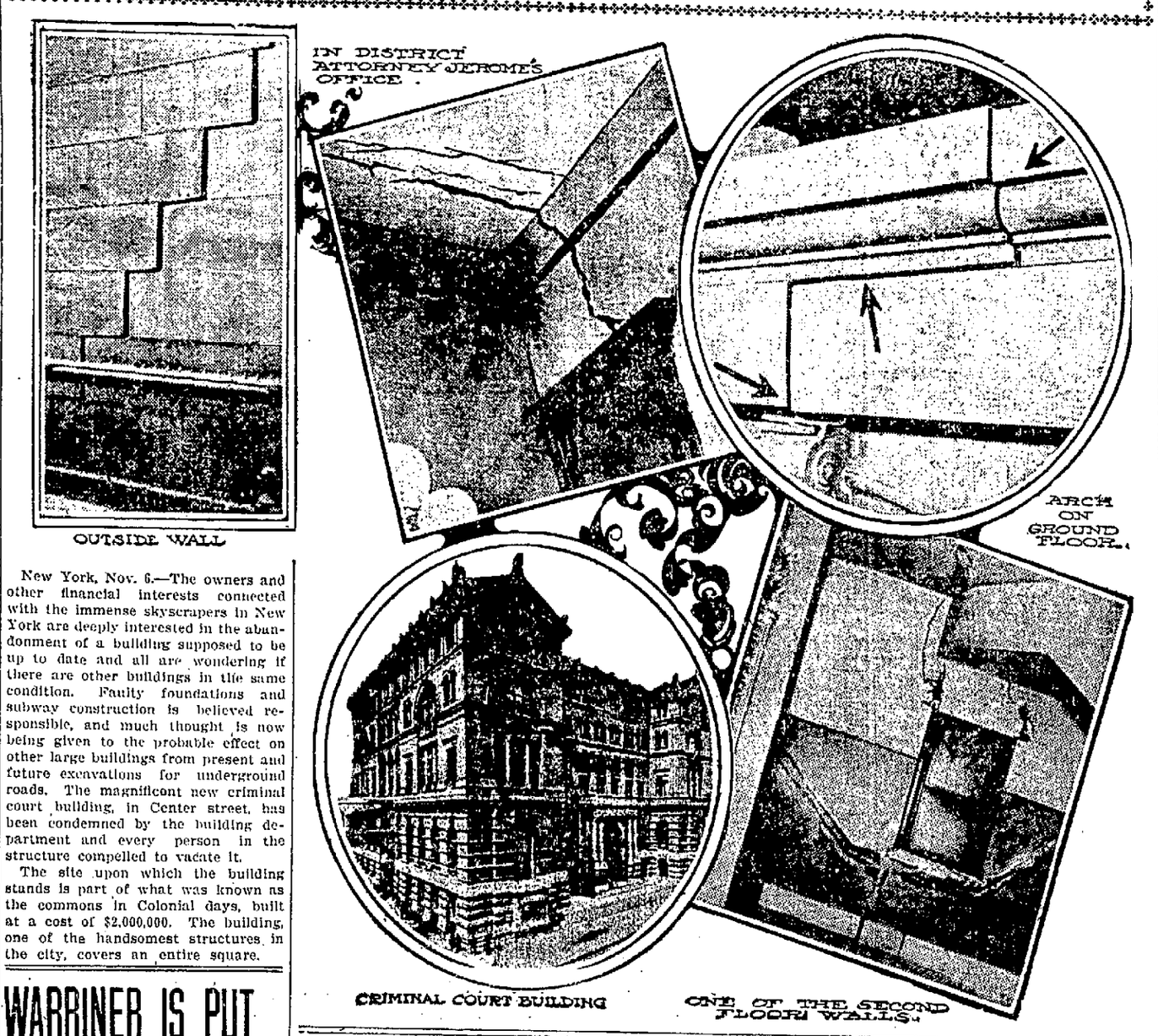
WILL BE FIXED IN SPRING.

The supply of brick gave out before the contractor was able to finish the work of paving Columbia street and about twenty feet west of Calhoun street has been temporarily fixed and it leaves a little "hump." This will all be fixed in the spring when Calhoun street is paved.

ONE NEW CASE REPORTED.

The only case of smallpox reported to the health department today was found in the McGraw home at 1101 Maumee avenue, which has been under quarantine.

NEW YORK'S $2,000,000 CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING WHICH IS FALLING DOWN.


IN DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME'S OFFICE.
ARCH ON GROUND FLOOR.
OUTSIDE WALL
CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING
ONE OF THE SECOND FLOOR WALLS.

New York, Nov. 6.—The owners and other financial interests connected with the immense skyscrapers in New York are deeply interested in the abandonment of a building supposed to be up to date and all are wondering if there are other buildings in the same condition. Faulty foundations and subway construction is believed responsible, and much thought is now being given to the probable effect on other large buildings from present and future excavations for underground roads. The magnificent new criminal court building, in Center street, has been condemned by the building department and every person in the structure compelled to vacate it.

The site upon which the building stands is part of what was known as the commons in Colonial days, built at a cost of $2,000,000. The building, one of the handsomest structures in the city, covers an entire square.

WARRINER IS PUT IN LAW'S CUSTODY

Big Four Treasurer at Cincinnati, Charged With Theft of $50,000.

SAYS HIS FRIENDS WILL GO ON BOND

Warriner Admits Stealing and Says He Was Not Alone Involved.

Cincinnati, Nov. 6.—A warrant charging Charles L. Warriner with embezzlement of $54,000 funds of the Big Four Railroad company was issued at 11:10 o'clock this morning.

Warriner was arrested shortly after noon in the Sinton hotel. He requested that he be allowed to remain in his room pending an effort to obtain bondsmen but he was taken to the private office of Justice Muller before whom the warrant was secured. Warriner was held under $20,000 to answer to the grand jury. Warriner declared that he had not a cent in the world but that friends had come to his assistance and he hoped to be able to furnish the bond.

Not the Only One.

Admitting his own responsibility for the large shortage in his accounts as local treasurer of the Big Four railroad in this city, Warriner today stated to the Associated Press that he was not the only one involved in the shortage, estimated at $100,000.

"I am glad I have been found out" said Warriner, who in charge of a detective, was leaving the Sinton hotel when the reporter accosted him.

Never Played Poker.

The detective remained at his side, listening and watching.

"I am not alone in this and I want to say another thing," continued Warriner. "I never played a game of poker in my life. There is no woman in the case; that is, as far as I am concerned. The perfect understanding between me and my wife precludes my being mixed up with any woman.

"The other man has to do with her, not I."

"When did you first take any money?" Warriner was asked.

"I have no specific statement to make as to that."

Warriner, it is said, has took money to speculate in wheat.

A BUYING STATION.

The White Fruit House Established One at Kendallville.

The White Fruit House, of this city, has established a buying station at Kendallville with Harry Drollinger, of this city, as manager. The station is for the purpose of purchasing produce, potatoes, etc., and shipping them to the company's house in this city.

MEETS DEATH IN STRANGE WAY.

Indianapolis, Nov. 6.—Frightened at the small drops of blood that flowed from a slight skin wound on her hand, Leoma Hanna, 5 years old, fainted yesterday and, falling to a brick wall, struck her head, causing an injury to her skull that resulted in death a few hours later. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Hanna and was visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd McConnell, on their farm two and one-half miles north of Oakland when the accident occurred.

T. & C. TROLLEY LINE MAKES A GOOD SHOWING

Report is Filed in Court by Receiver James D. Mortimer.

General Manager A. J. Purinton and Attorney W. A. Campbell, acting for Receiver James J. Mortimer, have filed in the superior court a report of the business of the Toledo and Chicago interurban line for the period from January 31, 1908 to July 31, 1909.

It shows receipts aggregating $189,853.49, divided as follows: From passengers, $163,759.12; from chartered cars, $1,656.97; from express, $5,977.17; from freight, $14,830.44; from baggage, $1,137.16; from advertising, $286.75; from miscellaneous, $2,205.88. Entrance charges into Fort Wayne paid to the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley company amounted to $7,107.57, leaving the gross earnings $182,746.92.

Expenditures were $142,068.18, divided as follows: For maintenance of way, $13,770.43; for maintenance of equipment, $18,206.80; for operation of power plant, $34,729.48; for operation of cars, $37,117.99; for general expenses, $38,243.48. Excess earnings over operating expenses were $40,677.74.

There are receivership certificates outstanding to the total of $104,938.40.

HON. C. F. DIETERICH HERE.

Head of Gas Syndicate Leaves for Lafayette After Inspection.

Hon. Charles F. Dieterich, of New York, head of the gas syndicate of which the Indiana Lighting company is a part, arrived in the city last evening, accompanied by his son, A. E. Dieterich; Mrs. A. E. Dieterich, S. T. Murdock, of Lafayette, and Messrs. S. T. Neeley and J. S. D. Neeley, of Lima. The party were guests at the Anthony.

President Dieterich is in the west on a regular inspection trip, and spent the morning going over the local gas works. This afternoon the party left on the special car Lawton for Lafayette.

GIVING OUT UNIFORMS.

The new uniforms for the members of company D, Third infantry, arrived yesterday and are being issued to the men. Twenty suits were given out last night and the remaining forty will be given out as rapidly as applied for. The suits are olive drab in color and consist of cap, coat, breeches, shirt and leggins.

DIES WITHOUT A NAME.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 6.—After twenty-four years at the same window in St. Alexis hospital, a woman whose name is unknown, who has never spoken, heard a sound nor moved of her own volition in the forty-four years since her birth, died yesterday. She was brought to the hospital when she was 20, deaf, dumb and paralyzed. Her name was lost two decades ago. An aunt, her only relative, died a few months after she was admitted to the hospital. She had been known only as Lottie.

GOES AS PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF GOVERNOR

S. M. Foster to Attend the American Civic Congress in New York.

Armed with a commission which makes him the personal representative of Governor Marshall, Samuel M. Foster, of this city, will attend and participate in the deliberations of the American civic congress in New York, December 6 to 11.

This is a movement of the American Civic Alliance by which it is hoped to unify all the various movements for civic betterment and governmental improvement, city, state and national, in order that that work may be more effective.

When Governor Marshall found that he could not attend the meeting he was asked to designate a personal representative for the occasion, and his choice fell upon Mr. Foster. The latter has accepted the distinction and will go not as an ordinary delegate but as the representative of the Indiana governor.

GUESSING ON GRICE CABINET STILL VERY GOOD

Lot of Prominent Citizens Now Getting "Honorable Mention."

Guessing on the probable make-up of the cabinet of Mayor Grice when that gentleman assumes the mayoralty on January 1, continues to be popular diversion, and scores of prominent citizens are now getting honorable mention in this direction.

Mr. Grice has declared that he has made neither selections nor promises, but this doesn't stop his friends who are willing to take the job of picking out an official family off his hands. For instance, it is said there is a chance that William P. Beck may be the new controller, with Martin Detzer also a possibility for the place.

Rumor also has it that Lieutenant John M. Neufer, of the Pennsylvania force, would like to be chief of police, and they are talking of Ex-Councilman Byron Strawn for the board of public works, with Jesse Brosius and E. J. Lennon, present incumbents, as likely to receive reappointments.

The board of public safety is not forgotten, and rumors of selection to this board have attached themselves to the names of A. E. Meiching, A. R. Walter, G. H. Loesch, Dr. L. A. Worch and a number of others. Each day brings its additions to the list, which is already numerically far in excess of the appointments to be made.

Township Trustee Branning has returned from a visit at Marion.

LADY DIED ON TRAIN WHILE ENROUTE TO THIS CITY

Mrs. Perry Berlien Stricken With Heart Disease and Expired Suddenly.

En route to Fort Wayne to consult a doctor concerning some trouble with her eyes, Mrs. Zella Berlien, the wife of Perry Berlien, a farmer living five miles east of Angola, died on a Lake Shore passenger train at Carroll's Crossing at 10:30 o'clock this morning. The body was brought to this city, taken to the undertaking establishment of H. Schone & Co. and afterwards sent to her home in Steuben county for burial.

Mrs. Berlien was apparently as well as usual when she left home. On the train she occupied a seat with another lady and when approaching Carroll's Crossing she threw up her arms as if in distress, exclaimed "Oh, My!" and fell back in her seat unconscious. The passengers in the coach hastened to her assistance, but found her dead.

At the yards in this city Dr. Gordon was called. He pronounced her dead and then the coroner was summoned. Her death was due to an attack of heart disease.

Mrs. Berlien was about 35 years of age. She is survived by her husband, one daughter, Dorothy, and three sisters and a brother. Those on the train at the time she was stricken and who were witnesses at the coroner's inquest were Mrs. J. W. Steinburger, Mr. and Mrs. John Cleckner and Rev. Vernon Stauffer, of Angola, and E. C. Ettinger, of this city.

CHANGE OF MANAGERS.

Geo. E. Geary Returns to This City for S. B. Thing & Co.

H. J. Lynn, who for the last two years has been manager of the store of S. B. Thing & Co., in this city, has been transferred to Hartford, Mass., where he takes the management of a store recently started by S. B. Thing & Co. This position here will be filled by the appointment of George E. Garry, who for two years has been manager of the company's store at Lawrence, Mass., and who formerly had the management of the company's business in this city. Both gentlemen are splendid business men and have many friends in this city. The return to Fort Wayne of Mr. Garry will be welcomed.

GAVE A SUPPER.

An oyster supper and necktie social was given at the Fletter school house, district No. 1, St. Joe township, Oct. 30, with marked success, the proceeds being $43.04, which will be used for the benefit of that school. This is Miss Carrie Noble's fourth successful term at that place. During this time, at the four socials held, she has cleared $168.86.

The Isaac Knapp Dental coterie has decided to postpone its regular meeting Thursday evening to join with the Academy of Medicine in the tuberculosis exhibit meeting at the public library building

FATALLY HURT AS WHEELS COLLIDED

E. G. Shulze Succumbs to Injuries in Bicycle Accident.

SKULL FRACTURED; DID NOT REVIVE

Nathaniel Bendure, Other Man in Collision, Also Injured.

Elliott G. Shulze, secretary of the Hoffman Brothers company, was fatally injured in a bicycle collision on Fairfield avenue, near the Pennsylvania tracks, at 8 o'clock this morning, and died little more than two hours later at the Lutheran hospital without having regained consciousness.

Riding his wheel northward down the steep incline in the street at that point, the unfortunate man came into collision with Nathaniel Bendure, 1226 East Wayne street. Shulze's skull was fractured and his left ear was almost torn from his head. Bendure was also injured, but escaped more fortunately, sustaining only severe bruises upon his legs and badly sprained arms. Mr. Shulze was 44 years of age and resided at 241 East Woodland avenue. He was widely known from his active connection with religious work in this city.

Struck Heads Together.

Mr. Shulze was riding to his work at the office of the Hoffman Brothers company when the accident occurred. He came northward on Fairfield avenue, crossed the Pennsylvania tracks and started down the steep incline at that point just at the moment Mr. Bendure, an electrician, also riding a wheel, came from the opposite direction on his way to a coal yard on Taylor street to do some electric wiring.

It was almost directly in front of the building of the Dr. J. W. Kidd company that the fatal accident occurred. The wheelmen, both endeavoring to avoid a collision, came together with a frightful crash, striking almost head to head. Both were pitched from their wheels, Shulze being thrown a distance of ten feet and alighting upon his head on the brick pavement. Bendure was hurled to the east side of the street and was entangled in the wreck of his wheel when two or three persons, who had witnessed the accident, hurried to the spot.

Shulze Was Unconscious.

Mr. Shulze was unconscious, his left ear was badly torn and he was bleeding profusely from an extensive laceration of the scalp at the left side of the head. Mr. BenDure was also stunned for a few moments, but he quickly revived and limped to the curbing and sank down while spectators summoned physicians and ambulances. Attaches of the Kidd company assisted in caring for the injured men temporarily. BenDure insisted that he was not injured sufficinently to necessitate his going to a hospital, but Mr. Shulze was lifted into the city ambulance and hurried to the Lutheran hospital, where Dr. Duemling attended him.

From the first it was realized that his condition was critical. Examination revealed a fracture of the skull upon the left side, and the victim of the accident was plainly suffering from severe concussion as well as from his other injuries. Efforts of physicians and nurses were unavailing, and Mr. Shulze passed away at 10:30 o'clock, having never revived.

Mr. BenDure Talks of Accident.

A large crowd had been attracted to the spot by the accident, and after the ambulance had driven away Mr. BenDure made his way to his home on East Wayne street. He was deeply affected by the unfortunate accident, and said that he had done everything possible to avoid it. Mr. Bendure, in the employ of Art E. Mains and carrying his tools on his wheel, says he was riding southward along the west side of Fairfield avenue, while Mr. Shulze approached from the south, riding rapidly and also on the west side of the street.

In front of the Kidd building a wagon was standing, and this compelled both men to swerve from their course in order to avoid it. As he was on a descending grade Mr. Shulze was traveling at much the greater speed, and BenDure says that as he veered out to avoid the wagon Mr. Shulze came directly upon him. In the effort to avoid the crash BenDure says he sought to drive his wheel over the curb at the east side of the street, and just at this moment the crash came. He believes the turning out for the wagon must have confused Mr. Shulze.

Shulze Was Well Known.

Mr. Shulze was born at Circleville, Ohio, January 29, 1865, and was therefore nearly 45 years of age. He came to Fort Wayne when a mere lad and at the age of 14 years entered the employ of the Hoffman lumber concern, with which he was identified down to the day of his death. In the reorganization a few years ago Mr. Shulze was made secretary.

The surviving family consists of the widow and four children—Herbert M., who is in the United States navy; Margaret M., Elliott F. and Dorothy. His mother, Mrs. C. E. Shulze, lives

[Continued on Page Two.]

THE WEATHER.

Washington, Nov. 6.—Ohio—Fair tonight and Sunday.

Indiana—Fair tonight and Sunday.

Lower Michigan—Partly cloudy tonight and Sunday; warmer tonight in northeast portion.

Illinois—Fair tonight; Sunday partly cloudy

GAVE HAILING SIGN OF DISTRESS TO THE JURY

Philadelphia Man Jailed for Using Odd Fellows' Signal in Court.

Philadelphia, Nov. 6.—Adolph Moskovitz "threw" the Odd Fellows' sign of distress to a jury in Judge Kinsey's court yesterday morning and went to prison in contempt of court for so doing.

Moskovitz sued his former employer, Morris Keen, to recover money deposited as security for the faithful performance of his agreement when he entered Keen's employ on April 10, 1907, as superintendent of his musical instrument business at 4250 Main street, Manayunk. Nine months later, Moskovitz, according to Keen, was discharged for dishonesty.

It was testified that the plaintiff, Moskovitz, repeatedly failed to turn in the full amount he received for different musical instruments, and had appropriated the proceeds to his own use. He was "trapped," according to the defense, by marked money and amateur detectives, and his alleged thefts, the defense urged, amounted to more than the sum of the deposit money under his agreement. Moskovitz denied these charges.

During the course of the trial Court officer Lyle and Attorney Arthur S. Arnold, counsel for the Keen interests, noticed Moskovitz making peculiar gestures toward the jury. They reported the incident to Judge Kinsey, who called the plaintiff to the bar and asked:

"What is that button you have on your coat? What secret order does that represent?"

"The Odd Fellows," replied Moskovitz.

"What was that sign you were making?"

"The Odd Fellows'. If a man gets in trouble he can make that sign."

"That was a sign of distress and trouble that you were making to the jury—do you mean that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you signaled this jury so that if there was one of your society members there he would help you?"

"Yes, sir."

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EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

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we do not make, but the **New Meigs Eye-Glasses** are marvels in staying-on qualities and comfort.

The biggest little thing yet is the tiny suction cap fitted to the top of the guards.

Made on the new finger-piece eye-glasses or attached to your mountings for a few cents.

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NOTHING TO VERIFY RUMORS OF HIS DEATH

No Direct Word from Mr. Roosevelt, But Report is Not Believed.

Entebbe, Uganda, Nov. 6.—The last word from the Roosevelt party came out Oct. 31 and at that date no casualties had occurred.

There is absolutely no confirmation here of the reports current yesterday in the United States that Mr. Roosevelt had met his death in the protectorate. Mr. Roosevelt is hunting on the Guas Ingishu plateau. He was in splendid health when he left the railroad line Oct. 28 and diligent inquiries by telegraph and telephone in this country fail to bring any substantiation of the rumor.

The following message from the British commissioner, at Eldama Ravine was received here at 2 o'clock this afternoon:

"Roosevelt was in excellent health Oct. 28, and word of the party on Oct. 30 reported all well. A letter dated Nov. 3 had been received, who at the time the message was sent were on the Guas Ingishu plateau. The letter made no mention at all of Col. Roosevelt. If any of the party is sick, the nearest medical help have received no news of such sickness.

MRS. ROOSEVELT DISTRESSED.

Rome, Nov. 6.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt learned only this morning of the report that an accident had befallen her husband. Naturally she was much distressed that such a rumor should have gained currency, but believed that nothing serious could have occurred and she was not promptly notified. Her friends sent messages of inquiry last night to the nearest point where the hunting party is supposed to be, but up to noon no answer had been received.

John W. Garrette, secretary of the American embassy, today telegraphed to Niabrori concerning the rumor and received the following reply:

"Nothing known here of the Roosevelt party. Report is probably false; are making further inquiry. According to a telegram received yesterday Roosevelt is staying with Lord Delamere Njori.

"NEWLAND TARLTON."

DECLINED TO HAVE THE MEDDLERS AROUND

University of Copenhagen Wants no Overseers in Viewing Cook Data.

Copenhagen, Nov. 6.—The consistory of the University of Copenhagen today declined to accept the proposal of the National Geographic society that a committee representing the American body be present when the north polar records of Dr. Cook are first examined.

A message was sent to Prof. Willis L. Moore, president of the National Geographic society at Washington, as follows:

"The university cannot accept the offered assistance, taking it for granted that the data and records after our examination will be placed at the disposal of other scientific institutions."

MONEY
IS A NECESSITY

YOU SHOULD HAVE IT
AND YOU CAN HAVE IT

By borrowing from us on your HOUSEHOLD GOODS, PIANOS, TEAMS, FIXTURES, ETC., without removal.
That way you can be independent and also keep a good credit.
You don't have to have any one go your security when you borrow of us.
You are under obligations to no one but yourself.
We will give you from one to twelve months in which to pay.
You can pay weekly, monthly or quarterly.
Following is our weekly payment plan for fifty weeks:
$ .60 is the weekly payment on a $ 25.00 loan.
$1.20 is the weekly payment on a $ 50.00 loan.
$2.40 is the weekly payment on a $100.00 loan.
Other amounts in the same proportion.

DON'T FORGET

That we give liberal rebate on all loans paid before due.
That way you only pay for the actual time you have the money.

DON'T BORROW UNTIL YOU SEE US.

Absolute privacy guaranteed, as we have private offices.
We make loans anywhere within 25 miles of Fort Wayne.

FORT WAYNE LOAN CO.

ROOM 2, SECOND FLOOR
HOME PHONE 833.
706 CALHOUN STREET
FORT WAYNE, IND.

WIFE BEATER SENT TO JAIL AND FINED

Woman, Terribly Bruised, Tells Her Story in the City Court.

Conrad Fark, generally known as Forks, was sent to jail from the city court this morning under a fine of $20 and costs and a sentence of ninety days for a most brutal assault upon his wife at their home on Hayden street yesterday afternoon.

The evidence showed that the brutal husband was not deterred in his attack upon the woman by the fact that she had in her arms at the time their babe of two years and it was only an intervention of Providence that the little life was not snuffed out in the course of the pummeling he gave the woman after he had knocked her down.

The woman told a story on the stand in which she said she had been true to him since their last marriage which followed a month after a divorce. She insisted that she was doing the very best she could and had determined on account of her children to make him a faithful wife.

Threw Cup at Him.

She said she went out calling on a friend yesterday afternoon and got back home about 5 o'clock. He had not been working and was lying on a couch. She started to get supper and he began she said to "chew the rag" with her and she "chewed" back because she had grown tired of his constant abuse.

Finally he started toward her and she picked up a cup and threw it at him to stop him long enough to allow her to put the sleeping baby on the bed but she failed and he felled her with a blow in the face. The child fell on her arm and he jumped on the prostrate woman and her face in court showed the effect of the terrific beating that followed.

She escaped and ran across the street to her mother's home and sent one of the members of the family back to see that her children were not being injured by the infuriate father, but it was found that the baby had luckily been spared. This morning she filed the affidavit and Detective Lenz arrested Fark at his home.

Case One of Worst.

The case is one of the worst that has been brought into police court in late years. Mrs. Fark's eyes were both blackened, her face was bruised and scratched and her story was pitiful. Her former name was Sauers and she got a divorce from Fark last summer but on account of the children she married him again on Sept. 25, on his promise to reform. He has been working in the Pennsylvania lumber yard. He has been arrested before for wife beating but she withdrew the affidavit.

Judge Skelton gave Fark a long lecture and said that he ought to send him over longer but that he did not want to inflict too great a burden on his three children.

There were two other cases of plain drunks in court. Joseph Murray, who was given a chance to get out of town yesterday, got drunk instead and he went over for fifteen days. Charles Quick asked to be locked up in order to sober up and he went over eleven days.

Just a Joke.

An affidavit was filed against William Bersch, who is employed at the Bowser plant, charging him with cruelty to animals. An old horse was found tied at the works and was put in the stable and cared for and somebody started a story that he had won the animal on the election and had driven it although it was hardly able to stand.

John Tremmel, city poundmaster, got a bit zealous in the matter because it was reported that Bersch bet on Grice and he brought about the arrest.

ANNUAL COUNCIL OF EPISCOPALIANS IS ENDED

Rev. Averill and the Fort Wayne Delegates are Named on Committees.

Howe, Ind., Nov. 6.—The annual council of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan City, closed last night at this place, formerly known as Lima. Bishops Vincent, of Ohio; McCormick, of Michigan, and Anderson, of Chicago, were present, besides Right Rev. John Hazen White, of Michigan City.

The council elected Homer E. Johnson, of Goshen, missionary treasurer for the ensuing year, and M. C. Dow, of Goshen, as diocesan treasurer. Revs. E. W. Averill, of Fort Wayne; C. H. Schofield, of Delphi; C. S. Champlain, of Elkhart; C. A. Smith, of Hammond, and J. H. McKenzie, of Howe, compose the standing committee.

Members of the missionary committee elected are: Rev. W. S. Howard, of Plymouth; I. C. Rowland, of Goshen; C. S. Champlain, of Elkhart, and C. A. Smith, of Hammond; M. C. Dow, of Goshen; J. A. Sisbold, of Logansport; E. D. Gaston, of Fort Wayne, and W. B. Conkey, of Hammond.

Delegates elected to the general council in Cleveland in 1910 are: Revs. J. H. McKenzie, of Howe; E. L. Rowland, of Goshen; E. W. Averill, of Fort Wayne; H. Neeley, of Kokomo; Gordon Latta, of Goshen; F. T. Earl, of Elkhart; E. D. Gaston, of Fort Wayne, and J. A. Seybold, of Logansport. The salary of Bishop White was increased from $3,000 a year to $4,000.

Mrs. Elizabeth Isaby, 1010 Wells street, is a patient at St. Joseph's hospital.

WILL BE DELEGATES TO WATERWAYS MEETING

Princess Rink is Secured for Night Sessions of Convention.

Lists of accredited delegates to the big waterways convention in Fort Wayne next Wednesday and Thursday from surrounding towns and cities are now pouring into committee headquarters, and so large an attendance is already assured that the committee has secured Princess rink for the two evening sessions — Wednesday, when Senator Beveridge will be the chief speaker, and Thursday, when the principal speaker will be Senator Shively.

Ex-Congressman H. R. Probasco, of Cincinnati, has been assigned a place on Wednesday's program, and he will speak on "Strike While the Iron is Hot." Congressman E. D. Crumpacker, of the Tenth district, will also speak on Wednesday. Hon. Charles G. Copeland, of New York, has been delegated to speak, giving the value New York places on the Toledo, Fort Wayne and Chicago waterway in connection with the Erie canal.

List of the Delegates.

Delegates already elected to the convention are:

From Toledo—F. V. Culbertson, G. H. Bodette, M. H. Gasser.

From Auburn—C. M. Brown, B. W. Beidler, J. H. Rose, F. DePew, J. W. Henderson, W. H. Willenar, R. E. Peters.

From Columbia City—Mayor Jos. H. Harrison, Mose Apfelbaum, Benton J. Bloom, L. A. Luckenbill, Franklin H. Foust.

From Warsaw—A. J. Woods, B. F. Richardson, C. W. Scott, C. W. Burkett, V. Foster, C. A. Reydon.

From Kokomo—John E. Frederick, W. H. Turner, John A. Jay, Joseph Shuewind, W. G. Coxon, D. C. Spanker, A. L. Thapman, D. C. Jenkins, C. A. Ford, J. M. Leach, G. W. Duke.

From Cincinnati—Hon. H. R. Probasco, Major Fox, W. F. Ray, J. A. Weigel, A. M. Stearns, Wm. Stearns, all of whom are officers of the Miami and Erie Waterway association, of Cincinnati.

From Goshen—S. F. Spohn, Anthony Deahl, F. E. C. Hawks, E. E. Mummert, M. V. Starr, Harry M. Sanders, George W. Hay, J. A. Beane, A. J. Hoover.

Other towns which will yet report delegations include Napoleon, Defiance, St. Mary's, Bremen and Minister, Ohio.

List of Contributions.

The contributors to the fund to defray the expenses of the convention tre, up to this time, as follows:

C. B. Fitch	$25.00
Hoosier Manufacturing Co.	25.00
Cooney Bayer	5.00
W. F. Geller	5.00
O. S. Hanna	10.00
Samuel Foster	25.00
Will A. Rundell	5.00
Pape Furniture Co.	10.00
M. Goldberger	5.00
Dr. J. S. McCurdy	5.00
George De Wald & Co.	10.00
B. D. Angell	5.00
Isadar Seelberg	5.00
Wm. P. Cooper	10.00
C. F. Pfeiffer	10.00
Zimmer Carpet Cleaning Co.	5.00
Seavy Hardware Co.	20.00
Craig Biscuit Co.	25.00
Beadell & Co.	25.00
Chas. A. Hoffman	5.00
Moderwell Coal Co.	5.00
Geoglein Bros.	2.00
M. F. Kaag & Son	10.00
Rosenthal Ready-to-Wear Store	5.00
F. H. Bohne & Bro.	2.00
Aurentz Bros.	3.00
Fox Bros.	10.00
Indiana Furniture Co.	5.00
J. M. Henry	5.00
B. R. Bell	2.00
Pickard Bros.	10.00
Patterson-Fletcher Co.	20.00
D. & N. Pharmacy	5.00
L. C. Zollinger	5.00
Foster Furniture Co.	25.00
Rarode's Dry Goods Co.	25.00
Haffner Bakery	5.00
Dukes-Rose-Schirmeyer	5.00
L. J. Libbing	5.00
Meyer Brothers Co.	10.00
L. Heine, Grocery	5.00
Pioneer Coal Co.	5.00
Theo. W. Siebold	2.00
Wm. Doehrmann	2.00
Kayser & Baade	2.00
Geo. Ertel	3.00
J. H. Schaefer	1.00
Paul E. Wolf	3.00
Wm. Hahn & Co.	5.00
Frank Dry Goods Co.	5.00
E. J. Golden	2.00
M. J. Blitz	5.00
Rothschild Bros.	5.00
Wolf & Dessauer	25.00
Fort Wayne Outfitters	10.00
D. W. Kane	2.00
F. M. Smith & Co.	2.00
Dreier & Bro.	5.00
Louis F. Curdes	5.00
Al Riegel	5.00
National Furniture Co.	10.00
C. K. Rieman	5.00

FATALLY HURT AS WHEELS COLLIDED

[Continued from Page One.]

at Allegheny, Pa., and he had one sister, the wife of Rev. D. S. Kennedy, once a Presbyterian pastor in this city. There are two brothers—W. H. Shulze, of Grand Forks, N. D., and C. Herbert Shulze, of Kansas City.

Mr. Shulze was very widely and favorably known in Fort Wayne, and was active in religious work in this city. He was a member of the Third Presbyterian congregation and superintendent of the Sunday school in that church.

DIED AT GRAND CROSSING.

Patrick J. McLane, Former Fort Wayne Man, Expires Suddenly.

Patrick J. McLane, former Fort Wayne man, died suddenly Friday at his home in Grand Crossing, Ill. Mr. McLane was 30 years of age and was born in Fort Wayne and educated in the Brothers' school here. The father died in this city, and the son moved with his mother to Grand Crossing twenty years ago. He will be remembered by old friends in Fort Wayne, and is survived by his mother, three brothers and two sisters, all residing at Grand Crossing. The deceased was a nephew of Mrs. Ken Lensky and Mrs. William Geary, of this city, who left today to attend the funeral services.

LOCAL BANK CLEARINGS.

Monday	$153,754.16
Tuesday	Election holiday
Wednesday	290,069.95
Thursday	255,082.79
Friday	133,730.91
Saturday	128,971.16

AGED HUSBAND DID NOT APPEAR IN COURT

Wife of Thirty-Eight Years Secured a Divorce from Him.

After a fruitless effort to get Isaac Grummons into court to testify in the suit for divorce filed against him by Irena Grummons, Judge O. N. Heaton today granted the wife a decree. The husband is said to be about eighty years of age.

The couple married in 1872 and when the wife gave her testimony in which she testified that her husband had been abusive and cruel and had failed to provide for her the judge asked that a summons be served upon him asking him to appear so that the court could be satisfied that his advanced years had not impaired his mental faculties but he declined and in absence of any proof on this point there was nothing to do but give her a divorce.

Wife Asks a Decree.

Marie A. Hahn filed a suit in the superior court asking a divorce from Frederick W. Hahn, to whom she was married Dec. 26, 1903. She charges that he abandoned her April 27, 1906, and has since failed to provide for her. William Fruechtenicht is her attorney.

NAMES NEW PHILIPPINE HEAD.

President Taft Appoints W. Cameron Forbes Governor General.

Washington, Nov. 6.—W. Cameron Forbes, vice governor general of the Philippines, has been named by President Taft as governor general, to succeed James Smith, whose resignation has been accepted to take effect Nov. 11, at the expiration of his leave of absence.

THE DEATHS.

DRUBERT.

Mrs. Etta Milner Drubert and her infant babe a few hours old died Friday to Mamlet for funeral services Washington boulevard east, the mother's death having been due to a blood clot on the brain.

Mrs. Drubert was the wife of Charles Drubert, a fireman on the Pennsylvania lines, and was 28 years of age. Surviving relatives include the husband, a little daughter, the mother, Mrs. Adaline Milner, and two brothers and three sisters.

The remains will be shipped Sunday to Halmet for funeral services and interment.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Harry D. Ridley, 22, lather, and Mabel Kankamp, 21.

John Grotholtman, 24, carpenter, and Minnie Dobberkan, 19.

Eugene Troendle, 37, editor, and Johanna M. Schilling, 28.

Handsome new olive drab uniforms have been distributed to the members of Company D, Indiana National guard.

WANTED—Two real estate salesmen; salary and commission. Address immediately, A. J. L., Sentinel.

The Glasses you get from

ROGERS

prove satisfactory, because

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where you get it. But we are not advertising money. It's our low rates and easy plans that we want you to know about.

IF YOU HAVE

Furniture, Pianos, Horses, Wagons, etc., and need a little money, make us a call.

LOW RATES
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LONG TIME
SMALL PAYMENTS
BIG REBATES
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$5 or $100

COME DOWN AND GET WHAT YOU NEED. COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE.

Mechanics Loan Co.

Room No. 1, Delm Bldg.
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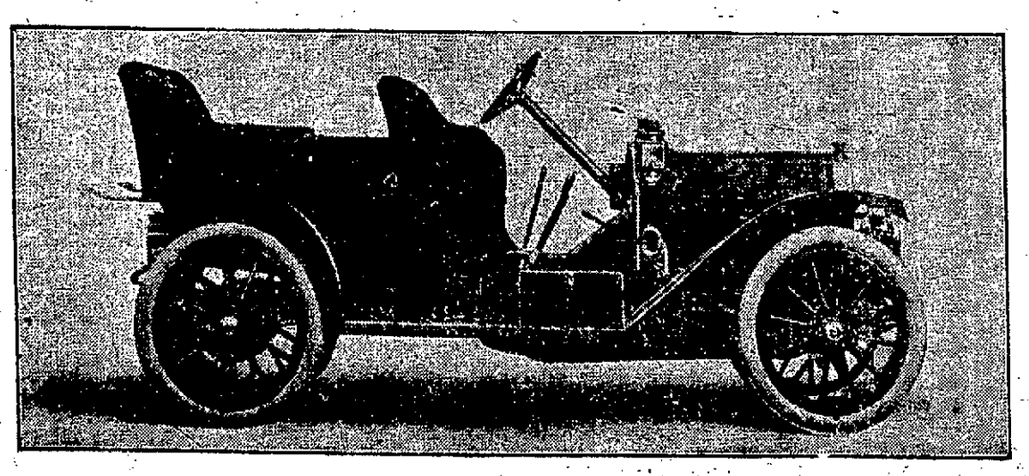
Second Floor.

THE AUBURN 40



This cut shows the style of the Auburn Model X Touring car for 1910

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—4½-5 inch, 40-50 H. P. Four vertical cylinders, cast separately.
Transmission—Selective type, sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse; direct on high, 1 inch face stub tooth gears.
Control—Spark and throttle on top and within steering wheel.
Ignition—Remy magneto.
Carbureter—Float feed, automatic, gives motor great flexibility.
Lubrication—Self contained splash and pump feed.
Radiator—Cellular, with vertical tubes and fan.
Pump—Gear driven.

Brakes—Two sets—External, operated by foot pedal. Internal, or emergency, operated by hand lever and throws out clutch.
Wheel Base—116 inches.
Tread—56 inches.
Clearance—11½ inches.
Wheels—Artillery type, 30 inches.
Tires—Goodrich quick detachable; 30-3½, or 37-4 inches.
Steering Gear—Worm and wheel.
Frame—Pressed steel throughout.
Springs—Front semi-elliptic, 40 inch. Rear—Full elliptic, 38 inches.
Drive—Shaft.
Axles—Live type, front I beam section.

Gasoline Feed—Gravity from 18 gallon galvanized tank under front seat.
Body—Straight line type, large and roomy.
Bonnet—Pressed steel, operating from either side, fastened by hand latches; very secure.
Fenders—Extra heavy gauge pressed steel. Detachable, with inner shield, constructed integral.
Painting—Standard finish of body, bonnet and running gear, a royal blue, beautifully finished.
Standard Equipment—Two side oil lamps, tail lamp, generator, robe rail, horn and tools.

SALESROOM

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Phone 505.
205 East Columbia Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Week with the Players

MAJESTIC THEATER

This Evening—Last Time of "Who Goes There?" Monday and Next Week Except Wednesday—Our Own Stock Company in Grace George's Famous Success, "Clothes." Wednesday—Mrs. Fiske in "Salvation Nell."

This Evening—Our Own Stock Company in "Who Goes There?"
All Next Week (except Wednesday) Our Own Stock Company in "Clothes."
Wednesday Evening—Mrs. Fiske in Salvation Nell."

LAST TIME TONIGHT.

Farewell Performance of the Laughing Success, "Who Goes There?"

For the last time this evening at the Majestic "Samantha Lane, from Biddeford, Maine," and the other laugh-making characters in "Who Goes There?" will interpret that deliriously funny comedy to Fort Wayne playgoers. "Who Goes There?" has undoubtedly made more people laugh than any previous production by Our Own Stock company, and the engagement has been a screaming success from start to finish.

NEXT WEEK—"CLOTHES."

First Fort Wayne Presentation of Grace George's Famous Play.

Fort Wayne will have its first opportunity next week to see "Clothes," the famous society comedy in which Miss Grace George appeared for an entire season in New York when the play was originally produced. "Clothes" is the bill which Our Own Stock company will offer at the Majestic all next week, except Wednesday. The cast is as follows:

Richard Burbank .....Mr. Brickert
Arnold West .....Mr. Nicholson
John Craye .....Mr. Jones
Horace Watling .....Mr. Tillisch
Thomas Smith, Jr.....Mr. Tobin
Patience Augusta Fyles....Miss Vance
Mrs. Watling .....Miss Bilal
Mrs. Cathcart .....Miss Curtis
Mrs. Maxwell .....Miss Brennan
Mrs. Conningsby .....Miss Carter
Olivia Sherwood .....Miss Dunbar
Dean .....Mr. Terriss

"Clothes" is the joint work of Avery Hapgood and Channing Pollock, and it is a four-act comedy with a penetrating shaft of keen satire in its study of American society, but which takes time meanwhile to be both lively and entertaining. "Clothes," in fact is said to commence with a big laugh and end with a little kiss. The persons who figure in "Clothes" are for the most part well-to-do, and the main topic of their conversation is money, investments, losses and profits, and the play has to do with the problem of not only getting into the social whirl, but the difficulties of staying there. Miss Dunbar will be seen in the stellar role of Olivia Sherwood, created by Miss George. She has been left by the will of her father some mining stocks which are worthless, but the administrator of the estate, in the hope of winning her hand, conceals from her the fact that the securities are valueless and supplies from his own purse money by which she maintains her social position.

Naturally the truth finally comes out, and the girl turns in resentment against both Richard Burbank, who is madly in love with her, and against West, the administrator, for having deceived her regarding the value of the mining stock, a portion of which she has sold to Horace Watling, himself impoverished in his efforts to keep his wife in gowns suitable for the maintenance of her position in the "four hundred." The foibles and foibles of fashionable society, the struggles to keep afloat on the crest of social prominence, and the thin veneer of pretense which often is the sole support of the socially prominent are all satirized in the keenly scintillant lines of "Clothes."

It is the opinion of Director Preston that "Clothes" affords unusual opportunities for every member of Our Own Stock company cast, for the minor characters are all essential. Mr. Jones and Mr. Tobin will have the big comedy roles of the week.

MRS. FISKE IN "SALVATION NELL."

Mrs. Fiske, America's foremost actress, together with her famous Manhattan company, will appear at the Majestic on Wednesday evening in "Salvation Nell," which was seen for over half of last season at the Hackett theater, New York. "Salvation Nell," which has fitly been termed a "divine comedy of the slums," is from the pen of Edward Sheldon, and enlists the services of over fifty actors. Many attempts have been made to picture upon the stage the multifarious life of the slums, but never before, save by certain of the Russian masters, has the life of the great underworld been transcribed to the stage with anything like the force, accuracy and truth that prevails in "Salvation Nell."

Although totally different from any part in which Mrs. Fiske has ever appeared, her role in "Salvation Nell" is one of the most congenial she has ever created, and audiences have been unanimous in declaring it to be one of the most appealing and absorbing parts in which the famous creator of Tess and Becky Sharp has appeared. The character of Nell Sanders is elemental, it strikes rock-bottom and Mrs. Fiske plays it with a finesse and vividness that is breath-catching.

The stage settings of the play are extremely realistic, and are the last word in the marvelous achievements of modern stage craft. The tenement street scene of the last act excels any street scene ever seen before on the stage. The first act discloses a barroom modelled after a typical saloon in New York's east side. The second act setting a living room in a tenement house of the more comfortable sort, is simpler, but none the less praiseworthy as regards the fidelity in furnishing and detail.

Mrs. Fiske's role is Nell Sanders, a scrub woman in a saloon of the Hell's Kitchen district in New York. Nell is "the girl" of Jim Platt, a loafer given to drink, and with few redeeming traits in his character. She loves him with a dogged, pathetic affection; he is all that she holds sweet in life. It is Christmas eve, and the flotsam of the underworld, the near criminals and the denizens of low resorts gather to pass the evening after their own brutal fashion. Nearby a disorderly house is raided, and one of the inmates, Myrtle Odell, escapes into the bar. Her language is at once frank and extremely amusing. One other woman appears, "Hallelujah Maggie," a worker of the Salvation Army, who is royally welcomed by the hangers-on of the bar room. In a fight that arises over Nell, Jim knocks out a man; the police arrive, take Jim away and close things up, and the infuriated barkeeper orders Nell out into the night. Nell cringes helpless, for no door is open to her. Then Myrtle, in a well meaning way, offers to take Nell with her back into a life of shame. Nell wavers hopelessly, till Hallelujah Maggie offers her a better life. Some dim better instinct struggles up in Nell, and she falls sobbing on Maggie's shoulder.

The second act transpires eight years later in Nell's flat. There is a little boy Jim now. Nell herself has become a humble worker in the Salvation Army. Her boy's father comes back after eight years spent in Sing Sing, his nature, if anything, more hardened. Yet the old love between them still exists, although for Nell in a nobler way. She tries to soften him by leaving him alone with his son, but the effect is only momentary. He wants Nell only on the old terms. He tells her of a robbery he is planning for that evening to obtain money to take them to Denver. In vain she tries every method to dissuade him from this crime. At last she concents to yield herself to him; then, realizing that she has made the promise more out of passion for him than to save his soul, she tears herself away. As he goes forth, apparently to the robbery, Nell falls on her knees to pray for him.

For the third act, one week later, the scene shifts to the streets, with the huddled tenement houses rearing on all sides; children frolic in the cool of the evening, women gossip across areaways and from bedding-laden fire escapes men seek the brightly lighted saloons. There is movement, laughter, squalor, chatter, quarreling—all is pictured. Jim, who has been kept from the robbery through some dimly felt instinct, seeks out Nell. They have a strange, fanciful love scene, poetic in spite of the coarse vernacular in which it is couched. In the Salvation Army street meeting that follows, Jim's brute nature yields before the eloquence of Nell's inspiring address. He asks her to help him, and the curtain descends to the blare of the Salvation band playing a hymn.

For the present tour Harrison Grey Fiske has enlarged the Manhattan company to more than fifty members, and never has it been better than in this colossal study of the slums. The part of Jim Platt is played by Holbrook Blinn, and others in the cast are Winifred Voorhees, Gilda Varesi, R. W. Tucker, W. T. Clarke, Robert Trent, Merle Maddern, Mary Maddern, Petra Folkman, John Dillon, Thomas Carroll, Grace Shanley, Antrim Short and Corinne Ford.

DAVID HIGGINS IN "CAPT. CLAY, OF MISSOURI," NOV. 16.

It is now several years since our genial friend David Higgins was first tried by a jury of his peers, a Fort Wayne audience, and found guilty of furnishing us with his original brand of wholesome interesting American drama; and not satisfied with our first verdict, he persists in returning almost every season to get the judgment revived. Occasionally he presents himself with a new play, and this being the year of Halley's comet, Mr. Higgins introduces something new himself, to be in line with stellar events, only Mr. Higgins is a little different from the comet—he returns oftener than once in seventy-six years, for which we are not displeased, as he has made himself a favorite player with many thousands of our drama-liking citizens. In his coming engagement at the Majestic, Mr. Higgins offers himself in the character of "Bob Clay," a breezy and jovial Missourian, who has lived his life as well and as carelessly up to the opening of the play as the opportunities of his native village of Cornville permitted. He has raised and raced horses for the pure sport of it, and because he loves horses. He's a life member of the village joy club, but a self-respecting one. He has named the political ticket of the party in his district and elected it, too, so long that no one thinks of interfering with him. But he never held an office himself. He has loved for years the finest girl of the community and won her love, but not her consent to become his wife. She's afraid of the care-shirking Bob and demands that he steady down and do something worth while first, and as a final plunge he starts out to do it. He cuts his horse out of the race she was entered in, fights for the nomination of congressman, swears off on mint-juleps and in the end breaks every one of his promises to her and she unconsciously helps him to do so. Of course he gets her, why shouldn't he? And from all accounts of the play this is not only proper and just, but you feel that Bob Clay is entitled to all he gets of honor and happiness by the sublime right of deserving it all. Mr. Higgins' neat play was written by himself and his brother Milton and depicts life in a small Missouri town about ten years ago. The settings are characteristic and the personages taken right from the soil. An unusually well balanced company present the charming picture of American life and includes Miss Bliss Milford, fresh from her Broadway hit in "The Candy Shop;" Miss Clare Armstrong, former leading lady with "Checkers;" Miss Marjorie Ellison, John Webb Dillon, Lawrence Atkinson, Charles Willard, Page Spencer, Harry Willson, Jesse Keppler, and a large company in the lighter roles.

OTIS SKINNER IN "YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT" NOV. 17.

No writer of plays has more happily hit the American tastes than has that popular author, Booth Tarkington, and it is a real pleasure to note that no one in any profession ever enjoyed more hearty good wishes of more real friends than this playwright of whom all Hoosiers are so proud.

The newest play by Mr. Tarkington, which was written in conjunction with Harry Leon Wilson, is named "Your Humble Servant" and was written for that most excellent actor, Otis Skinner, who enjoys the favor of local audiences to a most marked degree.

The production is under the management of Charles Frohman, who sends the play here for especially good reasons, of which there are three: First, it is a Tarkington play; second, it is a splendid play of absorbing interest; and, third, Mr. Skinner is an actor of intelligence and finish and with the assistance of a most capable company of players may be relied upon to properly present it.

"Your Humble Servant" is described as a reflex of theatrical life of today. Mr. Skinner has an entirely novel role in the character of Lafayette Towers, the tragedian of an itinerant troupe of players. Wedded to a story of supreme interest will be found innumerable quaint episodes showing in the most realistic way the life of the wandering Thespian is not altogether a path of roses. There are four acts in the new play and they bristle with piquant dialogue, novel characterization, surprising situations and dramatic episodes in which, of course, Mr. Skinner will be the dominating figure. Each character in "Your Humble Servant" is an individual study from life. A perfect ensemble could therefore be attained only by the assemblage of players of the highest artistic calibre. Charles B. Welles, Albert Garcia Andrews, Alfred Hudson, jr., Russell Crawford, Edward Fielding, Walter Scott and Arthur Blake have been entrusted with the male roles, and it is needless to say that the mere mention of their names guarantees a performance of consummate excellence. Mr. Skinner's leading woman this season will be Miss Izetta Jewel, a young actress whose talent for the expression of emotion ranges from grave to gay and from "lively to severe." Miss Isabel Richards, another young actress of sympathy, has also been assigned to a leading role.

Scene from "Capt. Clay in Missouri."

Mrs. Fiske Coming to the Majestic Wednesday Evening in "Salvation Nell."

Hear Skovgaard, the great Danish violinist, supported by a noted soprano and pianist, Third Presbyterian church, evening Nov. 8. Admission, 35 cents.

At the Lyric Theater

Starting with the matinee Monday the following acts will appear next week at the Lyric: World's Comedy Four, a quartet of singers, dancers and comedians; the Belmonts, a lady and gentleman, appearing in a Roman ring and acrobatic act; Lavigne and Jaffie, a team of clever singers, dancers and pianists. There will be three new picture subjects.

A special big feature amateur show will take place Friday night and some of the cleverest local talent will appear.

IN THE DECEMBER "ST. NICHOLAS"

The December St. Nicholas is to have a new story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. It is called "The First Knife in the World;" and will be illustrated with several pictures, in two printings, by Emily Hall Chamberlain.

THE TEMPLE THEATER

Lillian Mortimer and Big Cast of Players Headline the Vaudeville House Next Week—Entire Bill is Top Notch and Promises to Please.

Manager Stouder, of the Temple, has another classy bill for next week headed by the American dramatic queen, Miss Lillian Mortimer. Miss Mortimer is so well known here there is but little need of an introduction as she has appeared here many times in stock and starring in "The Shadow of the Gallows" and "A Girl of the Streets." Since entering the vaudeville field she has had nothing but success. Her new sketch is from her own pen and is a powerful dramatic playlet entitled "Po' White Trash Jinny." As you sit and watch the plot unfold you are so impressed with the atmosphere of the locality that you seem to actually be, for the moment, in that sunny southern clime. Breathless with suspense you follow the thread of the story in its every detail and Miss Mortimer's grasp of detail is wonderful. She carries you through the incidents in the life of Po' Jinny with a realism that grips and holds your attention as with a grip of steel. She somehow imbues you with the idea that you are a part of the life she portrays. You sit keen, expectant, breathless from the moment the curtain rises, through the rapidly moving scenes and intense situations until as the plot unfolds and reaches its natural climax—and such a climax you in your enthusiasm give way to your pent-up feelings in round after round of applause. 'Tis only then that you awaken to the fact that it is but a play and that the players' realism has carried you to the border line of reality. There are six people in the cast.

Another big act that is sure to please is John and Bertha Gleeson and Fred Houlihan, potpourri of dance and music, introducing Bertha Gleeson, champion dancer of the world. This is a big city act and has been a big hit over the entire circuit.

Still another big feature will be the appearance of Fred Maltese and a company of chosen players in his English absurdity, "The Wrong Mrs. Appleton." This delightful offering is broad in humor, complicated in construction, and throughout effervescing with merriment. In the role of the jovial trickster, Leon Kingsford, Mr. Maltese will be seen at his best. There are five people in the cast.

The Hawaiian Sextette present one of the best and most novel singing and instrumental acts in vaudeville. They come here from the Temple, Detroit, where they are the hit of the bill.

Still another big feature is Karl Emmy and his pets in the most beautiful, amusing and entertaining animal act. The act has been featured in almost every city over the circuit.

Howard and Esher will present a novel singing, dancing and talking act, and Itali, the girl who sings the songs she writes, together with the Temple motion pictures showing two new pictures, complete the big bill.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC QUEEN.

Lillian Mortimer and a Big Cast of Players at the Temple Next Week, Presenting "Po' White Trash Jinny."

MISS GRACE GEORGE

The well known actress who played the leading role in "Clothes" at the Liberty Theater in New York City last season. Our Own Stock Company will be seen in this society comedy all next week except Wednesday.

Weak Lungs

Ask your doctor to name the best family medicine for coughs, colds, bronchitis, weak lungs. Follow his advice. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Seventy years of experience with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral have given us great confidence in it. We strongly recommend it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, weak throats, and weak lungs. It prevents. It protects. It soothes. It heals. Just the help nature needs.

AFTER ALL It is QUALITY that counts. Quality in tone as well as ease. Such is the Albert Krell Piano. Sold by

S. A. KARN MUSIC CO.
719 CLINTON STREET.

JUST ARRIVED

The Moulton Wireless Umbrellas With Detachable Handles

Our Holiday stock of Wireless Umbrellas for Ladies and Gentlemen. Those of you who have used one know its superior quality. Let us explain the wireless feature to you who have not used one. We have a great variety of handles to select from. Prices, $3.50 to $20.00.

A deposit will hold one until Christmas.

TRENKLEY & KOERBER
Leading Jewelers. 810 Calhoun St.
Look for the big clock in the middle of the block.

WE HAVE MOVED

Into Our New Double Store Room in the Shoaff Bldg.

807 and 809 Calhoun St.

Dallas F. Green

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

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OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms 650
Counting Rooms 173

12

SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1909.

TONIGHT.

Amusements—Our Own Stock company in "Who Goes There?" at the Majestic theater; the Top O' Th' World" dancers and vaudeville at the Temple; vaudeville at the Lyric.

Labor Unions—Letter Carriers; Iron, Tin and Steel Workers.

Fraternities—Pythian Sisters; Queen Esther, D. of R.; Fort Wayne Council, National Union; Old Fort Lodge Carmen.

CITY ASPHALT PLANT.

Fort Wayne must start next year on an extensive scheme of street repairs. Miles of streets have reached that stage of decay where further neglect will spell their ruin. The city must provide itself with an asphalt plant and get repair work under way at the earliest moment in the spring. We believe it will be a great saving if a plant entirely adequate to all possible needs of the city is procured. A plant that can be made to answer the ordinary demand for repairs is hardly what is wanted. The city may want to do more than that with an asphalt plant. Even should it be well established that under the law the city cannot perform the work of original street improvements, the possession of a modern and adequate plant that can be rented to contractors will have a very decided influence in making competition both genuine and keen with a resulting lower cost of pavements.

At the same time the city can proceed with an extensive program of street repairs and save the people a vast sum of money. Other cities now operating their own repair plants show surprising saving of money and a much higher order of street maintenance. Fort Wayne, as a matter of fact, must have such a plant added to the municipal utilities and no delay should be made in setting about it.

A first class, modern plant with every necessary appointment, can be purchased and set up for operation at a good deal less than most cities would have to pay, because power equipment can be entirely dispensed with. There is abundant power at the municipal lighting plant for the operation of an asphalt plant, which would mean an initial saving of several thousand dollars, besides the economies that would be possible from the use of the city's power. There is no need that Fort Wayne should be satisfied with any makeshift asphalt plant. The city needs and can afford a first class and thoroughly adequate plant. It can be made to pay for itself in a short time.

FARM OR GO UNFED.

More and more we must farm or this nation will go unfed. In this land of plenty where the hoe-tickled ground always laughs with a harvest we are facing famine if we do not do more tickling. That is the alarming view taken by James J. Hill, the railway magnate. Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, concedes that a time may come when we can not in this country raise all the food a population of several hundred millions will require, but he thinks such a contingency too remote to be worried about at this time. Nevertheless the great empire builder of the northwest continues to preach his crusade for more farms and better farming. "What Shall We Do to Be Fed?" is the title of an article from his pen in the current issue of the The World's Work, and he adds the sub-caption, "Rising prices of bread and a food shortage already begun in a land of plenty: the way to feed our coming millions."

Mr. Hill makes some novel suggestions, chief of which is that the United States government should build fewer battleships and establish more model farms and agricultural schools. "While we are spending great sums to transform worthless lands into orchards and gardens by the work of the reclamation service," he says, "we still retain as in other areas the land laws under which for so many years the great heritage of the people has been passing so largely into unworthy hands." And along the same lines he continues:

"For the sake of our national future, for the sake of the coming millions who will be helpless unless each can be furnished with a piece of tillable land as a defense against misfortune, we should see that the speculative abuses which these laws have fostered are brought to an end. It should not be possible to obtain public land of any kind anywhere in the United States henceforth except after complying with all the terms of a homestead law. I cannot urge too strongly upon every man who wishes his country well and who desires all to be prosperous in order that he may prosper with them, the importance and growing necessity of taking such care of our public domain as shall preserve the remnant of it for the use of generations yet unborn.

"Such close and careful cultivation as will yield the highest profit an acre can best be given to land when it is cultivated in comparatively small farms. The greater the number of prosperous farmers the greater will be the prosperity of every business man.

"If I could have my way I would build a couple of warships a year less. I would take that $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a year and start at least one thousand agricultural schools in the United States at $5,000 a year each in the shape of model farms. As fast as it was followed it would improve farm conditions, make this form of enterprise more attractive to the young and the intelligent and add enormously to the volume of farm products which constitutes our enduring national wealth.

"I have said many times in different articles and addresses for years past that wheat must advance, and that a price of over rather than under one dollar a bushel might be expected hereafter. Market quotations for months past under all sorts of conditions verify the prediction. Without any artificial support cash wheat in New York reached $1.50, early in June, 1909. The latest statistics completely confirm the view that the condition which the country faces is permanent.

"The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population. The farmers of the nation must save it in the future, just as they built its greatness in the past."

Mr. Hill loses no occasion to preach the day of coming wrath unless the people get back to the soil and do scientific farming. The secretary of agriculture admits the possibilities, though he deprecates the activities and vociferousness of alarmists, among whom without naming him he evidently rates the great railway magnate of the Great Northern.

Very properly the scientists of Copenhagen university resent the impertinence of the National Geographic Society of the United States in proposing that a committee of the American body be permitted to "watch the count" when the Danes examine Dr. Cook's polar records. Why should a committee be present? The Danish savants are at least as capable of determining the value of Dr. Cook's proofs and the authenticity of his records as the American polar sharps and it may not be doubted that they are quite as honest. The National Geographic society may not be a set of meddling busybodies, but it is on the verge of acquiring that kind of a reputation.

Respect for the limitations imposed by the law was the text of a speech by President Taft the other day, in which he made it clear that he is not under any sort of bond to follow the lively footsteps of his predecessor. We hear more or less of that kind of talk, but no one seems able to point to any very serious ruptures of the statutes caused by Theodore Roosevelt.

The hope is pretty general that when Mr. Grice gets in the mayor's office the slot machine agents and operators will know just where they "are at." The new mayor will be getting a bad start if he fails to make it clear that the gambling machines will have no chance during his administration.

When Theodore gets in touch with a telegraph station he will doubtless brand the story of his death with the shorter and uglier word.

WILL SURPASS GARY.

Lorain to Have the Largest Steel Plant in the World.

Lorain, O., Nov. 6.—The largest steel plant in the United States will be located here as soon as the National Tube company of this city can complete a $7,000,000 addition to its equipment here, plans for which were announced here today. The National Tube company was originally built by Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland. Later it was purchased by the United States Steel corporation and several millions were spent in new buildings. The additions to be made, including butt, lapp and skelp mills and open hearth furnaces, will make the plant exceed in size that at Gary, Ind.

WOULDN'T TRUST BANKS.

Burlington, N. J., Nov. 6.—Cash and bonds amounting to nearly $10,000 were stolen from the home of Schuyler Ranier, aged 72 years, by a masked bandit yesterday. The robber, after locking the housekeeper in her room, blew the safe with dynamite and gathered the contents. Ranier never trusted banks, and it is said, has had as much as $25,000 in cash and bonds in the safe at one time.

Has Had Wonderful Experience.

Bishop Lake, Recently in Fort Wayne, Told of Things Miraculous Done of God in Africa.

Fort Wayne recently had a notable visitor in the person of the Rev. John G. Lake, a missionary laboring in South Africa, now in the home land on furlough. Mr. Lake was formerly a business man and president of the Board of Trade in Chicago. Becoming a convert to Christianity, he felt called of God to preach in the Transvaal, where for two years he has had a remarkable career, almost paralleling the work of Dr. Andrew Murray, of the South African mission. In speaking of his ministry, Mr. Lake said:

"The illuminations of man by God, through the Holy Spirit, are just as sure and real today as they ever were in the world. In these days we speak lightly of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and of speaking with tongues. I know that God, the Holy Ghost, came to me the day I first spoke in tongues, and I can't doubt it. God has given me some of the most sublime things in the English language, and I know I could not have spoken them apart from him. I know that when God anointed me with the Holy Spirit, he made me a preacher. The ministry that God has given me in South Africa comes as the result of the baptism. I have seen the deaf hear, the lame walk, the blind see, the lepers cleansed, the dead rise and the poor have the gospel preached unto them. We have taken no collections in our work, have never asked for a cent of money; we have not even told one another of our needs, and God has supplied all our needs. He is ever faithful to supply every need. God has sent me from America $876, and average of $7.50 for each worker in the field, and the rest has all come from the field where we are working. He is a living God, as real today as he ever was. He has no limitations; the trouble is that we will not let God have us. He waits to do for us above all that we can ask or think, but he is not going to do it against our will. He waits for us to receive him, and let him do for us and with us. The trouble is that we do not let God have us.

"When the Lord God baptized me with the Holy Ghost he made me a new man. The power of God is real and mighty. We think too much of it as being a good feeling within us, and we think of the work of the Holy Ghost as being a sweet influence or something of that character. It isn't anything of the kind. It is the power of God which raised Jesus Christ from the dead.

"My conviction is that if we were simple enough to receive from God in humility, we would have a revelation of God in these days, such as would stagger mankind. We have seen some things which I find it almost impossible to tell to religious audiences in this country; they would think you are crazy. God is real and his dealings with men today are just as real as they ever were."

Mr. Lake had the unusual experience of being called upon by the bishop of the Church of England, in South Africa, for a series of meetings with the clergy, the result of which was a wholesale healing of sick and epileptic folk in Johannesburg. Reports which have followed him to America also tell of a marvelous awakening among the natives, who come for miles around bringing their sick with them.

The missionary spent but two days in this city, going from here to California for several weeks, and will stop off again with friends for a few days on his return trip about holiday time. He was the guest of Horace T. Purfield, of Home avenue, while in the city, where many of the missionary workers of the city met him.

Big bargains in WALL PAPER, all kinds, at L. O. HULL'S, 830 Calhoun st.

WANTED—Job press feeders; experienced or inexperienced. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 5-3t

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GRAY HAIRS BANISHED.

The old idea of using sage for darkening the hair is again coming in vogue. Our grandmothers used to have dark, glossy hair at the age of seventy-five, while our mothers have white hair before they are fifty. Our grandmothers used to make a "sage tea" and apply it to their hair. The tea made their hair soft and glossy and gradually restored the natural color. One objection to using such a preparation was the trouble of making it, especially as it had to be made every two or three days on account of it souring quickly. This objection has been overcome and by asking almost any first-class druggist for Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur the public can get a superior preparation of sage, with the admixture of sulphur, another valuable remedy for hair and scalp troubles. Daily use of this preparation will not only quickly restore the color of the hair but will also stop the hair from falling out and make it grow. It is sold by all druggists for 50c. and $1.00 a bottle, or is sent direct by the Wyeth Chemical Company, 74 Cortlandt St., New York City, upon receipt of price.

For sale and recommended by Meyer Bros., special agents.

DAYTON HAS ANOTHER FIRE.

Stamped Envelope Factory Was Saved With Difficulty.

Dayton, O., Nov. 6.—Almost on the heels of a recent $750,000 conflagration, a second fire struck Dayton last night. It caused damage estimated at $55,000. The plant of the Mercantile Corporation works, in which are made all stamped envelopes used by the government was saved with difficulty.

Beginning at the top of a four-story power building on Front street, the fire ate its way to the street level where it was overcome. The building was occupied by several firms, including the Mock Pure Food and Mustard company, the Dayton Inner Tire company and Coco Cola Bottling works, all of which suffered severely.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The

ROGERS

Method of Examination insures absolute accuracy, and

Fancy Forms in Ice Cream

For special social occasions. They are appropriate, unique, artistic, stylish and delicious.

Following is a partial list of our fancy forms:

Rose, Carnation, Lily, Tulip, Orange, Corn, Pumpkin (individual), Buffalo, Eagle, Chicken, Bell, Heart, and Masonic.

An illustrated booklet describing them in detail, on request. SEND FOR IT.

Phones 2621-1413. Made in Ft. Wayne.

Old Fort Ice Cream Co.

Manufacturers of

Ice Cream & Ices

606 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

ST. LOUIS SOCIETY FETES RUSSIAN LABORER

Leaders of Smart Set Help Alien Celebrate His Citizenship.

St. Louis, Nov. 6.—Fifteen women whose names come at the top of St. Louis' exclusive social register, whose homes are the finest in the fashionable West End and whose families are of the wealthiest here, headed by the wife of W. K. Kavanaugh, the Deep Waterway association's president, gave a reception and patriotic entertainment yesterday afternoon to Paul Reps, immigrant laborer from Russia, in celebration of his becoming a citizen of the United States yesterday.

They sang for him in solo and chorus "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America," "Columbia," Russia's national anthem and old favorite songs, including "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Suwanee River." The entertainment was in Aeolian hall, and a big pipe organ was used. Reps' wife and three small children were present.

Reps Challenges Society.

Reps had challenged society to see if it meant anything to become a "free and equal" citizen, and society met his challenge and made him its hero for a day. Two weeks ago Mrs. Kavanaugh received a letter from Reps, of whom she had never heard, asking her if it would be possible for him to celebrate his naturalization by hearing "America" and other patriotic songs sung at a cost of $10 or $15, all he could afford to pay. He added that he considered it disgraceful that most immigrants in celebrating such an event "drink much beer, use bad language and fight."

Mrs. Kavanaugh had a friend investigate Reps, and the favorable report resulted in society lionizing the laborer. Among the notables singing and playing for Reps were the wives of Mayor Fred Kreismann, Judge Walter Douglas, Herman Von Schrenk, Frederick Bonsack, Edward L. Preetorious, Robert Kaine and Wallace C. Capen; Misses Cordelia Wood, Louise Quinette, Mrs. Edith Kendrick and Mrs. Mary Dillon.

Text of Reps' Letter.

Reps' letter to Mrs. Kavanaugh reads:

"Dear Lady—Might be it is strange that I do dare to appeal to you for counsel, etc. But you will forgive me and give good advise when matter are explained.

"I write to you because I have heard of your great patriotism, original ideas, etc., and I think that you will best understand me than any alse.

"On or about Nov. 5 I expect to get my full naturalization papers. It already cost me about $12. I want to be a good patriot, good citizen, and this event in my life want remember and have as something great. Old Russia for me are dead. It is possible for $10 or $15 for us to hear in respectable manner and place, to hear once singing 'America,' 'Banner of Country,' or other American patriotic song and even accompanied by fine music?

"We think it very bad and disgrace as mostly emmigrants in such event, induced by politicians to take naturalization, drink much beer, use bad language and fight."

STRENGTH SAFETY

CITIZENS TRUST COMPANY

OFFICERS:

OWEN HEATON, President.

JOHN FERGUSON, JOHN W. WHITE, EDWARD F. YARNELLE, Vice Presidents.

ERNEST W. COOK, Secretary.

JOHN G. WOLFRUM, Cashier.

MONTHLY REPORT

No boom here—just steady, healthful growing. Never less than $100,000.00 nor more than $150,000.00 annual increase in savings deposits at end of any month during last two and one-half years of present management, except October increase, $153,976.15.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Allen County Real Estate or Gilt Edge Collateral security for all loans in addition to all the safe-guards of banking law. $400,000.00 additional guarantee of stock and stockholders to depositors. Absolute security and best profits.

THE BANK OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

4% INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS

It Takes Many Gallons of Pure, Soft Water to Properly Rinse

the varied articles of wearing apparel, and from the fact that we rinse each article in five different changes of water, you will partially realize the thoroughness of Troy Laundry washing.

We are most careful about the rinsing in order to be positive that every trace of soap or other deleterious substance is removed from the fabrics.

Soap allowed to remain in linen is a sure cause of that musty, frouzy odor; it causes rapid decay of the fabrics, and materially shortens the life of the clothing. Rinsing cannot be thoroughly done by hand.

Troy Laundry washing is careful, scientific and complete. The rinsing is only one process, but we know it is important, and we have shown that we do it thoroughly.

Be sure that you get Troy Laundry washing. Phone 160 and we will send our wagon.

The Troy Laundry

308-314 PEARL ST. PHONE 160.

F. L. Jones Co., Proprietors.

BORROW MONEY FROM US

when you need it. It will be to your interest. Good terms and at rates you can afford to pay. Any amount up to $100.

Let us get acquainted, for if you see us, you will try us. If you ever had or now have a loan, it will pay you to call.

Your furniture, piano or other chattels will do as security without moving it.

ALL BUSINESS CONFIDENTIAL.

Indiana Loan Co.,

3 Arcade. Second Floor.

Tritschler & Hauss

PLUMBERS, HOT WATER, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, ELECTRIC WIRING.

Estimates Cheerfully Given.

We sell the Lindsay Tungsten Mantels.

Phone 118. 614 CLINTON ST.

6%—Convertible **GAS** Bonds—6%

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The Investment Company of Northern Indiana

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DR. S. H. HAVICE

Practice Limited to Diseases of EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
GLASSES ADJUSTED
Office Hours from 8 to 12; 1 to 5 P. M. and 7 to 8 P. M.
OFFICE PHONE 202; RESIDENCE 1117
130 West Wayne Street.

Most Brilliant Lamp Invented The Tungsten Electric

Another great economy has been effected in electric light by the invention of the new Tungsten lamp. It is built like the ordinary carbon incandescent, in every respect but the little wire filament inside the bulb, which is made of a rare metal called Tungsten, and radiates two and a half times as much light with the same amount of current. It therefore cuts light bills in two, or, gives more than twice as much light for the same money.

Householders and merchants who are interested in reducing their light bills should not fail to experiment with Tungsten lamps for their own satisfaction.

Ft. Wayne & Wabash Valley Traction Co.

614-616 HARRISON STREET.

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

REV. G. F. BYRER TO ATTEND GREAT U. B. MEET AT INDIANAPOLIS

Bishop Mathews, of Chicago, to Preside Over Sessions of Import.

Rev. George F. Byrer, pastor of Calvary United Brethren church in this city, will leave next Tuesday morning for Indianapolis to attend two very important meetings. The first meeting will occur Tuesday afternoon and will be a session of United Brethren ministerial group leaders of the St. Joseph conference on foreign missionary work.

Tuesday evening the initial session of a two days' meeting of United Brethren clergymen and laymen of the state will take place, the work continuing until Thursday evening, inclusive. Bishop G. M. Mathews, of Chicago, will preside over the sessions and among the prominent speakers who will address the assembly are: Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Hon. J. E. Ashbaugh, of Warsaw, state representative of Kosciusko county; Hon. Charles A. Bookwalter, mayor of Indianapolis; Rev. E. W. Schumacher, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league; Dr. W. R. Funk and Dr. J. S. Kendall, of Dayton, Ohio; President L. D. Bonebrake, of Indiana Central university, Indianapolis; Rev. A. E. Wright, of Chicago; Dr. H. H. Fout, editor of Sunday school literature. Dr. Howard H. Russell, of Philadelphia, Pa., will lecture on the "Growing Glory of the Twentieth Century." Rev. Byrer will be the only representative of the United Brethren church in this city.

* * *

ALL IN READINESS.

County Sunday School Convention Opens Here.

Final preparations have been made for the annual Allen county Sunday school convention, which meets Tuesday evening, Nov. 9th, and all day Nov. 10th, at the West Jefferson street Church of Christ, corner of Jefferson street and Fairfield avenue. Rev. E. W. Halpenny, the adult bible class expert, will deliver addresses at each session. Rev. Halpenny is the speaker who accomplished such splendid institute work for the City Sunday School association last winter. Mrs. Baldwin, who has done so much to elevate the work in the elementary grades throughout the state, will also be present and in addition to several addresses will preside at an elementary grade conference. In addition to these state workers a number of the most energetic and successful local workers will present subjects of interest. Every progressive bible school worker in the country is urged to be present and enjoy the addresses and conference.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN SERVICES.

Sunday Afternoon Musical Program of a High Order—Many Interested.

The musical half hour and 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon vesper service at the First Presbyterian church is proving unusually attractive. The musical selections are of a very high order and the work of the organist and choir master, Birt Summers, is the topic of most admiring comment. Tomorrow afternoon Rev. Henry B. Master will speak on "Christ as a Companion." This is the sixth of a series of addresses on "Some Aspects of the Character of Christ."

Sunday school will be held in the morning at 9:45 o'clock and public worship at 11 a. m. The pastor will also occupy the pulpit at this service. The musical program for Sunday is as follows:

Morning Service at 11:00.

Prelude—"Pastorale in A"...Guilmant
Anthem—"Jesus Only" .....Rotali
Solo—"There is a Green Hill".....
..... Gounod
Postlude—"Festal March".....Smith

Vesper Service at 4:00.

Prelude—"Meditation" .....Clark
Benediction—Nuptiale (organ).....
..... D'Evry
Anthem—"Jubilate" .....Hall
In Memoriam (organ).....Whittier
Anthem—"All Thy Works".....Thorne
Concert Overture in C.....Hollins

* * *

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Daily Chronicle of Current Events in Religious Circles.

The regular meeting of the committee of management of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. will be held Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

—

The meeting of the Woman's Missionary society of Bethel Evangelical church, which was to have been held on Tuesday at the parsonage, 2125 Clinton street, has been postponed from November 9 to 16. The change is made on account of the annual convention of the Allen County Sunday School association, which will be held in this city on November 9 and 10.

—

The monthly business meeting of Division B of the Baptist Young People's union will occur on Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Gertrude Polhamus, 321 Dawson street. The election of officers will be a feature of the evening's meeting.

—

Plymouth Circle will be entertained on Monday evening at 6 o'clock at the home of Mrs. F. S. Hunting, 1301 Washington boulevard west. The hostess will be assisted by Miss Eulah Davis, Miss Jessie Parry and Miss Keturah Williams.

—

The annual thank offering meeting of the Ladies' Missionary society of Bethany Presbyterian church will be held on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Reiman, 1427 Wall street. All the ladies of the church are invited and a large attendance is anticipated. The subjects for discussion will be (Home) "Mexicans in the United States." (Foreign) "Missionaries in Korea."

—

The Woman's Missionary society of the Church of God will hold a meeting Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. D. E. Hollenbeck, 3001 South Wayne avenue.

—

The regular monthly meeting of the finance committee of the Y. W. C. A. will be held next Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock and on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock the regular meeting of the official board is planned.

—

The King's Heralds of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church were delightfully entertained this afternoon by Miss Beatrice Herron at the parsonage, 1514 Cass street.

* * *

BROTHERHOOD MEETING.

W. A. Bell to Give Address at First M. E. Church Sunday Afternoon.

The tenth of the series of addresses being given at the First Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday afternoons, under the auspices of the George W. Brackenridge chapter, Methodist Brotherhood, will take place tomorrow. At 3 o'clock a practical talk to the men will be given by W. A. Bell, whose topic is "Christ the Best Master Mechanic."

* * *

PASTORAL INSTALLATION.

Rev. H. Wehmeyer to Assume Lutheran Charge at Decatur.

The installation of Rev. Herman Wehmeyer, of Alberta, Canada, as pastor of Zion Lutheran church, Decatur, will take place tomorrow, Rev. H. C. Jaus, of St. John's church, Bingen, officiating. The former pastor at Decatur was Rev. Klausing, who also had charge of Preble. Several weeks ago he was called to a pastorate in Big Rapids, Mich., and since that time the neighboring charges have been without a pastor. An appointment for Preble still remains to be made.

Rev. and Mrs. Wehmeyer arrived in Decatur from Canada on Wednesday and were tendered an enthusiastic reception by the congregation and visiting Lutheran ministers. Upwards of two hundred members of his new charge bade him welcome. The reception took place at the parsonage. Addresses were given by the ministers and representatives of the laity and later a banquet was enjoyed.

* * *

FORTY HOURS AT BESANCON.

Rev. V. Krull to Conduct Devotion at St. Louis' Catholic Church.

Rev. Virgilius Krull, C. PP. S., a widely known missionary of the Precious Blood Order from Collegeville, Ind., who since yesterday has been the guest of Rev. C. Hummer, C. PP. S., at the local residence of the Sanguinist Fathers, left at noon for Besancon. Tomorrow morning he will open the forty hours devotion at St. Louis' church there, of which Rev. M. P. Louen is pastor.

Rev. John F. Noll, formerly pastor at Besancon will have the opening of the forty hours devotion at his parish, in Hartford City, tomorrow morning. In Fort Wayne the devotion will be opened in the morning at St. Paul's church, of which Rev. H. F. Jos. Kroll is pastor. The services will be conducted by Rev. George Heldman, C. PP. S., a missionary and writer of the Precious Blood Order. Solemn high mass will be celebrated tomorrow morning at St. Paul's, Rev. Thomas Eisenring, C. PP. S., of St. Joseph's hospital, assisting.

* * *

SPIRITUALIST MEETING.

Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock the Independent Spiritualist association will conduct public services at the K. of P. hall, Washington boulevard west.

* * *

Rescue Mission Meetings.

Regular Evangelistic services every night at 7:30 with good singing and preaching. Tonight an old fashioned song and praise service with scripture lesson and live testimonials, will be held. Sunday school, 3 p. m., Mrs. J. A. Quince, superintendent. Bible class in connection with Sunday school, J. A. Quince, leader. The Sunday evening service will consist of special and congregational singing, testimonies and prayer service. W. M. Watson will deliver the message; subject, "The Signs of the Times."

* * *

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street. Morning services at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:30. Subject for tomorrow: "Adam and Fallen Man." Golden text: "Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken." Genesis 3: 11,23.

—

Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock in the church. Reading room at 31 Bass block open daily except Sunday from 1:30 to 5 p. m.

* * *

SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

Record of Sermon Topics and Other Items of Interest.

Divine worship will be held tomorrow at Christ's Lutheran church, Rev. P. J. Albertus, pastor. The topic for the morning sermon will be "Prayer for Missions." This service will be preparatory to the celebration of Home Mission Day a week from Sunday. In the evening the pastor will discuss "The Crisis." Sunday school is held regularly at 9:30 a. m. and "Red and Blue" contest is largely increasing the attendance. The meeting of the Luther league will be held at 6:45 p. m.

—

Rev. Richard Clay Jones at the morning service at Simpson Methodist Episcopal church will preach on the topic, "Dry Bones." This evening's sermon will be entitled "Wet Logs." The choir plans to give special music at these services, particularly at the song service in the evening. Especially interesting and attractive will be the meeting of the Epworth League chapter at 6:30 p. m. tomorrow. Sunday November 14, the church will hold a harvest home service at which the roll call of members will be a feature.

—

"Christ the Head of the Body of the Church" will be the topic of the sermon to be preached by Rev. Dr. Frank M. Fox at the Sunday morning service at the Third Presbyterian church. "The Smitten Rock" will be his topic in the evening.

—

Services for the congregation of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer will be held tomorrow in St. Paul's school hall on Barr street. The sermon will be preached by Rev. J. Kohlmeyer, pastor of Emanuel Lutheran church, New Haven. Prof Louis Dorn, of Concordia college will occupy the pulpit at New Haven.

—

Following the love feast at the morning service at the Free Methodist church, Rev. E. Mylott, of Union City, will preach and later communion will be administered. The first quarterly meeting which opened on Friday night will close with the Sunday evening service.

—

The order of the services tomorrow at the Church of the Brethren, Rev. E. L. Heestand, pastor, will be: Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; sermon at 10:45 a. m.; the Lord's Supper and communion at 6:30 p. m.

—

Sunday morning at the service at the East Creighton Avenue Church of Christ, Rev. R. A. Thibos, pastor, will preach on the topic, "Moral Downfall as Illustrated in the life of Judas Iscariot." The order of the other services of the day will be Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; mission band, 2:30 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m., and evening service and sermon at 7:30 o'clock.

—

"The Greatest Prayer and Promise" will be the topic of Rev. H. H. Spiher's morning sermon at the services at the Church of God. The Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:30 p. m. will be conducted by Andrew Farrell. At the evening service the pastor will speak on "Seeking the Lord an Immediate Duty."

—

The topic of Rev. Clifford D. Rarey's sermon Sunday morning at Bethel Evangelical church will be "The Scarlet Thread of the Bible." He will speak in the evening on "The Brotherhood of Man."

—

The meeting of Bethel church mission Sunday school in Lakeside will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The enrollment of students is increasing and marked interest is manifest. At Sunday afternoon's session a membership contest will begin to continue until the end of the year.

Under the direction of Mrs. Charles Mize the following program will be rendered at the services at Bethel Evangelical church:

Morning.

Organ Prelude.
Anthem—"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes"
Offertory.
Male Quartet—"Just as I Am."
Hymn—"Prayer is the Soul's Desire."

Evening.

Organ Prelude.
Anthem—"Go Labor On."
Offertory.
Hymn—"Companionship With Jesus."
Postlude.

—

Rev. P. J. Albertus, pastor of Christ's Lutheran church will address the 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon meeting at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Hiram A. Philley will be in charge of music and will lead the bible study.

—

A stirring sermon on "Youth in Old Age" will be preached tomorrow morning at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Jeffras. Junior league will meet at 2:30 and the Senior Epworth league at 6:30 p. m. The sermon at the evening service will be on "Naaman."

—

An attractive sermon on "The Magnetism of Jesus" will be preached by Rev. J. K. Cecil at the service Sunday morning at the First Methodist Episcopal church. The day's musical program under the direction of O. E. Richard will be as follows:

Morning.

Prelude—"Question" .....Bibl
Anthem—"Ye That Stand in the House" .....Spinney

Choir.

Offertory—"Shepherd's Song"..Merkel
Solo—"Oh, Divine Redeemer" .....
..... Gounod

Dr. L. J. Hughes.

Postlude—"March" ..... Ashmall

Evening.

Prelude ..... Read
Anthem—"Pilgrims of the Night"...
..... Emerson
Offertory—"Pastorale" .....Ashmall
Postlude—"March in D" .....Newell

—

Dr. Henry T. Sell, pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, will preach tomorrow morning on the topic, "A Great Christian Victory." A brief "old songs" service and a sermon on "Right and Wrong Ways of Salvation" will be given in the evening.

A special consecration service will be held at 6:30 p. m. by the Senior Christian Endeavor society.

—

Tomorrow morning at the First Baptist church, Rev. John F. Vichert will deliver a sermon on "Two Kinds of Crowns."

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper will follow the morning service, and immediately after it an important business meeting of the church will be held.

"Christ's Second Coming" will be the pastor's sermon topic in the evening. The following music will be rendered at the day's services:

Morning.

Prelude ..... Lemmens
Quartet—"Awake, Put on Thy Strength!" ..... Protheroe
Offertory ..... Franz
Quartet—"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" ..... Gilchrist
March ..... Guilmant

Evening.

Andante ..... Best
Quartet—"I Will Sing of Thy Power" ..... Protheroe
Melody ..... Clark
Quartet—"O, Lord, My Trust is in Thy Mercy!" ..... Hall
Postlude ..... Widor

—

All the regular services will be held Sunday at the West Creighton avenue Church of Christ. Minister Henry W. Schwan will speak on the following topics:

At 10:45 a. m., "Is the Church Safe? or the Sin of the Church."

At 7:30 p. m., "Weighed in the Balances."

Special music by the choir morning and evening.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 2:30 p. m.; Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

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Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. at Bethany Presbyterian church will be followed by a meeting of the session an hour later. At the regular service at 10:45 o'clock, the pastor, Rev. C. O. Shirey, will preach on the question, "My Own Vineyard Have I Not Kept?" The Y. P. S. C. E. meeting will be held at 6:45 p. m. and at 7:30 o'clock the evening service will take place. A fifteen minutes' song service, chorus and choir, will be followed by a brief address by the pastor whose topic is "Courage." He cordially invites all interested to attend the Sunday services.

—

Rev. Samuel Wagenhals, pastor of Trinity English Lutheran church has recovered from his recent illness and will occupy his pulpit on Sunday. The Home mission collection appointed for last Sunday, will be taken up tomorrow.

—

The four o'clock Sunday afternoon vesper service at the Y. W. C. A. will be led by Mrs. M. S. Willson. Music will be rendered by vocalists from the West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ. At the social tea following the service, Miss Lillian Gloeckle will preside as hostess.

—

Preaching services at 10:30 o'clock will take place tomorrow morning at Trinity Methodist Episcopal church. The evening service at 7:30 o'clock will be under the auspices of the ladies of the congregation and the following program will be given:

Organ Prelude ....Miss Lottie Racine
Song ..... Congregation
Prayer.
Scripture Reading...Mrs. Gilbert Fox
Offering ..... Congregation
Anthem .....Trinity M. E. Choir
Notes from Branch Missionary Society Meeting at Bay City, Mich..
..... Mrs. Cyrus U. Wade
Solo—"More Love to Thee".....
.....Miss Mabel Paul
Gospel in Latin Lands.....
.....Mrs. I. W. Langford
Solo—"Face to Face"..Miss Eva Uran
Song ..... Congregation

—

Rev. J. Clair Leech will preach both morning and evening tomorrow at Westminster Presbyterian church. The order of services will be as follows:

Morning Worship 10:45.

Doxology.
Invocation.
Hymn 21.
Responsive Reading of the Psalms.
Gloria Patri .....Charles Meineke
Prayer.
Hymn of Invocation.
Scripture Lesson—Exodus 4.
Prayer—Lord's Prayer.
Hymn 271.
Offertory—"Meditation."
Solo ..... Selected

Miss Mary Brown.

Sermon—"The Treasure Within Every Man's Hand"
Prayer.
Hymn 282.
Benediction.

Evening Worship 7:30.

"Holy, Holy, Holy."
Invocation.
Song Service.
Prayer.
Hymn 195.
Scripture Lesson—Hebrews 4.
Hymn 13.
Offertory ..... Selected
Solo ..... Selected

Mrs. Harriet Stemen Macbeth.

Sermon—"There Are No Secrets."
Prayer.
Evening Hymn.
Benediction.

—

"Missionary day" will be observed with a special program tomorrow morning at 9:30 o'clock at Simpson M. E. church. All members of the school and their friends are urged to attend, as the program will be replete with interest for all. Alvin P. Double is the superintendent.

—

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. at Grace Reformed church will be followed by the regular morning service at which Dr. Allan K. Zartman will preach on "The Business Side of the Church." The senior Y. P. S. C. E. meeting will be held at 6:45 p. m. Dr. Zartman, at the evening service, at 7:30 o'clock, will preach on "Highways and Hedges."

—

"Strangers Within Our Gates" will be the topic of an interesting and instructive sermon to be preached by Rev. C. Claud Travis at the Sunday morning service at Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal church. In the evening the pastor's sermon will be based on the topic, "Grey Hair." Immediately after the morning service, Rev. Travis will take an automobile trip to Woodburn, where in the afternoon at 3 o'clock he will officiate at the corner-stone laying of a Methodist church. His return to Fort Wayne will be made in time for the conduct of the evening service.

—

Rev. George F. Byrer at the morning service at Calvary United Brethren church will preach on "Four Remarkable Things About Paul When He Was on the Isle of Malta." The Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m. will be led by Miss Blanche Rayl. "Comradeship of Jesus" will be the subject of the evening's discourse.

—

Sunday at the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ, Rev. Earle Marion Todd, pastor, Sunday school will be held at 9:30 o'clock and at 9:45 o'clock the pastor will direct the Men's Bible class. Communion services will be held at 10:30 o'clock, other services for the day being as follows:

Organ Prelude.
Opening Sentences.
Hymn ..... Congregation
Prayer and Responsive Reading.
Hymn ..... Congregation
Scripture Lesson.
Quartet.
Prayer ..... Congregation
The Offering.
Offertory Prayer and Ascription.
Solo—"The Publican" ..Van der Water
Miss Todd.
Sermon—"A Virile Faith" .....
.....Preacher, Rev. E. M. Todd
Hymn ..... Congregation
Prayer and Benediction.
Organ Postlude.

6:30 p. m.—Y. P. S. C. E.

Leader, Mr. Meyers.
Topic—"Life Lessons from the Book of Hebrews."

7:30 p. m.—Evening Worship.

Organ Prelude.
Opening Sentences.
Hymn.
The Lord's Prayer.
Responsive Reading.
Quartet.
Prayer.
The Offering, followed by the Offertory Prayer.
Solo ..... Dr. Kimmel
Sermon—"Are We Less Religious Than Our Fathers?" .....
.....Preacher, Rev. E. M. Todd
Hymn.
Benediction.
Organ Postlude.

The sermon announced for the evening is the sixth in the series on "Do We Believe?" This series will be brought to a conclusion next Sunday evening, when the topic will be, "Doubt as a Creed." An interesting announcement will then be made as to future themes.

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At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at Plymouth Congregational church, a meeting of the Christian Endeavor convention executive committee and other committees will be held for the purpose of arranging for the annual C. E. convention to be held at Plymouth church, November 25 and 26.

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Basing his sermon on Luke 9: 57-62, Rev. H. P. Dannecker at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church will preach in the morning on the topic, "What We Must Avoid if We Would Follow Christ." His evening's discourse on "The Parable of the Hidden Treasure" will be based on Matt. 13: 44.

—

Mrs. Dancer, of Columbia avenue, will entertain the Young Ladies' society of Westminster church Monday evening at a Reversible social.

Short Sermons for a Sunday Half-Hour

Theme: The Power of Gentleness. By Rev. Frank M. Goodchild.

Text: Thy gentleness hath made me great.—II. Samuel, xxii., 36.

It is easier to recognize a man's greatness than to discern the secret of it. And yet men are always very curious about the process by which a great man has reached his eminence.

A man was curious to know the secret of Paganini's power over the violin. He got a room next to Paganini's at an inn and watched him. He saw the great musician when he arose in the morning take the precious instrument, place it under his chin, make a few passes over it with the bow, kiss the back of it and, looking up, murmur a prayer over it. Then he locked it in its box again. No one ever showed the possibilities there are in a violin as Paganini. He could make it sound like a wail from the lost world, and he could make it ring with joy so that you would think you heard the songs of paradise. And the secret of it was that he loved the instrument.

In this little text, "Thy gentleness hath made me great," one of the greatest men of the world speaks to us. He was so great a ruler that many men look back to him as the ideal king. He was so great a poet that all ages since have used his songs to express their worshipful emotions. He was so great a man that God conferred upon him the title, "The man after God's own heart." And the secret of his greatness is revealed to us in the text. The psalm from which it is taken sketches his life. It tells in musical words the story of David's career, and it reaches its climax when David looks up into God's face and acknowledges that all that he has and is came from Him. "Thy gentleness hath made me great," he says. Just as a mother broods over her child and shapes his character, so God brooded over David, and by gentleness and forbearance that surpass anything that a mother ever felt He loved David into greatness. Perhaps we never know very much about how God loves us until we have our own child in our arms and know how dear it is to us.

Once let a man get it into his soul that God really cares for him more fondly than any mother ever cared for her child and his heart will have a lightness it never had before, his soul will know a peace that the world is an utter stranger to, his cares will be transformed so that they will have little power to distress him and life will be so sweet at times that heaven will seem only a continuation of it.

Perhaps the most crying need of our time is a revival of this grace of gentleness. We are very quick and cruel in our judgments to-day. Men who are sincerely trying to do good are vilified and caricatured. No man in the public view escapes the most brutal criticism, and we are just as severe on each other in the private walks of life. Perhaps no other evil in the world produces so great a harvest of wretchedness as this habit of harshly judging one another.

Some men are ashamed of tenderness and gentleness. But a man is sadly deficient who lacks feeling. Gentleness not only makes us great, but it is a sign of greatness in the man who has it. And, happily, it is a form of greatness that all can achieve. We may never be able to acquire wealth. We may not have great thoughts to write. We may not have the skill to paint scenes of beauty. But gentleness and goodness all can attain by God's good grace if we will, and they are more potent in the world than any other form of greatness we know.

A Brave Old Man.

Back in 1705, on one March evening, Frederick IV., of Denmark, sitting in his palace, noticed among his papers a petition from a widow whose husband and son had been murdered at Tranquebar. There had been a native outbreak, and the story led the king to send for his court chaplain, who found him poring over a map of India, and was greeted by the question:

"Can you find preachers for me? I will pay expenses. I want to send them out to Tranquebar."

Down through the vanished years rings the answer of the old man—"Send me your Majesty."

But his worn life was not the one chosen for that service, though he did his part by bravely holding the ropes at home.

The palace picture fades into the mists of time, and given place to a Danish ship, laboring through eight months' perilous voyage, carrying two young men, Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, missionaries of Jesus Christ.—Baptist Standard.

Want to Serve.

We shall see Him, and want to serve. We shall know, and be prepared to serve. Inspiration for service is vision; equipment for service in correspondence, preparation for service in knowledge! Thus Himself will be the reason of all the service of the new life, and therefore His will will be the plane of Heaven's activity. —G. Campbell Morgan.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

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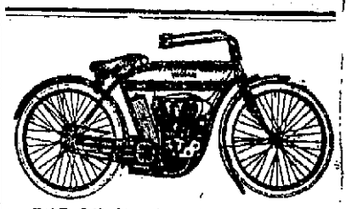

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SOCIETY

Miss Clara Misner has as her guest Miss Lulu Stout, of South Whitley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gould, of Kokomo, are visiting relatives in the city.

Mr. Bert Scidmore, of Clark, S. D., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Allan Vesey.

Mrs. J. E. Wolf returned today from a week's visit with relatives in Cleveland.

Miss Grace Parker, of Detroit, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Boshart.

Mrs. H. H. Barcus, of Bluffton, is in the city the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Blitz.

Miss Mary Van Winkle has returned from a fortnight's stay in Dayton and Indianapolis.

Miss Gertrude Lyons will leave this evening for a visit with her sister at Indianapolis.

Thomas Danehy, of Henderson, Ky., is in the city to spend several days with relatives.

Mrs. M. S. Wilson has returned from Cleveland, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wilson.

Mrs. James Runyan is entertaining her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wies, of Philadelphia.

The regular meeting of the Relief Union will be held Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock at 434 Madison street.

Fred Eggeman, who came home from Purdue for a short vacation, returned to his work at the college yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Simpson arrived from Chicago today to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sperry for the next fortnight.

The I. N. club was entertained at cards last evening by Miss Bertha Franke at her home, on East Lewis street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wall have returned to their home in Lima, O., after a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gould, of Kokomo, are the guests of Mr. Gould's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, of West DeWald street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marks, who have been visiting Mrs. Frank Riblett and Miss Ola Marks, have returned to their home in Findlay, O.

The Chrysolite club was entertained yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Anna Steinacker. Prizes were won by Mrs. Fackler, Mrs. Cupp and Mrs. Lilly.

Mrs. Peter Certia and daughter, Miss Evelyn, have returned from Chicago, where they have been visiting Magnus Certia, who is a student at the Armour institute.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gould and son, Douglas, who have been the guests of Mr. Gould's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, of West DeWald street, returned today to their home in New York.

Mrs. Elise Kircheimer, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Aaron Rothschild. Mrs. Kircheimer came to attend the Westheimer-Rothschild wedding which will be a prominent society event of Tuesday.

Mrs. R. S. Robertson, jr., returned today to her home at Paducah, Ky., accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, who will visit there for a time.

Miss Gertrude Thompson, of Lafayette street, gave a picture shower last evening in compliment to Miss Madeline Robertson, a bride-elect of the month. Games were played and a two course lunch was served. The guests were the Misses Edith Katte, Grace Rohrer, Callie Peters, Sibyll Neidhammer, Grace Smith, Marie Eggemann, Bertram Sanders and Mrs. Joseph Oswold.

Mrs. C. H. Albersmeyer was very pleasantly surprised last evening at her home on Third street by a number of her friends and neighbors who came to assist her in celebrating the anniversary of her birth. They brought with them a fine supper and Mrs. Albersmeyer was presented with a beautiful hand-painted plate. Cards and music were enjoyed and prizes were won by Mrs. W. A. Ellis and Mrs. J. J. Flynn.

A jolly crowd was entertained last evening by the Misses Grace and Cora Hammond at their home, on Hoagland avenue, in honor of Miss Lulu Stout, of South Whitley. The guests were Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Bruner, Mrs. Burgleman, the Misses Emma Miller, Ethlan, Ona and Frances Frisby, Ruby and Goldie Shirley, Lulu Stout, Clara Misner, Dorothy Bourne, Mary Klamier, Mary Ogden, Laura Johnson, Hattie Peckham.

The pupils of Miss Rose Johnson have decided to give a series of fortnightly musicals this winter and the first of these was given last evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Gross. Those who participated in the entertainment were Beryl Obenchain, Mary Koerdt, Lorain and Gertrude Gross, Morea Michael, Lora Evans, Helen Sensway, Esther Lepper, Esther Kretzman, Margaret Streby, and Golda Morgan, of Dixon, O. Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Wallenhaupt, Oesten and Rubenstein were the composers represented on the program. Refreshments were served after the recital. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Helen Sensway, at 335 West Main street.

Mrs. Ella Jones Downing, of Chicago, a former resident of this city, is winning recognition as a writer of songs. Mrs. Downing retains her membership in the Morning Musical and several local singers number her songs in their repertoire. Mrs. Downing has established the Chicago Art shop and publishes her own compositions. The cover designs were drawn expressly for her and are copyrighted. Six of the songs are to be sung on Nov. 16 in Music hall by Alfred Bergen, and on the 18th Thomas N. MacBurney will include a group in a program which he is to give in Chicago. It is hoped that arrangements may be made to give Mrs. Downing's friends in this city an opportunity to hear her songs this winter. Local music houses have her compositions for sale.

It would be hard indeed to find a sweeter little hostess than Louise St. George Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, who is entertaining her little friends this afternoon at her home on West Berry street. Louise will be four years old Monday and in order not to conflict with the school duties of some of the guests who have reached the mature age of six, the celebration was planned for today. Louise, in a dainty white frock with a huge yellow chrysanthemum pinned on her shoulder, was assisted in receiving her guests by her jet black pussy cat which has a bright yellow ribbon about his neck in honor of the occasion. The house is beautifully decorated with smilax and yellow chrysanthemums. At supper time Louise will preside over the large round dining table where five of the largest children will be seated, the tinier ones being served at a long low table in the livingroom. There is a beautiful white cake surrounded by a wreath of smilax and yellow 'mums and holding four yellow candles. When Louise cuts the cake there will be found the thimble, the dime, and the ring, just like "grown ups" have in their cakes. Miniature pumpkins filled with candy serve as favors and the yellow ice cream is frozen in the form of little chicks. Miss Eliza Hanna assists Mrs. Rogers in entertaining the children, who are Helen Bitler, Guy Colerick Berghoff, Eric Crull, Janet, William and Reed Brackenridge, William Noll, Cornelle Morgenthaler, Robert Shambaugh, Sara Grace Randall, Mabel and Virginia Vernon, Eleanor Wilson, Louise Metzger, Caroline and Edward Averill, Mary Louise Rhamey, Elizabeth and Frederick Perfect, Dorothy Mossman, Jack and Robert Eggeman, Stanley Crighton, Foster Taft, Lovita Hosler.

* * *

Troendle—Schilling.

The wedding of Miss Hannah Schilling, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Carl Schilling, and Mr. Eugene Troendle, was quietly celebrated Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock, at the parochial residence of St. Mary's Catholic church, by the Very Rev. Mgr. Oechtering. The bride's family were the only witnesses as Mr. Troendle has no relatives in this country. The bride wore a traveling suit of blue cloth with a smart hat of corresponding color. Mr. and Mrs. Troendle left immediately for Chicago and on their return will be at home at 701 Edgewater avenue. Mr. Troendle is managing editor of the Evening Freie Presse and one of the foremost leaders in musical work in Fort Wayne. He is a writer of much strength and charm.

* * *

Nurses Will Be Graduated.

Invitations for the graduating exercises of the Hope hospital school for nurses will be issued Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. The exercises will be held Monday evening, Nov. 22nd, in the First Methodist church and a reception in the church parlors will follow. The program has not been completed but the committee will be ready to announce it in a few days.

* * *

Rippe—Gehrick

Walter F. Rippe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Rippe, of 1111 Wilt street, was united in marriage Oct. 20 in Grace Episcopal church, San Francisco, Cal., to Miss Ethel Gehricke, a beautiful and accomplished young woman of Los Angeles, Cal. The bride wore a handsome princess gown of gray broadcloth with trimmings of heavy gold braid and carried yellow chrysanthemums. A large white beaver hat completed the costume. After spending several days in San Francisco Mr. and Mrs. Rippe returned to Los Angeles, where they gave a large reception in their new home. The bride is the daughter of a prominent and wealthy family of Los Angeles. Mr. Rippe was a former resident of this city and left for the west over four years ago. He became identified with the Pacific Garment Co. and is assistant manager of the Los Angeles branch.

* * *

Kenline—Bluhm.

The following account, taken from the Albion Democrat, will be of interest to the many friends of Mr. Kenline in this city: "Miss Lydia J. Bluhm, of Kendallville, and Mr. William Kenline, of Fort Wayne, were united in marriage in the German Lutheran parsonage in Avilla last Saturday evening, Rev. Carl A. Krotka officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Kenline left the same evening for Fort Wayne, where they took up their residence in their newly furnished home. The bride is quite well known in this city, where she resided for a few years, when she was an assistant in the recorder's office. The groom formerly resided in Garrett, but is engaged in the painting and paper hanging business in Fort Wayne."

* * *

Grotholtman—Dobberkau.

This afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dobberkau, 1440 East Lewis street, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Minnie, to Mr. John Grotholtman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Miller, pastor of the St. Paul's Lutheran church, in the presence of a large company of friends and relatives. The wedding march was played by Mr. Will Young. The bride was attended by Miss Alice Henschen and Mr. Walter Altekruse was the groom's best man. The bride wore a beautiful gown of old rose satin heavily embroidered and carried white chrysanthemums. Miss Henschen wore a dainty dress of a little deeper shade of old rose and carried white 'mums. After congratulations had been offered a wedding supper was served. The rooms were decorated with palms, smilax and roses. Mr. and Mrs. Grotholtman will leave tomorrow noon for Los Angeles, where they will spend the winter. En route they will visit in St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco.

Becoming Autumn Coiffures for Winter

Simple Styles are Correct—Hair Must be Dressed Low—None but Small Ribbon Bows Worn.

While simplicity must be the keynote of coiffures for young girls, effective ribbon bows are permissible. But right here I want to go on record as being opposed to the use of the luxurious bows now worn by many schoolgirls. For in my opinion, ribbons cease to be pretty when they are out of proportion to the size of the heads they should adorn. And incidentally, when girls possess smooth, shiny, well groomed tresses, why should they wear pompadours or roll their locks over cushions when a coiffure simply brushed back, softened by a little pulling and held in place by a pin or comb, will give the puffiness which is so becoming to youthful faces?

A charming style of hair dressing for girls of from sixteen to nineteen years of age is to roll the hair over a moderate sized cushion, dividing the pompadour into three sections, to get the best result. This brings a part either at or just below each temple. Then each side lock, instead of being laid back smoothly over the cushion, should be taken separately and twisted under like a rope until the head line is reached. This makes a shaped piece which is secured to the head by a pin or comb. The only difficult part of this is that the twist may be made so tight it will pull from the face. If this happens the hair should be undone and another start made. Softness is imperative.

With the long strands hanging down the back, different effects may be tried, and if a girl is so fortunate as to have much hair she can make a charming coiffure by dividing the tresses into two sections. Each half must then be separated into halves, and the two strands twisted cable fashion. This gives two cables, and these must be fastened at the ends to keep them from "unravelling."

Then the cables must be taken by the tips and crossed at the back, and done loosely around the outside of the head, just back of the ears This places them at the top, back, or on the cushion. The ends of each must be tucked underneath, so they will not show, and the fewer pins used to hold the cables firmly, the better the effect, for the result must be soft and loose in appearance.

Should it be wished, when crossing the ropes at the back of the head, they may be tied with a ribbon, in a bow of moderate size. If this be done the loops and ends must be flat and not so big as to conceal the shape of the head.

Another way of using the long cables is to twist the two together at the back of the head, and, turning them under, tie with a bow. The end left is pinned under, and two pins at either side will hold the loop in place against the back of the head.

No young girl should ever wear a high coiffure.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Practical Separate Waist

(By Mrs. Jane Ford.)

565

6 SIZES 32 TO 42 BUST

Many of the smart new blouses show a side front closing such as is pictured in the accompanying drawing, and this style waist will be pretty developed in tub silk or woolen materials. Women who wish a waist of this type can get the pattern in six sizes, which run from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. It may be cut economically from goods either twenty-seven or thirty-six inches wide. Of the narrow goods it requires three and one-half yards to make the medium sizes, but only two and five-eighths yards of the wider will be needed.

It is indeed good news to know that the shirtwaist is again given a prominent place in the wardrobe. Not that it was ever crossed from the list of garments that one needed, but for a time it was put aside to make room for the pretty one-piece frocks that we all liked. This season it is brought to the fore and will be as popular as ever. Developed in any of the soft weaves of silk, cloth or the well liked tub linens, it will be accepted with enthusiasm by business women.

There is no other style of dress so practical as the separate skirt and tailored waist, which latter may make frequent visits to the cleaners or the laundry, and with a serge skirt and six or eight such waists as we have talked of, one is well equipped for the winter. When it is possible to arrange to have a coat of material like the skirt one should do so, because there is nothing so generally satisfactory as a coat suit. It can be made to do service for many occasions if waists of both the tailored and dressy order are made to wear with it.

The waists offered may be elaborate when silk or wool is used for developing it, by applying a knife plaited frill of some soft material along the edge of the closing.

EVENING SENTINEL PATTERN COUPON.

NO. 565—NOVEMBER 6.

Name .....

Street and Number.....

City .....

State .....

Size Desired.....

[Size Must Be Put on Coupon.]

To obtain the pattern above, fill out the coupon and enclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Pattern Department, Fort Wayne Sentinel.

Grease Used Constantly on the Nails Beautifies Them

"Use grease," I say to the many who want to know how to make their nails shapely. "Use grease all the time; cleanse your finger tips with it, instead of soap. It tends to give them a satin-like appearance with a tinge of pink which is the desirable condition for finger nails."

This topic is especially interesting because, summer being over, girls who have neglected their hands during the warm weather find that the finger tips are not attractive, and worst of all that the nails have a tendency to break. And cold weather will but increase such trouble unless they forestall its effects by supplying the nourishment required. This strength grease will give by preventing breakage that comes because the nails are too dry.

When the surface shows ridges and there is a general look of coarseness I would advise a girl to soak her finger tips for five minutes every night in warm sweet almond oil. The same bath may be used over and over again. The temperature of it should be only tepid. This warmth will cause the fluid to soak in more thoroughly.

I like vaseline better than cold cream when the nail structure really requires nourishment. So when the girl has treated her fingers to the almond oil bath she should pat them gently with a piece of old muslin and proceed to fill the cracks at the base of the nails and around the circle with vaseline. Then, with a piece of chamois she should rub each separately to drive in the grease. Much will be taken up in this fashion, so that another application of vaseline should be made. But before this second dose an orange stick should be applied to the cuticle. With the flat end of this stick the flesh at the bottom of each nail must be pushed back gently, increasing the effect by putting the thumb of the other hand on the flesh below the nail and drawing it down gently. Should there be ragged pieces of skin about the nail they may be cut with manicure scissors, but no attempt must be made to cut strips of the cuticle.

After the second bath of vaseline old gloves must be put on, for the warmth of the kid will drive in the grease. This part of the treatment is to be continued for a week at least.

In the morning, when the gloves are drawn off, a chamois burnisher containing no grease or powder should be rubbed briskly over each nail. Powder may be used only once a week, for, while effort is being made to supply the nourishment, frequent applications of powder that is drying in effect would defeat the purpose of the cure.

The greatest care should be taken to use only such soap as does not dry the skin, and after each washing a little grease must be rubbed over the base of the nails, wiping, but not washing it off afterward, so there will be no greasy aspect to the fingers. The burnisher, if used often, will soon bring a polish to the surface. It also helps to smooth the nails. Once a week they may be rubbed with powdered chamois, but before this is done the burnisher must be wet so the moisture will prevent the powder from scratching the surface. Pumice does not polish it—just smoothes.

If white spots appear on the nails they may be rubbed at night with an equal mixture of turpentine and myrrh, olive oil being required the next morning to remove it. Several applications usually cause the spots to disappear.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Correct Way to Serve a Dinner

Even the most inexperienced maid may be trained to correctly serve a dinner. To begin with, she must be neat, quick and quiet, for noises of any sort, rattling china, glass or silver, or a heavy tread in the dining room must not be permitted. As to her clothing for serving a meal, it must be plain black, with little turn back white linen collar and cuffs, a tiny cap and a small apron. Although an apron with shoulder straps and bib is supposed to be for a waitress, custom has sanctioned the use of a smaller kind, hitherto left for parlormaids only.

The attractiveness of a dinner table depends much upon the maid's interest in her work, but despite this virtue it may be necessary to instruct her in the proper way of arranging it. For instance, she must be told that besides the pieces on the table she will need extra plates on the side table or in the pantry. These are the "serving" plates, and an inexperienced maid usually must be instructed in their purpose, which is to put them on the table before the diners when other plates, etc., are not in position, for it is no longer considered good form to have a place before a person vacant, therefore the instant a plate which has been used is removed a bare, fresh one must be put in its place, the maid taking the right hand to lift the old plate, and the left putting the service plate in place.

No serving of any kind is done now on the table. Roasts are carved in the pantry, and vegetables are kept there. Soup tureens are not.

Whether or not the soup shall be served before dinner is announced depends upon the individual wish of the housekeeper. But if it is not served before, there must be an empty soup plate at each person's place, and then, as soon as the family is seated, the maid enters the room with the soup, putting it down before the mistress, at the same time taking up her empty plate. This she returns to the pantry, and comes back with a full plate, continuing to go back and forth until all have been served. She may bring only one at a time.

When the empty dishes are taken out, a serving plate goes down before each person. Should the meat be put on the plates in the pantry, as is sometimes done, the serving plates are taken up when those for meat are put down. Another way of serving meat is to carve it in the pantry and then pass the platter with the carving fork and a big spoon to each person, that he may help himself. In this case empty meat plates are put down when the soup plates are removed.

When this system is followed vegetables are passed as is the meat platter, and succeeding courses similarly.

If there are candies or fruit they are not taken about by the maid until after the finger bowls are brought. When the latter are put down each person takes his own bowl and doyley from the plate and puts them at the left side. Then the maid passes a little dish of chocolates that will have been on the table through the meal, and fruit, should there be any. Fruit is, however, rarely served in this fashion at dinner.

Salted nuts follow the soup. Radishes and celery should be on the table that they may be eaten during the interval of serving the fish, meats, vegetables, etc.

Nuts remain on the table throughout dinner, but jelly, celery or pickles are removed after the salad, or before dessert.

Maids do not use trays now, a folded fresh dinner napkin being held in the palm of the hand instead.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

REFINED OIL IS REDUCED.

New York, Nov. 8.—The Standard Oil company today announced a ten point reduction in the price of refined oil as follows:

Refined in cases, $17.45; refined in tanks, $4.55; standard white, $8.05.

The company also reduced the price of crude oil five points.

NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR.

Washington, Nov. 6.—Baron Gasuay Uchida, has been appointed by the emperor of Japan as his ambassador to the United States, succeeding Baron Kogoro Takahira, who is at present in Tokio on leave of absence.

OLDEST ELK IS DEAD.

Fremont, Ohio, Nov. 6.—Dr. Wm. V. Ames, 88, a prominent physician, reputed to be the oldest active member of the Elks in the United States died here today.

HOME FOR SALE

West side, 9 rooms, all modern conveniences, full lot; worth $5,000; price, $4,500. Address, "Home Bargain," care Sentinel.

The SOLOIST AUTOPIANO

Why "DRIVE" Music into the Children?

ENABLES you to subdue the bass and accompaniment, leaving the melody prominent, exactly as in hand-playing. Contrary to most player-pianos, this is not done in a mechanical manner. The playing of the accompaniment is subject to the same feeling and expression as the melody.

Other exclusive features of the auto piano eliminate entirely the mechanical results found in many player-pianos.

All styles of the auto-piano play 88 NOTES

Auto Piano Prices are $600, $550, $500 and $450

Let us give you an estimate on your piano for exchange.

Very Special This week we offer exceptional bargains in eight fine sample pianos; various makes; all high-grade instruments from well known manufacturers, affording an excellent opportunity to make an early holiday reservation of a choice piano. The actual saving will average about..... $75.00

Sample Player Pianos To close out our entire line of special Player-Pianos, we offer liberal price reductions on same. The list contains the following well known makes: Packards, Steck, Sterling, Lawton, etc. Liberal allowance for ordinary pianos. The actual saving will average about..... $100

Packard Music House

930 CALHOUN ST., FORT WAYNE, IND.

MISS FLICK FLORIST

The Largest Cut Flower Store in the State.

Choicest of Cut Flowers, Artistic Floral Designs.

Palms and Foliage Plants of all kinds.

Flowers sent by express to friends out of the city. Telegraphic and mail orders. Prices always reasonable.

Miss Flick 207-9 W. Berry

For Neuralgia Pains and Headache

—USE—

Hennis Headache and Neuralgia Plasters

3 Plasters, 10c. 9 Plasters, 25c. All Druggists.

Culinary Department.

Menus and Recipes for Housekeepers' Daily Use.

SATURDAY, NOV. 6.

Breakfast.
Fruit.
Cereal. Sugar and Cream.
Creamed Dried Beef.
Griddle Cakes.
Coffee.

Lunch.
Oysters.
Brown Bread Sandwiches.
Fruit. Cocoa.

Dinner.
Cream of Corn Soup.
Steamed Cod. Egg Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Snow Balls. Foamy Sauce.
Coffee.

RECIPES.

Egg Sauce.

This is a very simple preparation, which goes well with salt cod or any similar salted fish. A cupful of milk is heated and thickened with a tablespoonful of cornstarch (previously mixed smoothly in a little cold milk) stirred into it until it thickens. Now stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and lastly, two hard boiled eggs chopper fine. Another mode is to add the eggs, chopped up in the same way, to some melted butter, omitting the parsley. A third—and perhaps the most novel—is to put into a saucepan the beaten yolks of two eggs two slices of lemon, a tablespoonful of butter, a dessertspoonful of vinegar and a grate of nutmeg. Stir over a gentle heat till very hot, but not boiling, then remove the lemon and serve. The piquant flavor of this last sauce much improves fresh water fish, which are sometimes rather insipid.

Snowball Pudding.

Beat the yolks of three eggs light, then add gradually one cupful of granulated sugar, beating all the while. When very light, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, one cupful of flour, and beat again. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, add quickly to the batter with one rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Fill well-buttered cups two-thirds full, and steam for twenty minutes. Roll in powdered sugar and serve with sauce.

A RIGID INVESTIGATION

will bear out our claims for the superiority of

Perfection Wafers

The perfect cracker—try them today.

PERFECTION BISCUIT CO.

WITH THE CLUBS.

The Saturday club will meet Monday afternoon with Mrs. George Evans. Byzantine ivories, enamels, illuminations and metals will be discussed by Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Detzer and Mrs. Jackson.

The Nineteenth Century club will meet Tuesday with Miss Elizabeth Chapin. "Is Poetry Passing? Epoch and Modern Poetry," will be the subjects under discussion.

The Nos Temps club will meet with Mrs. G. Kronmiller, 1734 Koch street, Monday afternoon. The subjects for study are "The Royal Family of Spain," "Certain Great Figures in Spanish Literature," "The Spanish People."

Fort Wayne lodge of Elks has issued invitations to a pedro which it will give at its temple next Tuesday evening.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire in this manner to thank our friends and neighbors for their kind assistance and sympathy. Also the employes of the Knitting mills and the Freiburger Glove Factory for their beautiful floral offerings during the sickness and death of our daughter, Agnes.

MRS. MARGARET WENDELLEN AND CHILDREN.

The St. Vincent's Orphan home will be closed to visitors during the smallpox epidemic.

REV. S. M. YENN, Chaplain.

Some News of Fort Wayne's Neighbors

BACKBONE BROKEN OF FACTORY STRIKE

Labor Troubles of American Window Glass Company at Hartford City Nearly Ended.

Hartford City, Ind., Nov. 6.—The backbone of the strike of the cutters and flatteners in the American Window Glass company's factory, in this city, was broken Friday when fourteen old men reported for duty. More are expected to follow suit and it is likely all the old men, who still remain in this city, will ask for their old places. The leaders admit the return of the men was a death blow, and it is believed the strike is now near an end after two months.

The strike was inaugurated September 3 last upon the expiration of the wage scale and the refusal of the company to sign a new agreement, providing for a substantial increase. The company agreed to pay the scale in force in the hand operated plants, which was an advance of 8 per cent over what the men had been getting. The strikers, however, demanded bigger money on the grounds that the American was compelled to pay the scale only to two trades while in the hand operated factories all four trades were benefited. When it was refused the cutters and flatteners walked out in a body.

BOUGHT BIG SUGAR CAMP.

Bluffton Banker Acquires 246 Acres for $24,600.

Bluffton, Ind., Nov. 6.—A deal has been closed by which Harry Studabaker, an assistant cashier at the Studabaker bank, has become the owner of the big sugar camp, on what is known as the old Norcross farm, north of Bluffton. Not only does Harry become the owner of the sugar camp but of the entire farm, embracing 246 acres. He bought the farm from his grandfather, John Studabaker, and paid for it the sum of $100 per acre, or a total of $24,600 for the big farm. It is the purpose of Harry to continue to operate the sugar camp in season and next season the camp will be an active scene, for Harry will work it to the limit. There is about two-thirds of the big farm still in timber, with almost all the virgin forest trees upon it, and most valuable are some fine oak and walnut, and the timber on the place, when marketed, will mean a neat little fortune. When cleared the land will also make some of the finest farming tracts in that section. Mr. Studabaker has never had any timber cut out of the woods since it came into his possession excepting trees that had started to deaden and decay.

Fermentation and Flatulence Prevented

In the Stomach by Charcoal, the Great Absorbent, Anti-Fermentative and Deodorant.

Some years ago Dr. Belloc, a retired surgeon of the French army, turned his attention to charcoal as a remedy for dyspepsia, fermentation and flatulence, or gas in the stomach and intestines. He was himself a sufferer from these symptoms, and thus had an opportunity of testing personally its therapeutic action.

He decided after many tests that charcoal made of willow wood was by far the best. He found that charcoal made of other woods caused a disagreeable taste in the mouth—even painful excoriations of the mucous membrane, as well as thirst, and a pinching sensation in the stomach, but not one of these symptoms ever occurred when willow charcoal was employed.

He was in the habit of prescribing from two to six teaspoonfuls for his patients, but he himself frequently took as much as 500 grammes, or more than fifteen ounces per day. There is really no such thing as taking too much charcoal. An excess cannot be taken, for the reason that the more you take the better it is for you, as it is entirely harmless, and through its use your system will be completely cleansed of all its impurities, the fermentation of food and the formation of gas in the stomach prevented and the absorption of toxic products or poisonous material into the blood from the stomach and intestines stopped.

When a regular physician took as much as fifteen ounces of charcoal daily, its harmlessness and beneficial effects as an absorbent, deodorant, germ-destroyer and dyspepsia cure should be apparent to all.

The Academie Nationale de Medicine of Paris reported very favorably on a memoir which Dr. Belloc published on the use of charcoal, and in France it soon became a favorite remedy. Its reputation spread to this country and now we find charcoal lozenges extensively sold, prescribed and employed as dyspepsia remedies. Dr. Belloc's chacoal was administered to his patients in the form of a powder stirred up in water, which was very disagreeable to the taste, and its efficacy was far less than in the form of a lozenge.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are a great and happy improvement upon this form of administering charcoal. They are made of the best willow charcoal, freshly prepared, and rendered exceedingly palatable by the addition of pure honey, which gives them a taste that is in strong contrast to that of ordinary powdered charcoal. Nothing could be more efficacious in its effects than charcoal given in this desirable form. Two or three of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges taken after meals are sufficient to give complete relief. Go to your druggist and buy a box, but insist on having Stuart's, as there are many worthless imitations on the market, not made of willow wood, but of poplar, box-wood, dog-wood, etc., which are not good for the system. For sale everywhere, 25 cents per box. Sample box will be sent free by mail upon request. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

WIFE GETS COW AND $1,725 AS ALIMONY

This Was the Agreement Between the Parties in a Divorce Case Tried at Decatur.

Decatur, Ind., Nov. 6.—By an agreement between the parties in the divorce case of Martha J. Everhart vs. Perry J. Everhart, the defendant is to pay the wife $1,725 in money, give her the family cow and half of the household goods, besides $200 that he had already advanced her. This was decided on as the amount of alimony she would receive.

The case, which was in progress for a day, came to an end yesterday. There were nearly one hundred witnesses, but on account of the amicable arrangement of the alimony many of them were not needed. The court has notu yet given his decision, taking it under advisement, but it is expected he will grant the divorce.

The case was one of the disgusting kind, filled with various experiences during the wedded life of thirty years, wherein curses and abuses of various kind played an important part. Mrs. Everhart's complaint was full of sensational charges, but perhaps no more so than was the cross-complaint filed by Perry, in which he said he too has been abused. However from the evidence he seems to agree that they cannot get along together and that it may be as well to live separately. The court insisted on hearing testimony and upon a cross-examination of the witnesses.

WITHOUT GOING TO COURT.

A Big Estate in Huntington County is Settled.

Warren, Ind., Nov. 6.—A notable example of the amicable adjustment of a large estate without the cost of court proceedings or going into court is that shown in the settlement of the Palmer estate by the heirs of Daniel Palmer, who died recently near Warren.

The large tract of land containing 320 acres has been divided among the heirs and the transfers made without going into court. Attorney L. L. Simons, of Warren, was employed to look after the division of the property and the eight heirs accepted their respective portions with grace and good feeling.

Daniel Palmer died leaving his property to his eight heirs. They are Erastus D. Palmer, Mrs. Ella M. Purviance, Mrs. Estella N. Jones, Daniel G. Palmer, Mrs. Etta M. Conley, Mrs. Anna VanArdsol, Mamie A. Lines and Miss Ruth E. Palmer. The latter is a young lady who is still in school and a guardian was appointed to look after her interests. These heirs gave quit claim deeds to the property, conveying it to Fred G. Jones. He in turn, deeded back to each heir the portion of the farm intended as a gift by the father.

The deeds have all been made and recorded which closes the matter without the usual court proceedings, requiring a partition suit and expensive litigation.

SUES FOR HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Fort Wayne Woman Asks $600 and Return of Confiscated Furniture.

Logansport, Ind., Nov. 6.—The Credit Exchange, an association of retail merchants, was made defendant yesterday in a suit for $600 damages by Mrs. Nellie G. Strathern, of Fort Wayne. Constable George Heppe and several individual merchants, members of the exchange, are named as defendants also. Mrs. Strathern alleges that some time ago, when she moved to Fort Wayne, Constable Heppe seized her houshold goods on attachment proceedings, holding them for debts to various local merchants owed by her husband, George Strathern. The goods are in a storage building, and in addition to demanding $600 damages from the Credit Exchange and others she wants the goods turned over to her.

CASE IS DISMISSED.

Findlay, O., Nov. 6.—Several weeks ago Miss Linnie Benson, of McComb, had her sister, Mrs. Kathryn Giffin, arrested on the charge of burglary and grand larceny. The former charged the latter entered her apartments and took therefrom a quantity of clothing belonging to the complainant. The case was heard before Justice Sours and dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff. The defendant offered testimony tending to prove that the articles taken belonged to her.

HEIRS TO $8,000,000 ESTATE.

Montpelier, Ind., Nov. 6.—Mesdames Jennie Wetherhead, Harry Hart and Sam Arnold, of this city, are among the heirs who lay claim to the land upon which the city of Montreal, Canada, now stands and valued at $8,000,000. The claim is being pushed by John McDonald, of Saranac, N. Y., who claims that the land was a war-time grant to his great grandfather from the British crown. Attorneys have been engaged to push the claim, which is considered a strong one.

ARE MERIT SCHOLARS.

Monroeville, Ind., Nov. 6.—Two months of the Monroeville schools ended yesterday and those of the high school who were neither tardy or absent during that time were: James Cress and Merna Ainsworth, of the third year; Norman Geyer, George Long and Harry Robinson, of the second year, and Ralph Martin, Leland Brown, Carl Jones, Willard Bandelier, Ralph Friedline, Esther Reynolds, Lester Barkley, Lulu Reynolds and Zelma Wright, of the first year.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE.

Butler, Ind., Nov. 6.—There will be a debate at the high school building, Nov. 12, at 7:30 p. m. The subject for debate is "Should the Honor System Be Generally Adopted in High School Examinations?" Affirmative—Ethel Higley, Helen Garber and Mr. Austin. Negative—John Blaker, Grace Murch and Rhea Holtzbe

WIFE COOKED FOOD HE ATE IN THE JAIL

Was Arrested for Wife Desertion and Did Not Know She Was Cook in the Jail.

Huntington, Ind., Nov. 6.—George Sell, who was brought here from Fort Wayne on the charge of wife desertion, was released from jail yesterday and not until he had been released and a reconciliation affected did he learn that the woman he had abandoned was beneath the same roof in the jail building and was doing the cooking of the food that he ate while he was in jail.

After being deserted by her husband Mrs. Sell was compelled to earn her own living and the sheriff being in need of a cook she applied at the jail and was employed. This was before the arrest of Sell and during his confinement there he did not know of her presence. After his release the two were brought together and reconciliation effected. They agreed to live together and will go to housekeeping.

Sell explained the desertion of his wife to Judge Cook in the circuit court yesterday after entering a plea of guilty. The court assessed a fine of $20 and assessed him thirty days in jail, but on assurance that Sell would go home and renew his care of his wife he had deserted, sentence was suspended.

LADY DROPPED DEAD.

Goshen, Ind., Nov. 6.—Mrs. Jennie Laura Shoup, aged 64 years and wife of Norman W. Shoup, a Lake Shore carpenter, who is employed on the division between Elkhart and Chicago, dropped dead yesterday at her home on Eleventh street, between Jefferson and Madison. Mrs. Shoup had long suffered with a weak heart and had been under treatment for the ailment. Her first husband, Louis Hess, dropped dead on the highway while driving south of Goshen eight years ago.

TRACTION COMPANY FRANCHISE

Logansport, Ind., Nov. 6.—The county commissioners yesterday granted a seventy-five year franchise to the Indiana Northwestern Traction company. The franchise gives the company the right of way from the corporation line on Bates street, following the Pennsylvania lines to Lake Cicott, and thence to the west line of Cass county. The franchise provides that the road be in operation in three years or the franchise is void.

APPENDICITIS IS FATAL.

Van Wert, Nov. 6.—Mrs. C. M. Denlston, of this city, died Thursday of appendicitis at Wenatchee, Wash., where her husband, Prof. C. M. Denlston, has been engaged in school work. The remains will be shipped home for burial. She was a sister of Mrs. M. Louth, of Toledo.

OPEN ON ELECTION DAY.

Lima, O., Nov. 6.—John Maxwell, who conducts a saloon at the corner of Elm and Main streets, arrested Tuesday on the charge of keeping an open saloon on election day, appeared Friday and waived examination. He was held to answer to the common pleas court with bond fixed in the sum of $100, which was furnished.

JOHN Q. DYE IS DEAD.

Peru, Ind., Nov. 6.—John Q. Dye, prominent member of Peru lodge, No. 539, I. O. O. F., and well known, is dead at his home in this city as a result of numerous injuries sustained by falling through an aperture from the second floor of one of the buildings of the Peru Electrical works. The accident occurred Thursday evening.

PAVING REMONSTRANCE.

Kendallville, Ind., Nov. 6.—A remonstrance against the proposed improvement for the pavement of Mitchell street was filed with City Clerk W. P. Myers yesterday. It contains the signatures of thirty-one resident property owners, which is more than a majority of the fifty-four property owners living along the street.

DIED AT COLUMBIA CITY.

Columbia City, Ind., Nov. 6.—John B. Rinkenberger, a pioneer resident of Avilla and Noble county, died at his home in that place Thursday night, aged 78 years. He had been ailing for several years, but his condition was not critical until a short time ago.

KENDALLVILLE PIONEER DEAD.

Kendallville, Ind., Nov. 6.—The death of Mrs. David Bryan, an aged pioneer of this city, occurred at 1:30 Friday afternoon after an illness that extended over a year from heart trouble, dropsy and the complications of advanced years.

GOT A LIFE SENTENCE.

Lima, O., Nov. 6.—John W. Beam, who was convicted of the murder of Estella Maud Diltz, was sentenced Friday afternoon to confinement in the Ohio penitentiary for the remainder of his natural life, to hard labor and without pardon.

DIED AT AVILLA.

Columbia City, Ind., Nov. 6.—Mrs. David Bryan, who has been ill at her home in North Elm street for some time with senile decline, died Friday afternoon at 1:30 aged 76 years.

WANTED—Young man to collect and assist in office work. Must give best of reference. Address Collector, care Sentinel.

Big bargains in WALL PAPER, all kinds, at L. O. HULL'S, 830 Calhoun st.

A Factory enables

ROGERS

to furnish you better Glasses for less money than the other fellow.

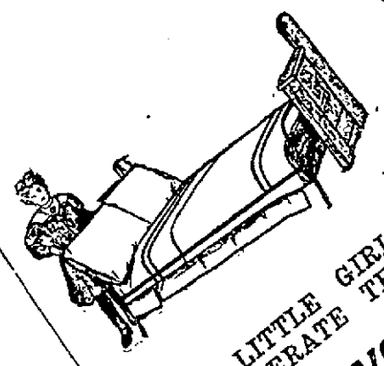
No .117 W. Berry St.

Stylish Hats, $2.00.
Stylish Clothing, $10.00
THE BUCKEYE
819 Calhoun St.

Homeopathic Tinctures and Pellets

We have at all times a fresh stock of Homeopathic Remedies, especially for family use.

Woodworth's
DRUG STORE,
Phone 16. 124 E. Berry



ANY LITTLE GIRL CAN OPERATE THIS

Bed Davenport

Successfully. When used during the day it has the appearance of a beautiful Davenport with upholstered seat and back.

Then by simply pulling the back forward somersaultic-like it makes a comfortable bed to sleep in. No hard ridges, but soft all over. A place beneath for pillows and bed clothes. Let us show you how they operate.

A DAVENPORT BY DAY A BED AT NIGHT

For Sale at Fox Bros. & Co. HOUSE FURNISHERS

IMMENSE GIFTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND

Banker Kennedy Leaves in Will $25,000,000 for Benevolences.

New York, Nov. 6.—John Stewart Kennedy, who died of whooping cough in his New York residence last Sunday, left bequests of more than $25,000,000 to religious, charitable and educational institutions in his will, filed for probate yesterday.

The gift is the largest single contribution of its kind ever made and the beneficiaries include educational and church institutions north, south, east and west in this country and several abroad—sixty in all.

Nearly half of the $25,000,000 goes to institutions connected with the Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Kennedy had been an active member for many years.

Other large beneficiaries include the American Bible society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York public library, the United Charities of New York, Columbia university and Robert college, Constantinople.

Aside from these gifts Mr. Kennedy left approximately $35,000,000 to his widow, his relatives and a great number of friends and employes. The widow's share will be about $16,000,000. All of the testator's employes received gifts of from $500 to $2,000 each.

List of the Largest Gifts.

The charitable, religious and educational institutions which receive the largest bequests are to share the residue of the estate left after definite gifts of approximately $12,000,000 have been paid out. Their shares are estimated by counsel for the executors as follows:

Presbyterian board of foreign missions	$2,250,000
Presbyterian board of home missions	2,250,000
Presbyterian church extension fund	2,250,000
Presbyterian hospital, New York	2,250,000
Robert college, Constantinople	1,500,000
Presbyterian board of aid for colleges	750,000
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York	2,250,000
New York public library	2,250,000
Columbia university	2,250,000
United Charities, New York	1,500,000
American Bible society	750,000
Charity Organization society, New York	750,000

List of Smaller Gifts.

The smaller gifts, made by specific bequest, are as follows:

Yale college	$100,000
Amherst college	100,000
Williams college	100,000
Dartmouth college	100,000
Bowdoin college	100,000
Hamilton college	100,000
University of Glasgow, Scotland ("where from my infancy I resided until I came to this country")	100,000
Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute	100,000
Hampton Normal school and Agricultural institute	100,000
Lafayette college, Easton, Pa.	50,000
Oberlin college, Oberlin, O.	50,000
Wellesley college	50,000
Barnard college	50,000
Teachers' college (Columbia university)	50,000
Elmira college for Women, Elmira, N. Y.	50,000
Northfield seminary, Northfield, Mass.	50,000
Mount Hermon Boys' school, Gill, Mass.	50,000
Anatolic college, Marsovan, Turkey	50,000
Syrian Protestant college, Beirut, Syria	25,000
American school at Smyrna, Turkey, now under the care of the Rev. Alexander MacLachlan	20,000
Lake Forest university, Lake Forest, Ill.	25,000
Center college, Danville, Ky.	25,000
Berea college, Kentucky	50,000
Presbyterian board of relief for disabled ministers	30,000

Numerous Other Bequests.

There also are numerous bequests of from $5,000 to $25,000, generally to local religious and charitable organizations.

The long list of gifts is prefaced in the will by this paragraph:

"Having been greatly prosperous in the business I carried on for more than thirty years in this, my adopted country, and being desirous of leaving some expression of my sympathy with its religious, charitable, benevolent and educational institutions, I make these gifts."

The executors of the will are Emma B. Kennedy, William Stuart Tod, Robert Eliot Tod and Robert W. De Forest. Mrs. Kennedy is his widow. William S. Tod and Robert E. Tod are nephews and Mr. De Forest is a lifelong friend of Mr. Kennedy.

Widow Gets Many Millions.

Mrs. Kennedy, besides receiving the million dollar residence, the summer home at Bar Harbor, and the bankers' valuable library and art collection, also inherits $1,000,000 in cash and a $12,000,000 share in the residuary estate.

To relatives bequests of from $10,000 to $250,000 each are made, while a share of the residuary estate, valued at about $12,750,000, is to be divided among them. Among the friends and employes who are to be remembered, Stephen Baker, for years Mr. Kennedy's private secretary, receives $50,000, and the wife of the Rev. A. F. Schauffler gets $100,000.

Mr. Kennedy was one of the philanthropists whose gifts, though measured in millions, were made with little publicity. As he gave quietly, so he had lived, unostentatiously. Besides being a banker, he was one of the country's chief builders of railroads, a patron of art and education, and in his own quiet way, one of New York's foremost advocates of scientifically organized charity.

Many Gifts Never made Public.

Although well known to the great financial leaders, as well as to those most active in the great benevolent works of the day, his way of doing business and of doing good was so quiet that the public heard little about him. Many of his great benefactions probably never were made public, but he figured in recent years as the giver of the $800,000 home for the United Charities in this city, of $1,000,000 to the Presbyterian hospital, $250,000 to the School of Philanthropy, $500,000 to Columbia university, and of $400,000 to a nurses' home for the Presbyterian hospital.

Born near Glasgow in 1830, Mr. Kennedy came to America in 1850 as agent for an English iron and metal concern. In 1857 he joined the New York banking firm of Morris K. Jesup & Co., and about eleven years later established the house of Kenedy & Co. He retired from active business in 1883.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protuding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P, Notre Dame, Ind.

Health Dilating Syringe

FOR WOMEN

Perfect in results because it dilates. No other method cleanses thoroughly and removes every secretion. Physicians endorse this new dilating principle. Strong suction draws injection back into syringe. Dilators made of silver, cannot corrode or break. Each Health Syringe is fitted for connection with douche bag allowing constant flow. Ask your druggist for The Health or write today for Free illustrated book. Correspondence confidential—plain sealed letters.

THE HEALTH CO., 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

ON SALE AT MISS EMANUEL, Arcade Pharmacy.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

The holidays are near at hand. Christmas buying has already commenced. Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are always a favorite Christmas gift. Get your order in early. Sectional Bookcases have about driven out the old style case, that was usually too big when you bought it, and too small after you had had it a little while. The Globe-Wernicke Bookcase can be as small as you desire at the start and as large as you want at the finish. But see that you get the Globe-Wernicke and no other. There are others—many others. Some have come, gone on for a little while, and then given up the ghost, and the people who bought their units have them on their hands, for they cannot match them when they wish to buy other units. The Globe-Wernicke is a three million dollar institution and will be "Johnnie-on-the-spot" a hundred years from now, to make any additional units you may want, to exactly match those you have.

FOSTER FURNITURE CO. Sole Fort Wayne Agents.

Latest News and Gossip of the Sporting World.

MANAGER KNOLL HAS ROD IN PICKLE FOR RULE

Will Seek Repeal of the Anti-Farming Clause at Meeting.

Evansville, Ind., Nov. 6.—Manager Charles "Punch" Knoll will go to the winter meeting of the Central league, to be held in January at Zanesville with a rod in pickle for the anti-farming rule adopted at the South Bend gathering in January of this year and which was regarded as a good thing and it probably would have been he thinks, if it had been properly enforced.

So many flagrant violations came to light before the close of the season and afterward that the difficulty of enforcing the law became apparent and it is likely there will be no very decided opposition to its repeal and even Dr. Frank R. Carson, who conceived the idea and who succeeded in having the measure passed, may not stand in the way of returning to the former methods of the league.

In the first place there are a number of ways of evading the rule. Suppose, for instance, that Detroit had a pitcher that it did not need and desired to send him back to class C for a little seasoning, but didn't care to relinquish all claim on him. It would be the easiest matter in the world to sell this man to Springfield, Ill., with the understanding that he is to be sent to Terre Haute after a day or two and there could be no flaw in such an agreement.

Then before August 20 Detroit could buy the player and the anti-farming rule would have been defeated. It provides that no player bought by a Central league club from a class higher than B can be sold again to the same club but must be held for draft. The player in question would have been purchased from a lower class and could easily be transferred to Detroit without any direct violation of the rule.

"What's the use of having a rule if it is not enforced," says Knoll. "The Evansville club had many chances in the early part of the season to acquire strong Class A talent, but the club wanted to abide by the rule, and thus handicapped the team in the race.

"For instance, President Stahlhefer and I were offered Pitcher Cheney by Indianapolis. Of course Indianapolis wouldn't cut the strings on the pitcher altogether, and we wouldn't have him with an option agreement. At the same time other clubs were building up along these lines.

"Wheeling had a bunch of players with strings to them. McKechnie, Tarleton and Soffel came to the Smokes from Pittsburg, and the former two were taken back at the end of the season. During the Grand Rapids trouble it developed that several of the Stags were the property of the Columbus A. A. club. Other instances could be cited to show that the clubs of the Central did not live up to the anti-farming rule."

Absolute honesty in such matters must pertain if the rule is ever destined to become effective. It is designed principally to cut down salaries, but neither that nor the $200 limit accomplished anything as the books of the ball club here and in all the other cities of the league will show. This honestly is a difficult proposition and some of the magnates do not regard evasion of a rule as a violation and are apt to quiet their consciences with just the sort of a deal that has been cited.

The greatest trouble seems to be that players who are signed for the big league and sent back bluff their way to a big salary. In the first place they probably leave behind them contracts calling for $150 a month which they are glad to sign for in the big leagues. Down in the minors they want a century added to that and stall around for a week during to play for less. Just corral one o. two of these fellows and let him lay idle for a season and all will be taught that baseball is a business proposition and that where salaries are bigger than the gate receipts will stand there is bound to be trouble.

ECZEMA READILY CURED BY A SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT.

A simple, clean remedy that can be used in the home is what every person desires who is suffering from eczema. You can now have that remedy and get instant relief, and be cured permanently by ZEMO, a clean vegetable liquid for external use. ZEMO cures skin diseases by drawing the germs and their poisons, that cause the disease, to the surface of the skin and destroying them, leaving the skin clean and healthy. Meyer Bros. Co., the druggists, will give you a booklet and a sample bottle of ZEMO and will explain to you how a great many cases of eczema and other forms of skin disease have been cured by this simple home treatment.

NOTICE!

Electric light bills are now due. Discount will not be allowed after the 10th inst. Office open Saturday evening, Nov. 6 and Wednesday evening, Nov. 10 until 9 p. m. Kindly call your contract number. 5,6,9,10

REXALLS WIN IN A HOT BATTLE BY ONE PIN

Nose Out Marylands in the Closing Game and Win Series.

An exciting finish marked the close of the week in the second league games at the Brunswick last night when Meyer's Rexalls took the closing argument from the Marylands by a single pin, winning the series, 2 to 3.

Both teams rolled in good shape from the first gong and it was a hard battle right along, although the first game went to the remedy men by a good margin. The Rexalls rolled good ten pins in the second and picked off the best score of the contests. Lopshire and Grimme split up the honors for high score, each tabbing 195. Charles got all the best marks for the luncheirs. The scores.

FIRST GAME.

—Meyer's Rexalls.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Cook	3	3	1	3	157
Grimme	4	2	2	2	167
Brase	5	3	1	3	154
Lopshire	7	2	2	1	195
Bartels	2	3	1	4	141
Totals	19	13	7	13	814

—Marylands.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Charles	4	1	2	3	156
Volmer	4	3	0	4	145
Gillie	4	2	1	3	161
Seller	2	3	2	3	126
Heck	0	5	3	2	126
Totals	14	13	8	15	714

SECOND GAME.

—Meyer's Rexalls.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Cook	2	7	0	1	180
Grimme	4	4	2	0	195
Brase	1	1	0	6	108
Lopshire	0	6	1	3	135
Bartels	5	3	0	3	173
Totals	12	21	3	15	791

—Marylands.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Charles	4	4	0	2	188
Volmer	3	4	0	3	165
Gillie	2	4	0	4	152
Seller	1	6	1	2	140
Heck	4	5	1	1	177
Totals	14	23	2	12	822

THIRD GAME.

—Meyer's Rexalls.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Cook	4	5	0	2	191
Grimme	2	7	1	1	170
Brase	2	2	2	4	125
Lopshire	1	7	1	1	157
Bartels	2	3	2	3	138
Totals	11	25	6	11	781

—Marylands.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Charles	2	7	0	2	173
Volmer	5	3	2	1	171
Gillie	1	4	1	4	126
Seller	4	2	1	3	167
Heck	1	6	2	1	154
Totals	13	22	6	11	780

Summary—

Games—Rexalls, 2; Marylands, 1.

Pins—Rexalls, 2386; Marylands, 2316.

Averages—Rexalls, 795 1-3; Marylands, 772.

High scores—Rexalls, 814; Marylands, 822.

Individual high scores—Grimme, 195; Lopshire, 195; Charles, 188.

Individual high averages — Grimme, 177 1-3; Charles, 172 1-3.

Strikes—Rexalls, 42; Marylands, 41.

Spares—Rexalls, 58; Marylands, 59.

Splits—Rexalls, 16; Marylands, 16.

Errors—Rexalls, 39; Marylands, 38.

STANDINGS OF THE CLUBS.

League No. 1.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Wolf and Dessauer	15	6	.714
Berghoffs	15	6	.714
Walkovers	14	7	.667
Heidelberg Elks	11	10	.524
Centilvres	10	11	.476
Aurentz's Havanas	7	14	.333
Bungalows	6	15	.286
Fox Brothers	6	15	.286

League No. 2.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Baltes Hotel	20	1	.952
Croakers	13	8	.619
H. O.'s	13	8	.619
Cooney's Little Havanas	12	9	.571
Marylands	11	10	.524
Magnolias	10	11	.476
Meyer's Rexalls	10	11	.476
W. and D. Rub-a-Dubs	10	11	.476
Bradley Brothers	6	15	.286
Waynos	0	21	.000

Meyer Bros. Co. are pleased to announce that they will continue the agency of ZEMO, the best known remedy for the treatment of eczema, pimples, dandruff, ring worm, prickly heat, tetter, haves or any other form of skin or scalp disease. Last year Zemo made some remarkable cures of chronic cases of skin diseases, and Meyer Bros. Co. say ZEMO gives the best results of any remedy they have ever sold for the prompt relief and positive cure of any form of skin or scalp disease. ZEMO is a clean, vegetable liquid for external use, pleasant and agreeable to use. Can be used freely on infants.

ONE OF OLD ELI'S YOUTHFUL WARRIORS.

YOUNG, YALES NEW FRESHMAN CENTER. ◊

METROPOLITAN ALLEYS TO OPEN.

One of the Most Attractive Places in the State.

The Metropolitan Bowling alleys, owned by the Kappel Brothers and to be conducted by Herman Kappel, will be opened to the public tonight, and one of the most attractive and best equipped places in Indiana has been constructed by the firm. The alleys are located in the new building at 113-115 East Wayne street.

There are eight alleys, all equipped with loop returns, automatic pin setters, the finest of wood and mineralite balls and everything of the best made by the Brunswick & Balke company. The place is well lighted and spacious, fitted up in good style for the accommodation of bowlers and later on the proprietors will have a formal opening to which the public will be invited.

Big bargains in WALL PAPER, all kinds, at L. O. HULL'S, 830 Calhoun st.

SPARES COUNTED IN BOWLING AT ST. MARY'S

Hubs Win Two from the Married Men in Good Games.

Although the difference in the number of pins in the games between the Hubs and Married Men at St. Mary's alleys last night was slight, the Hubs made their seventy-one spares count and won two of the three and a rather unusual feature is that the winners rolled an even 800 in the two first games.

Noll had two small scores in the first and third, but he landed right in the second and got 214 and was the only one to get inside the circle of the bowlers' delight—200. Eckrich made two stabs at doubles but fell short in both cases. The scores follow:

FIRST GAME.

—Hubs.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
C. Brink	3	5	3	0	160
Eckrich	3	8	0	0	194
Kramer	2	3	1	4	138
H. Berghoff	4	2	0	5	150
Rager	2	5	0	3	158
Totals	14	23	4	12	800

—Married Men.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
J. Kochs	3	2	1	4	149
J. Alter	2	2	0	6	127
Hecht	5	3	0	2	188
Alerding	2	7	1	1	174
M. Noll	2	3	2	3	132
Totals	14	17	4	16	762

SECOND GAME.

—Hubs.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Brink	3	5	1	1	167
Eckrich	5	5	2	1	190
Kramer	3	3	1	3	153
Berghoff	0	5	1	4	123
Rager	0	7	1	2	147
Totals	0	25	6	11	800

—Married Men.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Kochs	2	4	1	3	151
Haffner	1	3	2	4	128
Hecht	2	4	0	4	153
Alerding	1	4	2	3	120
Noll	6	3	0	1	214
Totals	12	18	5	16	775

THIRD GAME.

—Hubs.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Brink	3	4	2	1	158
Eckrich	1	4	1	5	128
Kramer	1	7	1	1	157
Berghoff	4	1	0	5	124
Rager	2	7	0	2	171
Totals	11	23	4	14	738

—Married Men.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Kochs	5	3	0	2	189
Haffner	3	3	0	4	145
Hecht	4	6	0	1	181
Alerding	2	7	1	0	174
Noll	3	0	1	6	108
Totals	17	19	2	13	797

Summary—

Games—Hubs, 2; Married Men, 1.

Pins—Hubs, 2338; Married Men, 2334.

Averages—Hubs, 779 1-3; Married Men, 778.

High scores—Hubs, 800; Married Men, 797.

Individual high scores—Eckrich, 194; Noll, 214.

Individual high averages — Eckrich, 179 2-3; Hecht, 174 1-3.

Strikes—Hubs, 34; Married Men, 42.

Spares—Hubs, 71; Married Men, 54.

Splits—Hubs, 14; Married Men, 11.

Errors—Hubs, 37; Married Men, 44.

BUFFALOES WIN OUT IN FIGHT WITH B.P.O.E.

Three Fast Games Mark Clash Between the Two Orders.

Picked teams from the Buffaloes and Elks put up some fast bowling at the Brunswick last night and although the B. P. O. E. pinmen kept hustling right through and registered some good scores, the Bisons went out for a victory and captured all three of the battles. It took some good bowling to win the two first, but the Antlers fell down in the third and got a good drubbing.

Brossard was in the same form that marked his work at the opening of the season and he barely missed a 200 average, although Williamson beat him for the big scores of the night. The scores follow:

FIRST GAME.

—B. O. E. No. 20.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Brossard	1	7	0	2	173
Hamilton	3	4	2	2	150
Sander	4	3	2	1	193
Merz	1	6	2	1	158
Hills	4	5	1	0	188
Totals	13	25	7	6	862

—B. P. O. E. No. 155.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Tonkel	2	5	1	2	163
Dascomb	5	5	0	1	198
Williams	2	5	1	2	156
Beckes	3	5	0	2	171
Krill	0	7	1	2	144
Totals	12	27	3	9	832

SECOND GAME.

—B. O. B. No. 20.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Brossard	5	4	1	0	209
Hamilton	4	2	1	3	166
Sander	3	3	2	2	149
Merz	2	7	0	1	183
Hills	3	5	0	2	179
Totals	17	21	4	8	886

—B. P. O. E. No. 155.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Tonkel	0	8	1	1	161
Dascomb	3	2	2	3	123
Williams	7	1	1	1	217
Beckes	5	3	1	1	190
Krill	4	3	1	2	163
Totals	19	17	6	8	869

THIRD GAME.

—B. O. B. No. 20.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Brossard	7	2	1	0	213
Hamilton	2	5	1	2	155
Sander	4	4	0	2	187
Merz	4	3	1	2	171
Hills	1	5	1	3	142
Totals	18	19	4	9	866

—B. P. O. E. No. 155.—

Players.	St.	Sp.	Spl.	Er.	Tot.
Tonkel	1	6	1	2	155
Dascomb	6	1	2	2	177
Williams	6	1	1	2	170
Beckes	3	3	0	4	151
Krill	1	5	1	3	155
Totals	17	16	5	13	799

Summary—

Games—Buffaloes, 3; Elks, 0.

Pins—Buffaloes, 2614; Elks, 2490.

Averages—Buffaloes, 871 1-3; Elks, 830.

High scores—Buffaloes, 886; Elks, 869.

Individual high scores—Brossard, 213; Williams, 217.

Individual high averages — Brossard, 193 1-3; Williams, 181.

Strikes—Buffaloes, 48; Elks, 45.

Spares—Buffaloes, 65; Elks, 60.

Splits—Buffaloes, 15; Elks, 14.

Errors—Buffaloes, 23; Elks, 30.

A VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE.

Any person who will call at Meyer Bros. Co.s' drug store will be given a little booklet written by an eminent authority. Every family has one or more persons who have eczema, pimples, dandruff, ring worm, tetter, prickly heat, hives or some form of skin or scalp disease. This booklet is written in such a plain, simple manner that any person after a perusal of it can tell what the matter with them and can at once proceed to get a sample home treatment that will destroy the germ life that cause: the disease, and in this way effect a complete cure of any form of skin or scalp disease.

Hear Skovgaard, the great Danish violinist, supported by a noted soprano and pianist, Third Presbyterian church, evening Nov. 8. Admission, 35 cents.

BOX BALL

This fascinating game is becoming a great favorite with the people as it is one where skill and a correct aim are shown to the best advantage. In order to introduce this attractive game to those not familiar with it, we will for the coming week give a box of candy to every lady making a "spare," and a quarter's worth of either "39" or Pony cigars to every gentleman making a "spare." A "spare" is made by knocking down all the pins with three balls. There is a standing prize of $1.00 given to the one raising the highest score. Alleys are open from 1 p. m. to 11 p. m., at

219 E. Berry St., Opposite the Majestic Theater.

ARTHUR WARRINER, Mgr.

American Box Ball Alleys

CONNOLLY HAS STRANGE WEAKNESS

If the batsmen in the Central league could cultivate a wiggle like a fishing worm they could put Pitcher Joe Connolly, of the Zanesville club out of business.

Seems a bit strange, doesn't it?

It's true, however.

Whether it's prenatal or what the pudgy pitcher, outfielder and hard hitter has an uncontrollable horror of reptiles, worms and insects and just a teeny-weeny angle worm that the ordinary school boy would not hesitate to carry at large in his pocket would make Joseph jump in a river if it were properly handled.

Only last summer one of the Zanesville players who had found Connolly's weakness captured a harmless hop-toad and slipped it in the pitcher's pocket and when he went in after his package of scrap and his hand came in contact with the cold, clammy personality of the toad he yelled like an Indian and Manager Montgomery had to extract the frog as the pitcher would rather have sacrificed his coat than put his hand in the pocket again.

The manager would not indulge in any jokes on his pitcher during the season and when he was due to pitch the first game at the end of the trip he made him ride in a car separate from that occupied by the other men so that no bug or reptile jokes could be put over on him. At the close of the season, however, he couldn't refrain from having a little fun at Joseph's expense.

You've seen one of those little buzzers that you send in a letter. It's a harmless combination of rubber and paper and so long as it is confined in an envelope it's seemly and well behaved, but just release it once and there's a whir-r-r and a buzz that is calculated to frighten most anybody, even though he or she be possessed of enough bravery to impale an angle worm on a fish hook.

Well, Montgomery got one and enclosed it in a letter to Connolly, who lives at Woonsocket, R. I., and who spends the fall months in hunting. He bought him a new fowling piece this fall and was just starting out when his manager's letter arrived. He took it along with him and when he got in the woods he opened it. Then came the whir and buzz and the startled pitcher pitched his new gun over into a stone pile and it cost him $2 to have it repaired.

This is all on the square and is not hot stove circuit dope just made up to please. It's a fact that Connolly has a mortal dread of anything like an insect or a worm and now that the secret is out there is a great possibility that his term as a pitcher in the Central is near its end.

These little things have put more than one player out of business and as a rule things of the kind are held strictly confidential as the effect is bad once they become known.

Auction Tonight

2:30 to 5 O'clock This Afternoon and 7 to 10 This Evening

OF THE

SHOAFF Furnishing Co. Stock

2:30 to 5 O'clock This Afternoon and 7 to 10 This Evening

The entire $10,000 stock of the Shoaff Furnishing Co. has been placed in the hands of COL. H. W. SIGRIST to be sold at auction. This is a first-class stock, consisting of LADIES' COATS, SKIRTS, PETTICOATS, SHIRT WAISTS, MILLINERY, FURS, UNDERMUSLINS, ETC. The purchase of this stock was made from the most reputable and largest ladies' garment houses and importers of New York for this fall and winter season. No higher grade or more honest and up-to-date stock of ladies merchandise is to be found anywhere in this city.

WHAT IS THE LOSS OF ONE IS THE GAIN OF ANOTHER. Owing to the interests elswhere that require immediate attention, the J. Y. Shoaff Co. is compelled to make this TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE in the height of the season.

NOTE THIS LIST

Ladies' Tailored Suits from $15.00 to $75.00.
Ladies' Fine Hats from $5.00 to $50.00.
Ladies' Fine Furs from $3.00 to $40.00.
And Other Goods in Proportion

REGARDLESS OF VALUES THESE GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

LISTEN!

THIS IS NOT A JOKE—THEY GO TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. All we ask is that you come and tell us what these goods are worth to you. REMEMBER—auction begins THIS afternoon at 2:30. Store closed today until 1:00 p. m. to arrange for auction.

THIS ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE CLOSED OUT AT ONCE.

H. W. SIGRIST, Auctioneer and Manager

All Furniture and Fixtures for Sale. Store Room for Rent.

The Boston Store

Special Bargain Week

Mighty tempting prices on all Fall and Winter Goods during this week.

38-inch Wool Dress Goods at 25c; would be cheap at 35c.

40-inch All-Wool Henrietta and Serges, 50c; worth 62½c.

10-4 Cotton Blankest at 69c; worth 85c.

11-4 Cotton Blankets at 85c; worth $1.06.

11-4 Cotton Blankets, extra heavy, at $1.00; worth $1.35.

10-4 All-Wool Blankets at $2.95; worth $3.50.

10-4 All-Wool Blankets in plain and fancy plaids, at $4.39; worth $5.00.

11-4 All-Wool Blankets in plain and fancy plaids, at $5.00; worth $6.00.

25c Ladies' Fleeced Underwear.

39c Ladies' Fleeced Underwear, worth 50c.

75c Ladies' Wool Underwear, worth 85c.

$1.00 Ladies' Fine All-Wool Underwear, worth $1.25.

$1.00 Ladies' Scarlet Underwear, worth $1.25.

75c Men's Wool Underwear, worth 85c.

$1.00 Men's Heavy Wool Underwear, worth $1.25.

50c Ladies' Union Suits, worth 62½c.

75c Ladies' Union Suits, worth 85c.

$1.00 Ladies' Union Suits, worth $1.25.

50c Children's Union Suits, all sizes

5c Outing Flannel in light and dark.

8c Outing Flannel in light and dark, worth 10c.

79c Ladies' Wrappers, worth 90c.

25c Ladies' Gloves, worth 35c.

Do Your Trading at the Boston Store This Week, as We Have a Great Many Special Bargains to Offer.

Wm. Hahn & Co.

THE BOSTON STORE

THE OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN INDIANA

OLD NATIONAL BANK

RESOURCES OVER THREE MILLION DOLLARS

Fort Wayne, Indiana

EXPERIENCE.

Long experience in financial affairs just as in any other business, is a valuable asset. This bank with its seventy-four years of experience is enabled to offer to its patrons wise and conservative banking service.

OFFICERS: Henry C. Paul, President. W. H. Rohan, Cashier. Charles E. Bond, Vice-Pres. Stephen Morris, Asst. Cash.

ON A SUCCESSFUL RECORD OF NEARLY FIFTY YEARS, THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF FORT WAYNE INVITES THE ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, CORPORATIONS, FIRMS AND INDIVIDUALS, WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT ITS FACILITIES FOR HANDLING ALL CLASSES OF FINANCIAL BUSINESS ARE EQUAL TO THE VERY BEST.

A BOOK OF INTEREST

More absorbing than the most thrilling (true) story book is a **Bank Book**. Its tale is never too long nor its pages too many.

The long row of figures, so dry in other books, are intensely interesting.

The more it costs the better it is appreciated. But in order to enjoy its pages you must own it, which you can do by depositing $1.00 into the bank.

Tri-State Loan & Trust Co.

Paid-up Capital, $300,000. Assets, $3,868,003.38.
Surplus, $68,000.

CHARLES A. WILDING, Prest. GEO. W. PIXLEY, Secy.

We're Here to Do Your Work.

We are ready for work, whether it's only a small repair job or installing a modern, up-to-date bath room or heating system. We'll give you good, honest service, too, for we are rather proud of our work, and take pains to make it lastingly good. That means less trouble for both you and us later on.

John F. Schwegman, C. P.
1025 Calhoun St., next to Gas Office. Phone 207.

WOMAN TRAVELS 30,000 MILES FOR NINE-DAY SHOPPING TRIP.

Mrs. G. F. Ennis Makes Journey from Africa to Chicago and Return for Purchases—To be Hostess at Big Banquet for Mrs. Roosevelt—Says Bargain Rushes in Chicago Could Give Hunter Points in the Art of Defence.

New York, Nov. 6.—Take notice ye men who object to your wives spending ten cents car fare and going possibly five miles to a department store to save three cents on a purchase, for Judge G. F. H. Ennis, of the high court of appeals of Uganda, is waiting for his wife who is just finishing a thirty thousand mile journey and an approximate expenditure of about twenty-five hundred dollars in order to do nine days shopping in America.

Mrs. Ennis is today on her way home to British East Africa, making the first of her final three laps before she reaches the country where Mr. Roosevelt has been making inroads in the natural game preserves. She arrived here the middle of October and proceeded to Chicago, where she arrived October 20. Just nine days were spent in the Windy City, where lives Mrs. Joseph Kirkland, mother of Mrs. Ennis, and these nine days were quickly consumed in several whirlwind shopping expeditions, compared to which the experiences of Mr. Roosevelt were as nothing.

To Entertain Mr. Roosevelt.

The one great aim of Mrs. Ennis is to get back to Ntebbe, Uganda, in time to entertain Mr. Roosevelt before the intrepid American says final adieu to the happy hunting grounds. Mrs. Ennis expects to reach Ntebbe about December 10, when she will be hostess at a large banquet, at which Mr. Roosevelt will be the guest of honor.

Mrs. Ennis is one of the two American women in the region of Africa east of the mysterious central lakes. The only other American woman thereabouts is Mother Parl, of the Mill Hill Catholic Mission at Nsattia Hill, Kampala.

"It was, indeed, a hurried journey," said Mrs. Ennis to a reporter for the Evening Telegram. "I was bound to see my mother and friends in Chicago and do some needed shopping. At the same time I was bound to be there when Mr. Roosevelt returns to Uganda after his hunting trip. So I took George and came to America. We stopped a fortnight in England between boats, but except for that brief stop we lost no time between Uganda and Chicago. Now I shall leave George in England and proceed alone to East Africa. The boy will be with friends and will receive his primary education in England. I did not leave him in Chicago because that would have added another four thousand miles to the distance between him and his parents, and the other eleven thousand miles is quite enough. Educational facilities for white children in British East Africa are, naturally, somewhat primitive and limited."

MRS. G. F. H. ENNIS AND HER SON GEORGE THEODORE

George Theodore Ennis is a sturdy, friendly young man nearing his fourth year of existence. He proved a good sailor during the fifteen thousand mile journey westward, and the fact that he was able to chatter in genuine Samali to the officers of the steamers on which he and his mother were passengers added to the interest he created en route.

Bargain Counter Thrills.

"No, I have never hunted animals," said Mrs. Ennis. "The only thrilling expeditions I ever took part in were bargain rushes in Chicago, and I can give Mr. Roosevelt some pointers as to the best way to have one's self at the moment of a united attack by the enemy."

"Africa is not quite as barbaric as Americans think it," continued Mrs. Ennis in speaking of her chosen home. "We here in the United States are quite as apt to think of lions and other wild beasts climbing up your back porch in Uganda as Europeans are to think of Indians prowling along Broadway with their war paint and feathers on. As a matter of fact Ntebbe is quite cosmopolitan, and the fact that we in Africa have a perfect system of courts, in which courts of appeal review the findings of lower tribunals the same as they do in this country, is proof that we do things in Uganda in the most modern fashion. In fact, there is a total absence of politics, ballot box stuffing, highway robberies, burglaries and the other little matters that afflict civilization, as Americans see it, in Uganda."

Great American Women

[From Christian Science Monitor.]

The great queens of the old world were named in an article recently in this page. America has no queens to make account of, except as it is sometimes said that "every American woman is queen in her own right." That many American women might be as worthy of high station as the queens of history is proved by the work that has been accomplished and the high recognition won by women among us who had not the prestige of royalty nor armies and navies to carry out their will nor court and courtiers to demand of them nobility and high deeds. Of course the great example of what woman, single-handed and alone, can accomplish is in the work of Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. Today she is recognized as having done more to prove the practicality of the brotherhood of man than any man or woman recorded in history since the time of Christ Jesus.

Since the time of the revolution American women have always stood high in counsel and have accomplished much for the good of the people both by indirect influence and their public work with voice and pen. Abigail Smith Adams, wife of one president and mother of another, came as near the station of queen as an American woman may, politically considered, and she was worthy of her place. Her letters, sent broadcast over the country to all the leaders of the time of the revolution, were an important means of awakening patriotism and drawing men and women into bonds of union.

Mercy Otis Warren, sister of James Otis, exerted a like influence by her pamphlets in verse which called on the people to stand by the American cause. These women were not exceptions, however, but merely types of the women of that day, of whom an officer in Charleston said to Cornwallis, "you may destroy all the men in America and we shall still have enough to do to defeat the women." Since then the list of able women who have achieved for the progress of this country is a long one.

Lydia Maria Child and Lucretia Mott worked for abolition and for the advancement of women; Frances Willard, whose statue stands in the capitol among the great men of the republic, promoted temperance; Maria Mitchell proved what woman can do in the higher branches of study and discovery through her success in astronomy; Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a book that left its impression upon the world; Sarah Grimke, a South Carolina woman, worked for abolition and for woman suffrage; Julia Ward Howe has advanced woman's cause in many ways, and Clara Barton has done much for suffering humanity.

The work of Mary Baker Eddy truly seen is the consummation of all these endeavors and far more; while she has supplemented them with far-sighted and statesman-like power of organization, administration and leadership, which surpass the achievements in these lines of the very queens of the old world, in that she has had no adventitious aid of place or circumstance. Beginning wholly alone and as she advanced finding the four greatest powers of the modern world arrayed against her, pulpit, law, medicine and last and strongest, the press, she is now recognized all over the world by leaders in all these lines for the beneficence of her work, not only to her immediate followers, but in its influence on the thought of the world. What her achievement is those who understand her best are wholly at a loss to estimate, for it so far transcends the recorded work of any leader among mankind.

WHY IT SUCCEEDS

Because It's for One Thing Only, and Fort Wayne People Appreciate This.

Nothing can be good for everything.

Doing one thing well brings success.

Doan's Kidney Pills do one thing only.

They cure sick kidneys.

They cure backache, every kidney ill.

Here is Fort Wayne evidence to prove it.

Grant Crary, 2027 Lafayette street, Fort Wayne, Ind, says: "I have been relieved of a great deal of suffering by Doan's Kidney Pills. Some months ago I was suddenly taken with severe pains across the small of my back and soon my hands and feet began to swell, in fact, my whole body bloated. For some time I could not stoop to fasten my shoes and when my feet became swollen and inflamed, I grew alarmed. Fortunately I read about Doan's Kidney Pills when in this condition and I procured a box at Meyer Bros. Co.'s drug store. After using this remedy a short time my trouble disappeared and I am now in good health."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

Allen county gave 4,160 majority for the democratic national ticket.

So far this has been a disastrous season for theatrical companies.

T. P. Keator, defeated for congress by Judge Lowry, went out on the road for A. C. Trentman this morning.

Justice Hays married a couple in Prosecutor Dawson's office this morning and planted a democratic kiss upon the lips of the bride.

The election supervisors began the official count of the vote of Allen county this morning at 10 o'clock. The democratic majority will be about 4,100.

Next Monday evening Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery" will be played at the Academy of Music. The play enjoys the reputation of being the funniest on the road.

This is to be a hard winter on poor people, and already Trustee Gaffney has more charity applicants upon his books than ever before in the history of the township.

Last night James Fox, the coal dealer, wanted to bet $5,000 that New York would go democratic, and he had a certified draft upon a Cleveland merchant to back up his claims.

The Emma Abbott grand opera company arrived in the city today and this evening will open the Masonic Temple opera house in Rossini's "Semiramide," with Miss Abbott as the Queen of Babylon.

Souvenirs will be given to the ladies and gentlemen who attend the opening of the Masonic Temple this evening, and to the ladies only at the other appearances of the Abbott opera company.

The jury commissioners have drawn the folowing jury to serve for the November term of the superior court: John Orff, Wayne township; John C. Hunter, Perry; William Geiseking, Lake; Martin E. Argo, Madison; John M. Taylor, Eel River; Daniel H. Grabill, Monroe; Edward Harper, Jefferson; James Akey, Adams; J. G. Thieme, city; Frank Gladio, Jefferson; John Berkstein, St. Joe; Felix Grosjean, Washington.

Scott's Emulsion

is a wonderful food-medicine for all ages of mankind. It will make the delicate, sickly baby strong and well—will give the pale anemic girl rosy cheeks and rich, red blood. It will put flesh on the bones of the tired, overworked, thin man, and will keep the aged man or woman in condition to resist colds or pneumonia in the winter.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold, prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Dreier Bros.

There is a tendency to give individuality to pets. If you merely go in for dogs and cats, which may be described as commonplace pets, these creatures must be made different in some way from those of your friends. Either they must wear costly collars or bangles, or rich ribbons of one particular color, or their baskets must be luxuriously upholstered; but, if possible, a bird, beast or reptile of uncomfortable character is now affected by many women. Even the wasp has not escaped attention and infant bears are very popular.—The Queen.

THE SECRET OUT.

"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest a woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

-COAL--COAL-

W. F. Hornberger

HARD COAL

Egg, Stove and Nut Per Ton..... $7.50

JACKSON COAL--BEST QUALITY

SOFT COAL

Hocking Valley, per Ton	$4.00
West Virginia, per Ton	4.25
Kentucky, per Ton	4.75
Black Betsy, per Ton	4.50
Massillon Lump or Nut, per Ton	5.00

W. F. Hornberger

YARD—Foot Wall Street. PHONE 6761
OFFICE—1431 Wall Street.

All Coal Guaranteed as Represented.

NOTICE For the next 60 days you can get first class Dental Work at the following prices:

22k Gold Crown	$4.00
Porcelain Crowns	$4.00
Bridge Work	$4.00
Gold Filling	$1.00 and Up
Silver Filling	50c, 75c
Plates	$5.00 to $8.00

B. H. MOMMER
$14 CALHOUN ST.
Over Star Shoe Store.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL

Consult **Dr. Wenger** Specialist

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' European and American hospital and private practice experience for all desperate Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases of Head, Nose, Throat, Lungs, Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, Bladder, Blood, Skin, Eye, Ear and Sexual Diseases.

KIDNEY AND URINARY—Weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white, painful urination, Bright's Disease and all diseases of the Bladder.

PRIVATE DISEASES—Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Inflammation, Discharges, Stricture, Weakness of Organs, Syphilis, Hydrocele, Varicocele and kindred troubles quickly restored.

LOST MANHOOD and all its attending ailments, both young, middle-aged and old men. The awful effects of early indiscretions producing weakness, nervous debility, night emissions, exhausting drains, pimples, bashfulness, loss of energy and weakness of both body and brain.

CANCERS, TUMORS, PILES cured without knife or pain.

THE ONLY RELIABLE AND SUCCESSFUL SPECIALIST IN THE CITY.

Office Hours—8 to 12, 1 to 5; Sunday hours, 2 to 4 only.

Dr. N. R. Wenger

1006 Calhoun St FORT WAYNE, IND.

C. C. SCHLATTER & CO

COLUMBIA AND CLINTONS

Another Way to Save Fuel

That you probably have not thought of.

By applying our patent

WEATHER STRIP

To the windows and outside doors of your house, you can save a large amount of fuel by stopping the cold wintry winds from entering these thus protected crevices.

The amount required to give you this protection is very trifling, and if you will bring us the measurements, we will cheerfully give you estimates.

HARDWARE

THE SHOP AND ROAD NEWS

BEST SERVICE IN RAILWAY HISTORY

Pennsy Time Card to Show 22 Trains Daily in Fort Wayne.

SCHEDULE BECOMES EFFECTIVE SUNDAY

Accompanied by Promotions of Trainmen and Enginemen.

When the new time card on the Pennsylvania goes into effect tomorrow, it will give Fort Wayne the best train service over that line it ever had. There will be eleven trains daily westbound and possibly the same number eastbound. The new schedule will be as follows:

—Eastbound.—

No. 6	5:00	a. m.
No. 18	6:55	a. m.
No. 36	11:45	a. m.
No. 16	11:55	a. m.
No. 22	2:00	p. m.
No. 28	5:25	p. m.
No. 8	7:40	p. m.
No. 2	9:05	p. m.
No. 38	10:45	p. m.
No. 24	11:50	p. m.

—Westbound—

No. 25	3:20	a. m.
No. 15	3:55	a. m.
No. 5	4:50	a. m.
No. 29	5:54	a. m.
No. 37	7:00	a. m.
No. 39	10:55	a. m.
No. 23	12:00	noon
No. 9	4:05	p. m.
No. 19	4:15	p. m.
No. 11	8:25	p. m.

No. 15 has sleepers only; No. 25 has sleepers and coaches; No. 23 has two sections, making practically eleven trains westbound; No. 13 is a mail train and will not carry passengers; No. 36, formerly No. 30, makes connection at Dunkirk for Columbus; No. 22, whose time is shortened, will be an excess fare train, tickets to Philadelphia being $4, and to New York $5 more than the regular fare; No. 38 is an accommodation train, which stops at Fort Wayne.

The addition of two or three trains is involved in this change and as a result there will be some promotions in the ranks of the trainmen and enginemen. Included will be the promotions of Conductors C. C. Maing, W. A. Currant and P. J. Sullivan from freight to passenger service, and the advancement of Dayton Jenness, F. Kintz, W. Arick, W. Wingert and Charles Lapp from passenger firemen to freight engineers.

The new assignment of passenger engineers two years and were put ed. The five firemen promoted were engineers two years and were put back when the financial and business depression fell upon the country and affected traffic.

ROAD TO BE SOLD.

Compton Claims Against Wabash Must Be Satisfied.

W. H. H. Miller, master commissioner for the northern district of Ohio, has issued a notice advertising for sale all the property owned by the Wabash railroad in Lucas, Henry, Fulton, Delaware and Paulding counties except that embraced in the Montpelier branch and a few other small pieces.

The sale follows a decree of the United States circuit court entered in the case of James R. Jessup et al., trustees, vs. the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railroad company upon the claims of James Compton, which decree was rendered in said cause on Oct. 5, 1907.

Compton sued the Wabash for the face value and interest on $150,000 of equipment bonds issued by the road in the sixties. The Wabash repudiated its alleged obligation and has not paid interest on the securities for years. The case has been pending in the federal courts of the county for over twenty years, the interest accumulating till the amount is now about $750,000. As the Wabash refused to make a settlement the court has advertised the sale of the property to satisfy the judgment.

Compton was the owner of the bonds. He has since died, but the litigation has been continued by his executrix, Ellen L. Compton. According to the terms of the sale no bid will be accepted by the master which will be below $1,000,000.

TAMPERED WITH SWITCH.

Nickel Plate Wreck Was Work of Vandals.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 6.—An open switch, tampered with by wreckers, caused the wreck last night of eastbound passenger train No. 2, on the Nickel Plate, at Willoughby, twenty miles east of here. The train took the siding and leaving the track entered a saw mill, which was demolished. The train was full, but only six persons were injured, due to the fact that the speed was checked by ploughing through soft dirt beside the track.

The injured were cared for at a local hotel, their being no hospital at Willoughby.

Investigation of the switch showed that the lock had been tampered with. Engineer Fritz said that the switch lights showed a clear track ahead. A bar had been removed from the mechanism to permit of this arrangement and a monkey wrench was found beside the standard. It was only a mile or two from Willoughby, at Mentor, that the Twentieth Century limited on the Lake Shore railroad was wrecked five years ago under precisely the same conditions, including the tampering with the light.

Those injured seriously are:

Engineer Joseph Fritz, aged 55 years, 2134 West Fourteenth street, Cleveland; arm and back wrenched.

Fireman Charles Bach, aged 35 years, North Monroeville; injured internally.

Frank Atwater, aged 35 years, Conneaut; right leg and back wrenched.

Millard Watson, aged 40 years, Portland, Maine; internally injured.

P. Bass, aged 30 years, New York city; arm injured and back wrenched.

T. McGrath, aged 50 years, 41 Auburn street, Charlestown, Mass.

TOM BLOOMFIELD DEAD.

Was a Vet in the Employ of the Wabash.

Thomas Bloomfield, one of the old and highly respected engineers on the Wabash, died in the hospital at Peru yesterday afternoon, following a surgical operation of an affection of the bowels. Mr. Bloomfield has resided in Toledo for the past eight years, but he formerly resided here and had charge of the engine on the Toledo-Fort Wayne accommodation He had been employed a long while on the road and was promoted to engineer in 1897. The bereaved wife was at the bedside of her husband when the end came. The body passed through the city today en route to Toledo, where interment will take place. Mr. Bloomfield had been running a train between Montpelier and Toledo.

PROSPEROUS MANUFACTURER.

A. J. Passino Now Owns Big Foundry Plant.

A. J. Passino, who was employed in the motive power offices of the Pennsylvania about ten years ago, is now owner of a brass foundry at Hoboken, N. J., which gives employment to several hundred men. He is said to be prospering. When Mr. Passino left the Pennsylvania it was to take a position with the American Steel Foundry company. Later he took a better position with the Brady Brass works and remained there until he embarked in business for himself. He has some brothers and sisters residing in Fort Wayne.

WELL KNOWN HERE.

George Dyer, who was elected mayor of Lima last Tuesday, is quite well known in railway circles in Fort Wayne. A few years ago he was superintedent of the Fort Wayne branch of the Lake Erie and Western road with headquarters in Muncie and made frequent visits here. He was promoted to superintendent of the Sandusky branch, with headquarters in Lima, and his success in a political way indicates that he is held in high regard by the residents of that city. It is said that Mr. Dyer contemplates retiring from railroad work soon.

PENNSY ENGINE OUTPUT.

Engines Nos. 7167, 7247, 7266, 7293, 7339, 7441 7617 and 7734 comprised the output from the Pennsylvania shops the past week. The crippled condition of the force on account of the great many of sore arms as a result of the vaccination campaign may have had a bearing in keeping the number of repaired engines down below the normal figure. The afflicted ones are reporting however, and a few days will see normal conditions again. The foremen expect most of the men back at work Monday.

GROTHOLTMAN GOT THE JOB.

The Evangelical church, for some years holding services at the corner of DeWald and Clinton streets, yesterday awarded a contract to Grotholtman & Co. for the erection of a church building in Lakeside, two squares east of the lake. The price is $8,000 and work upon the foundation will be commenced next week. It is the intention to have the building ready for occupancy early in the winter.

ENGINEER SKIPS OUT.

Engineer Owens, the engineer on the Wabash work train that figured in the wreck at Logansport Tuesday morning and resulted in the death of Engineer Humphrey, has skipped out and the railway officials have been unable to locate him. Owens belongs to the Decatur division.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

E. L. Moffat, a clerk at the Electric works, is sick and off duty.

Machinist Fred Noll, of the Wabash shops, had his left eye cut by a piece of steel this morning.

The American Car and Foundry company at Indianapolis is now giving employment to over 300 men.

E. C. Gallmeier, of the Electric works, is entertaining his brother, Fred Gallmeier, of Delman, Ill.

H. O. Wilson, night chief dispatcher of the Nickel Plate, will be off duty awhile as the result of vaccination.

Machinist J. Raidy, of the Pennsylvania shops, and his daughter, Miss Catherine, have gone to Toledo for a short visit.

Machinist J. E. Smith, of the Pennsylvania, is off duty on account of an injury to his eyes. He got some emery in the optics yesterday.

A. Schellenberger, of the Pennsylvania blacksmith shop, is on duty again after an absence on account of an injured foot. A piece of iron fell on the member and bruised it.

Henry Geerken, boilermaker, and F. W. Mennewisch, machinist, will start out Monday on a boiler inspection tour of the Western division of the Pennsylvania, which will cover a period of two weeks. They will examine every pump-station boiler on the line.

Machinist W. J. McCarthy, of the Wabash shops, and family will go to Logansport tonight to visit friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hatfield, the former also a Wabash machinist, have gone to Decatur, Ill., to visit their son, who is there taking surgical treatment.

THE RAY MURDER CASE.

Efforts at Lafayette to Take Trial to Another County.

Lafayette, Ind., Nov. 6.—Elias Ray, against whom there is an indictment charging murder in the second degree, will ask Judge DeHart, of the circuit court, next Monday to send his case to another county for trial. Notice has been given by Ray's attorneys that a motion for change of venue, supported by affidavits, will be filed before the day set for the trial of the case, which is Tuesday next.

Only one murder case has ever been taken from this county on change of venue and that was the case of Rev. W. Fred Pettit. In case Judge DeHart refuses to grant the change of venue and the Ray attorneys decide that it will be impossible to get an impartial jury, they may ask for a jury from another county. This point is covered by a new statute which provides that where a jury can not be selected that is satisfactory to both sides, the court may send to another county and ask that a special venire of twenty-five be issued. These men are then brought to the county where the trial is held and used to make up the jury.

Dr. R. Parks White has removed his office to the Physicians' Defense Building, second floor. Rooms 201-2-3-4. 4-3t

COOK UPHELD BY IDAHO MAN.

Rancher Swears Barrill Said Ascent of Mt. McKinley Had Been Made.

Lewiston, Idaho, Nov. 6.—Walter Stiles, for fifteen years a rancher of Orofino, this state, made affidavit yesterday in support of Dr. Cook's claims that he ascended Mount McKinley.

Stiles took oath, that he, with several companions, who were on a prospecting trip to Alaska in the summer of 1906, was at Tyonek, when Dr. Cook's party returned to attempt to ascend the mountain.

Stiles says he talked repeatedly with Dr. Cook and Barrill, both of whom described the ascent in detail.

Barrill repeatedly declared the summit had been reached, and described how he had waved the stars and stripes on the peak.

Barrill was very proud of being the sole companion of Dr. Cook in the accomplishment of the feat.

Muddled Brains

result from an overloaded stomach, sluggish liver, inactive bowels, or impure blood. Clear thinking follows the use of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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when you need it, is what we will do for you, so don't be timid about calling. Always willing to talk it over with you whether you borrow or not and it is all private and confidential. Now is the time you need the most money.

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Loans also on plain note to people permanently employed.

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"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

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We have a large range of patterns to show and can fit any build.

Others $15 to $30

The Seelberg Store 126 EAST BERRY ST.

Will Charge It.

MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

"Metewand," Not "Motewand," Was Word Governor Meant.

Indianapolis, Nov. 6.—Considerable discussion was awakened yesterday as to what Governor Marshall meant in his Thanksgiving proclamation by "the golden motewand of divine approbation."

Dictionaries of the latest type were consulted and the word "motewand" was conspicuously absent. What the governor said was "metewand," a word in good use, which means a measuring rod.

It is not the first time Governor Marshall has sprung a word in speeches and public communications that was so uncommon that the dictionary had to be sought by most of those who read it. But this was once that those who pride themselves on being able to keep pace with the governor were stumped.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE

Compiled by John C. Heller, Abstractor, 725 Court Street.

CITY.

Lawton Place Improvement company to August F. and C. H. Stahlhut, lot 2, Sweetser's amended addition, for $675.

Bernard H. Schele to John Brown, lot 25, Blondoit's addition, for $350.

D. W. Rhoades to Edward and H. M. Johnson, for $1,260, north 21 feet of lot 146, William's addition.

Heinrich Spreen to John W. and Ella J. Gruber, for $2,200, lots 193 and 194, Industrial Place addition.

Harry Snyder to Samuel Snyder, for $100, undivided ½ lot 17, Chute's Homestead addition.

COUNTRY.

Mahala Hunter to Ernest W. and E. V. Dunten, for $1,700, part of section 18, Perry township.

Myra I. Warcup, et. al., to Ernest W. and E. V. Dunten, for $1.00, part of section 18, Perry township.

Samantha Trease to Jonas L. and C. M. Gerig, for $950, lots 57 and 58, in Cedarville.

Jacob W. Keck to Jonas Gerig, for $800, lots 53, 54, 55 and 56, in Cedarville.

In Every Line

There is some one article conceded to have the prestige that makes it the standard by which the others are measured.

In the field of self-filling fountain pens this prestige and leadership is conceded to

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

A pen that never sweats and always writes the instant it touches paper.

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PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS.

208-212 E. MAIN ST. Fort Wayne.

MISHAP IN BOILER ROOM OF GREAT WARSHIP

Injury to Men Mars Speed Test of Battleship North Dakota.

Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 6.—As the new battleship North Dakota was completing her four hour endurance run at a 21 knot gait, off the New England coast yesterday, with the battleship speed championship of America almost in her grasp, a boiler room accident robbed her of the laurels and sent her scurrying into this port to land four injured men.

The big ship nevertheless exceeded her contract requirements of 21 knots an hour, making 21.71 in the first two hours, 21.64 in the third hour and 21.00 knots flat as she hurried in on the fourth hour to this port.

The injured men are William H. Grange, water tender; John Souden, coal passer, A. Petersen, fireman, and Peter McConnell, fireman. Souden was badly scalded and when landed yesterday afternoon was suffering intensely.

The North Dakota jogged out of the Penobscot shortly after sunrise yesterday, increasing her steam as she proceeded until at 1 o'clock she was well south of Mohegan.

Shortly after that hour she began her trial. On the first two hours the engines developed 32,000 horsepower and the water rate was well above the contract. A few minutes after the battleship had passed Cape Ann, and while she was entering the fourth hour of her test, a seven inch tube in one of the lower rows of boilers blew out and filled the room with steam. The engineers imediately cut off four of the 14 boilers. As soon as the extent of the injuries of the firemen had been ascertained the North Dakota was swung around and headed back up the coast for this port, where it was known that a good harbor could be reached shortly after the expiration of the time limit. All four of the injured men bravely urged the engineer force to disregard their injuries and keep the battleship on her work.

Under the ten boilers, 21 knots was maintained for the balance of the time and at four o'clock the North Dakota steamed into this harbor and sent the injured men ashore.

The defective tube was replaced and arrangements were made to leave at midnight for the 24 hour run at a speed of 19 knots an hour.

The battleship is expected at Boston lightship at midnight tonight and during her run it will be decided whether there will be a continuation of the trials and whether the four hour test will be repeated.

Although the North Dakota fulfilled her contract today her builders, the Fore River Shipbuilding company, of Quincy, Mass., are anxious to see what she can do on a four hour test with her steam equipment in good order.

Big bargains in WALL PAPER, all kinds, at L. O. HULL'S, 830 Calhoun st.

GRIFFITHS, 1016 BROADWAY

See the Big 6 and 7.

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BASE BURNING COAL STOVES at $42.00 and $49.00.

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Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.

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A Play in Three Acts by Edward Sheldon.

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JOHN AND BERTHA GLEESON And FRED HOULIHAN

Potpourri of Dance and Music.

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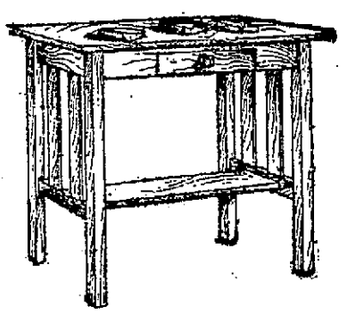

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THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Prices in wheat were inclined to sag during early trading today, owing to renewed selling by local bears. Offerings, however, were not liberal. The continued heaviness of the cash situation in this country was supplemented as a bearish influence by the Ohio crop report, which indicated an increased acreage sown to winter wheat in that state this fall. Prices at the opening were: December at $1.01½@1.01⅝. After touching $1.01⅝1.01¾, the December option sold off to $1.01⅝.

In the final hour a sharp rally occurred owing to general demand for the December delivery. The buying was led by prominent elevator interests. December advanced nearly 2c from the bottom, the high point being reached at $1.03¼. The market closed strong at almost the top with December up 1⅝c at $1.03.

Continuance of clear weather in the corn belt encouraged renewed selling of the corn market by bears, which resulted in slight declines in all deliveries. The December delivery opened unchanged at 58¼c and sold off to 58¼@58⅜c.

The corn market rallied in sympathy with wheat, the December delivery advancing from 58¼c to 58⅝c. The close was firm with December ⅛c higher at 58⅝c.

Liberal receipts of oats caused moderate weakness in the market for that grain. December delivery opened at 38⅞c to 38⅞@39c. Later the price touched 38¾@38⅞c.

In provisions lard again led in the activity. The market was strong during early trading Prices were unchanged to 15c higher.

The Close.

Prices at the close were as follows:

Wheat—December, $1.03; July, 96c.

Corn—December, 58⅝c; May, 60⅝c; July, 60c.

Oats—December, 39c; May, 41⅝@41¾c; July, 39¼c.

Rye—Cash, 74c; December, 72½c; May, 76½c.

Barley—Cash, 51@66c.

Timothy—November, $3.75; March, $4.10.

Clover—Nothing doing.

Pork—January, $20.12½; May, $19.67½.

Lard—November $12.75; January $11.75; May, $11.30.

Ribs—January, $10.30; May, $10.22½.

Car Lot Receipts.

Wheat—Receipts today were 47 cars, with 8 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 112 cars, with 58 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 216 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 690 cars, compared with 749 cars last week and 681 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Toledo Grain Prices.

Toledo, O., Nov. 6.—Opening prices: Wheat—Cash, $1.18¼; December, $1.18⅞; May, $1.21; July, $1.00¼.

Indianapolis Grain Prices.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 6.—Cash bids: Wheat—Market steady; No. 2 red, $1.15; No. 3 red, $1.07; November and December, $1.14½.

Corn—Market quiet; white Nos. 2 and 3, 58½c; No. 4, 56½c; white and mixed Nos. 2 and 3, 58c; same No. 4, 56c; yellow Nos. 2 and 3, 58c; No. 4, 56c.

Oats—Market steady; western white, Nos. 2 and 3, and standard, 40¾c; No. 4, 38¾c; mixed No. 3, 39¾c; No. 4, 37¾c.

Hay—Market, quiet; no bids.

Rye—No. 2, 75c.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, Nov. 6.—Flour—Receipts today were 32,277 bls. Flour was in poor demand at the old price level. Minnesota patents, $5.25@5.50; Minnesota bakers', $4.50@5.60; winter patents, $5.35@5.75; winter straights, $5.15@5.30; winter extras, $4.30@4.80; winter low grades, $4.20@4.70; Kansas straights, $4.80@5.00.

Rye Flour—Market steady.

Wheat—Receipts today were 129,600 bu. Steadier cables and predictions of smaller Russian shipments gave the wheat market a steadier tone at the start. December, $1.09 9-16@1.09¾; May, $1.08⅞@1.09.

Corn—Market dull; No. 2 western, 81¾c, c. i. f. o. b. New York.

Oats—Receipts today were 20,225 bu. The market was without transactions.

Lard—Market steady; family, $14.00@15.00; city, $11.00@11.50; packet, $12.00@13.00.

Pork—Market firm; mess, $25.50@26.00; family, $27.00@27.00; short clear, $24.50@28.00.

Lard—Market strong; middle west, $13.19@13.20.

Sugar—Raw, market steady; fair refining, $3.80; centrifugal 96 test, $4.30; molasses sugar, $3.55; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, $5.85; powdered, $5.25; granulated, $5.15.

Petroleum—Market easy; refined, all ports, $8.05.

Coffee—Market steady; No. 7 Rio, 8¼@8¾c, nominal; No. 4 Santos, 8¾c.

Molasses—Market steady; New Orleans, 28@42c.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Cash prices: Wheat—No. 2 red, $1.17@1.18; No. 3 red, $1.09@1.14; No. 2 hard, $1.04@1.05; No. 3 hard, $1.00@1.03½; No. 1 northern, $1.05@1.07; No. 2 northern, $1.04@1.06; No. 3 northern, $1.00@1.05.

Corn—No. 2, 63½c; No. 2 yellow, 63½c; No. 3, 63@63¼c; No. 3 yellow, 63½c.

Oats—No. 3 white, 38½@40½c; No. 4 white, 37¾@39½c; standard, 39¾@40¼c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 6.—Hogs—Receipts today were 4,960 head; shipments today, 3,990 head; shipments to New York today, 3,800 head; official shipments to New York yesterday, 3,610 head; medium and heavy, $8.35@8.40; yorkers, $8.25@8.35; light yorkers and pigs, $8.00@8.10; roughs, $7.35@7.50; stags, $6.25@6.85.

Sheep—Receipts today were 2,400 head; market firm for shee pand strong to 5c higher for lambs, with tops at $7.40.

Cattle—Receipts today were 75 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 2,800 head; market steady; beeves, $3.90@9.10; Texas steers, $3.80@4.85; western steers, $4.25@7.40; stockers and feeders, $3.00@5.00; cows and heifers, $2.00@5.70; calves, $6.25@8.50.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 11,000 head; market stronger, lights, $7.40@7.90; mixed, $7.40@8.10; heavy, $7.45@8.10; roughs, $7.45@7.65; good to choice heavy, $7.65@8.10; pigs, $5.75@7.50; bulk of sales, $7.80@8.00.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 11,500 head; market steady; natives, $4.50@7.35; western, $4.35@7.30.

Indianapolis Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 6.—Receipts today were: Hogs, 6,500 head; cattle, 700 head; sheep, 100 head.

Hogs—Best heavies, $8.00@8.25; good to choice lights, $7.75@8.00.

Lambs—Good to choice, $6.00@6.75.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 6.—Cattle — Receipts today were 72 head; market steady; fair to good shippers, $5.50@6.50; common, $1.75@3.50.

Hogs—Receipts today were 2,821 head; market steady; butchers and shippers, $8.00@8.05; common, $5.75@7.70.

Sheep—Receipts today were 800 head; market strong.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Butter—Market steady; creameries, 26½@32½c; dairies, 24@28c.

Eggs—Market steady; at mark, cases included, 20½c; firsts, 25c; prime firsts, 27c.

Cheese—Market firm; daisies, 16¼c; twins, 16c; young Americas, 16¼c; long horns, 15¾c.

Poultry—Market firm; turkeys, 14c; chickens, 12½c; springs, 13½c.

Veal—Market steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 7@7½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 7½@9c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 9½@11c.

New York Market.

New York, Nov. 6.—Butter—Market firm; receipts, 5,560 packages; creamery specials, 32c; creamery extras, 31c; creamery thirds to firsts, 26½@30c; process, 26@28c; western factory, 24@25c; imitation creamery, 26@27c.

Cheese—Market steady; receipts, 2,355 boxes; state, full cream specials, 15¾@17½c; October best, 16c; December, common to good, 12½@15¾c; skims, full to specials, 6@14¼c.

Eggs—Market irregular; receipts, 5,490 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white fancy, 48@55c; do gathered whites, 35@42c; do hennery brown, 38@42c; do brown gathered, 30@38c; western extra firsts, 33@35c; western firsts, 29½@32c; western seconds, 26@28c; refrigerator special marks, fancy, 25@26c; do firsts, 24@25c.

Poultry—Alive, market steady; western chickens, 14c; fowls, 14c; turkeys, 12@15c; dressed poultry, market irregular; western chickens, broilers, 15@21c; fowls, 12@12¼c; turkeys, 17@21c.

OIL

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., Nov. 6.—North Lima, 84c; South Lima and Indiana, 79c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, Nov. 6.—Declines were in a large majority in the opening price of stocks today but they were insignificant and were mixed with a few gains. Louisville & Nashville rose 1 point. Wells Fargo sold at a decline of 25 points.

Bull operators were unable to hold the market in the face of the heavy liquidation of certain railroads and specialties and prices accordingly had a very sharp setback. The declines were rather prediditate in such stocks as Reading, Union Pacific and United States Steel, which exerted a marked effect on the balance of the list. Lake Erie & Western and International Harvester fell 1¾, Reading 1¾, Chicago & Alton and General Electric 1½ and St. Paul, Pennsylvania, Union Pacific, Louisville & Nashville, Southern Railway preferred, Western Maryland, Colorado & Southern, Amalgamated Copper, United States Steel, American Can preferred and International Paper preferred 1. American Hide and Leather preferred advanced 1.

The market closed firm and active. Union Pacific got up 2½ points, Vulcan Detinning 3, National Railways of Mexico first preferred 2¾, United States Steel 2½ and Chesapeake & Ohio, Delaware & Hudson, Interborough Metropolitan, Virginia-Carolina Chemical, Allis-Chalmers preferred and International Paper 1.

A subsequent rally resulted from the covering of shorts. Wells Fargo recovered all of its 25 points decline.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT.

New York, Nov. 6.—The statement of clearing house banks for the week (five days) show that the banks hold $5,042,575 more than the requirements of the 25 per cent reserve rule. This is a decrease of $6,867,250 in the proportionate cash reserve as compared with last year. The statement follows:

		Increase.
Loans	$1,246,974,400	$13,009,500
Deposits	1,241,460,500	7,446,200
Circulation	53,278,800	112,500
Legal tenders	68,530,400	*2,523,500
Specie	246,877,300	*4,482,200
Reserve	315,507,700	*7,005,700
Reserve required	310,365,125	1,861,550
Surplus	5,027,700	*8,867,250
Ex-U. S. deposits	5,449,325	*8,878,350

*Decrease.

The percentage of actual reserve of the clearing house banks today was 25.48.

The statement of banks and trust companies of Greater New York not reporting to the clearing house shows that those institutions have aggregate deposits of $1,272,045,300; total cash on hand, $146,817,600 and loans amounting to $1,200,810,900.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

Quotations Corrected Daily by H. C. Klenke, Commission Broker, No. 3 North American Building.

November 6.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Loco	62½	62½	62	62¼
Amer. Smelter	98⅝	98⅞	98	98⅝
Amal. Copper	87⅝	87⅝	86¼	86¾
Atchison	120¾	120¾	119¾	119¾
Anaconda	47½	48¼	47½	48¼
Brook. Rap. Tr.	76¾	76¾	76¼	76¼
Balti. & Ohio	116⅝	116⅝	116	116
Ches. & Ohio	88¼	88⅝	87⅜	88⅜
Col. Fuel & Iron	49⅝	50⅜	49½	50
Canadian Pac.	183⅞	183⅞	183⅜	183⅝
Erie	33½	33¼	32⅝	32⅝
Erie 1st pfd.	47½	47½	47	47
Kansas & Texas	46¾	47	46	46¼
Louis. & Nash.	154	154	152	152½
Missouri Pacific.	70¼	70¼	69¾	70
Pacific Mail	43½	44	42¾	44
New York Cent.	134¼	134¾	133⅜	133⅝
Pennsylvania	142¾	142¾	141⅝	141⅞
People's Gas	113¾	113¾	113½	113½
Press. Steel Car	53	53	52⅝	53
Reading	163	163¼	161⅝	162⅜
Rock Island	40¼	40¼	39⅝	39⅞
Rock Island pfd.	80¾	80⅝	79⅜	80¼
St. Paul	158¼	158½	157½	157⅝
Southern Pac.	130	130⅜	129⅝	129⅝
Union Pacific	203	202⅝	201⅜	202½
U. S. Steel	91⅝	91⅝	90⅜	91⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.	127	127	125½	126½
Wabash pfd.	51	51½	50⅝	51½
Norfolk & West.	95⅞	95⅞	95¾	95¾

FORT WAYNE MARKETS.

Barr Street—Wholesale.

Wheat—$1.15 bu.

Corn—60@62c bu.

Oats—38c bu.

Barley—55c bu.

Rye—65c bu.

Butter—Creamery, 31c lb; process, 28c lb; prints, 32c lb; dairies, 24@26c lb.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 27c doz; fresh gathered extra firsts, 26c doz; fresh gathered firsts, 25c; No. 1 dirties, 24c.

Onions—35@40c bu.

Apples—40@1.00 bu.

Tomatoes—40@70c bu.

Cabbage—25@40c doz.

Honey—12@13c lb.

Turkeys—12@15c lb.

Chickens—Springs, 10@11c lb.

Ducks—7@9c lb.

Geese—7c lb.

Potatoes—45c bu.

Grain, Hides and Wool.

Quotations of S. Bash & Co.—Cured hides, 13½@14c lb; green hides, 10@11c lb; green calfskins, 16½c lb; cured calfskins, 17½@18c lb; horsehides, $2.50@3.75; red cloverseed, $7.50@8.00 bu; wool, unwashed, 30c lb.

Quotations of Weil Brothers & Co.—Cured hides, 13½@14c lb; No. 1 horsehides $2.50@3.75; No. 1 green calfhides, 16@16½c lb; No. 1 green hides, 10@11c; tallow, 5@6c lb; country mixed rags, 50c per cwt; No. 1 rubber, 10c lb; light copper, 9c lb; cut arctics, 6c lb; light copper, 9c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 23@25c; @30c lb. Will give prices on furs on application.

Mill Quotations.

Quotations of Mayflower Mills—Winter Wheat, straight, $5.60@6.00; graham flour, $4.80@5.20; rye flour $4.80@5.20; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80 ton; bran, $23.00 ton; shorts, $23.00 ton, chop feed, $28.00 ton; middlings, $24.00 ton; cornmeal, fine, $1.65@1.75 cwt; cracked corn, $1.65@1.75 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.65@1.75 cwt; screenings, No. 1, 75@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 65c bu; flaxseed, $1.50 bu; corn, 62c bu; oats, 65c bu; wheat, $1.15 bu; barley, 60c bu.

C. Tresselt & Son's Quotations—

Winter wheat, straight	$5.60@6.00
Winter wheat, patents	$6.00@6.60
Spring wheat, patents	$6.00@6.60
Rye Flour	$4.20@4.60
Graham Flour	$5.00@5.50
Pumpernickel	$4.00@4.40
Bran, per ton	$24.00
Shorts, per ton	$24.00
Middlings, per ton	$26.00
Screenings, per ton, $25.00; per bu	65c
Chopfeed, per ton	$32.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt	$1.80
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt	$1.70
Cracked corn, per cwt	$1.70
Street bid on wheat, per bu	$1.15
Street bid on corn, per bu	60c
New corn	45c
Street bid on oats, per bu	38c
Street bid on rye, per bu	65c
Street bid on barley, per bu	50@55c

Commission Merchants.

Quotations of J. T. Johnson, 804 East Columbia St.—Chickens, 10@11c lb; country butter, 26c lb; creamery butter, 31c lb; eggs, 26c doz; potatoes, 50c bu; onions, 35@40c bu.

Quotations of E. M. Crouse & Co., 235 E. Columbia St.—Chickens, alive, 10c lb; dressed, 15 clb; springs, 10c lb; ducks, 7c lb; turkeys, 10c; geese, 6c; process butter, 29c lb; creamery, 31c lb; country, 20@22c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 27c doz; fresh gathered extra firsts, 26c; fresh gathered firsts, 24c; dirties, No. 1, 24c; honey, 13c lb; onions, 35@40c bu; potatoes, 40c bu; apples, 40@80c bu.

City Scales—Retail Prices.

Hay—$10.00@13.00 ton.

Corn—Old, 64@70c bu; new, 48@50c bp.

Oats—38@40c bu.

The Coal Market.

Hocking Valley, $3.75; Massillon, $5.00; Jackson, $5.00; Pocanontas, forked, $5.50; shoveled, $4.50; Cannel, $6.00; coke, $5.50; West Virginia, $4.00; Indiana, $3.50; anthracite, $7.25.

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES

[Corrected Daily by Thos. P. Riddle.]

No. 2 red wheat	$1.10
No. 2 white wheat	1.08
Standard white oats	.36
Yellow shelled corn, per bu	.42
Mixed or white, per bu	.40
Yellow ear corn, per cwt	.60
Mixed or white, per cwt	.58
No. 2 rye	.67
No. 2 barley	.48
No. 1 timothy hay (baled)	$11.25
No. 1 clover mixed (baled)	10.25
No. 1 clover hay (baled)	10.25
Prime red cloverseed	7.50
Prime alsike	6.75
Prime timothy	1.60

BANK SWINDLER ARRESTED.

Henry O. West Charged With Being Leader of Bad Gang.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Henry O. West, an alleged former convict, was arrested here yesterday on the charge of being the leader of a gang of bank swindlers, who have obtained more than $25,000 from banks in Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Florida, New York, Wisconsin, South Carolina and Canada. His arrest led to the discovery that he had been leading a dual life—his wife and many of his friends thinking he was a traveling salesman, employed by an eastern hardware company.

It is likely West will be taken to Davenport, Iowa, for the first trial as he is said to have swindled the Commercial National bank of that city out of $680. West is said to have four companions known as G. E. Cameron, L. E. Richards, W. H. Koehler and George S. Taylor. It is believed West and his companions have been operating since last March when they were in Florida.

BIRTH RECORD.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lacy, 711 East Wayne street—a son.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William Coombs, of Coombs street—a son.

Beginners' class forms at Miss Hanker's, Thursday 7:30.

1/2 Cent A WORD ...an... Insertion

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

No Advertisement Taken For Less Than Ten Cents

1/2 Cent A WORD ...an... Insertion

FOR RENT.

HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Six-room house; 220 West Williams St.

FOR RENT—New 7-room house. Inquire 443 Ruth St., Spy Run Ave.

FOR RENT—Seven-room house on Archer Ave. Inquire at 711 Archer Ave. 5-2t

FOR RENT—Six-room house, 1328 Walton Ave. Inquire 701 East Washington St. 11-3-tf

FOR RENT—Six-room house; electric lights, both waters; 2323 Miner St. Inquire second door south. 11-5-tf

FOR RENT—New 7-room house; bath, furnace, electric light; all modern; at 1107 Edgewater Ave. Phone 2565.

FOR RENT—West end of house on Spy Run; three rooms with lights, $6.00 per month. Inquire 1709 Spy Run Ave.

FOR RENT—Seven-room house, bath and electric lights, corner Rockhill and Wilt Sts. Inquire 1212 Rockhill St. 11-5-tf

FOR RENT—A good 6-room house, 617 Putnam St. Inquire 606 Home Ave., or Archer Printing Co. W. S. Archer. 4-eod-2t

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and have a nice list of houses in desirable parts of the city. W. E. DOUD. 1-16-tf Over Old National Bank.

FOR RENT—1336 Buchanan St., house of seven rooms; also 2523 South Barr St., four rooms. Bittinger & Houk, Rooms 22-23 Pixley-Long Blk. Phone 146. 10-28-tf

ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished front room. Inquire 208 West Wayne St. 4-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, 1822 Fairfield avenue. Gentlemen preferred 11-5 3t

FOR RENT—One or two large rooms, first floor, $5.00 per month; 1238 West Main. 5-2t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, all modern conveniences, near knitting or rolling mills, 1613 West Main St. 5-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping, first floor, two squares from court house; 803 East Berry.

FOR RENT—Furnished front room upstairs; modern conveniences; can get board next door; 716 Columbia Ave.

FOR RENT—Cheap. Modern store room at 223 East Main St., after November 6. B. F. Pettit, 727 Court St. 11-1-tf

FOR RENT—Furnished room, modern, two in family, references required. Inquire 952 Erie St. Will give breakfast. 5-2t

FOR RENT—Two very nicely furnished rooms in very pleasant location; strictly modern. Inquire 201 West Creighton Ave. References required.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room for young lady in best residence part; modern conveniences, private family; rent reasonable. Address A. J. G., care Sentinel. 6-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; steam heat, electric lights, square from court house. Inquire Jarrard's Gallery, corner Calhoun and Columbia. 11-2-tf

FLATS.

FOR RENT—One 6-room flat, possession given at once. Also one first floor, 7-room flat, vacant November 1st. Both steam heated and thoroughly modern and first-class. Miss Lowry, 828 West Berry St. Telephone 1594. 10-16-eod-tf

FOR RENT—FARMS.

FOR RENT—Forty-five acre farm, ½ mile south of Organ Factory; home and barn in good order. Apply William Moellering, 241 Murray St. 11-3-tf

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED — Four boys to work after school; will pay good wages. Apply 709 Court St. 10-21-tf

WANTED—Young man to do collecting and to assist with office work. Address Collector, care Sentinel.

WANTED—Boy to hold copy; must be over 16 years old. Call after 8 o'clock Monday morning at Sentinel office.

WANTED—Three (3) good boys to deliver packages; steady work. Also boys for after school and Saturdays. 806 Harrison st. Wed Thurs and Sat.

WANTED—Salesmen who travel to handle the best and biggest line of Souvenir Post Cards as side line. A big money maker for you. Gartner & Bender, Dept. S, Chicago.

WANTED—Experienced salesman to cover Indiana with staple line. High commissions with advance for expenses. Permanent position to right man. L. H. Drake, Asst. Supt., Detroit, Mich.

WANTED—Salesmen experienced in selling general merchants and all kinds of stores to cover Indiana with unexcelled special proposition. High commissions with cash advance. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, O.

WANTED — Traveling salesmen earn $2,000 to $10,000 yearly. Write for free book, "How Salesmen Succeed," and secure position as traveling salesman with reliable firm. Bradstreet System, Dept. 190, Rochester, N. Y. wed.-sat. 6-5-tf

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Good strong girl for general housework. 307 West Woodland Ave. 3-6t

WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Apply 350 West Wayne St. 10-20-tf

WANTED—Women who want work. Call at 133 East Washington St. Free Employment Bureau. 6-19-tf

WANTED—Women who want work. Call at 133 East Washington St. Free Employment Bureau. 6-19-tf

WANTED—Lady, not less than 40 years old, to canvass; guaranteed pay $1.00 per day. Apply 1705 Calhoun St. 4-3t

WANTED—Two good lady canvassers; good workers only; salary, steady work. Room 1 Bank Blk., Main and Court Sts. 4-3t

WANTED—Any lady can easily make from $18.00 to $25.00 per week working for me quietly in her own home locality. This is a bonafide affair—one which will pay you to investigate, even if you can spare only two hours per day. No investment required. Turn your spare time into money. Write me at once for particulars. Address Mary B. Taylor, Box 30, Woman's Bldg., Joliet, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Roomers and boarders at 136 East Williams St. 6-2t

WANTED—Mrs. M. L. Cooper home again at the old stand, 237 West Main St.

WANTED—Furnished room by a young lady; can furnish good references. Address G., care Sentinel.

WANTED—Room and board by a young lady; can furnish good references. Address O., care Sentinel office.

WANTED—500 people to borrow money on real estate at six per cent interest, without commission, from THE PEOPLE'S TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 913-915 Calhoun St. 10-5-tf

WANTED—Two or three unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping; no children. East of Calhoun and south of Wayne street. Address Box 9, care Sentinel. 11-5 2t

WANTED—Washing to do. Will come to the homes and wash the clothing, or take them home. Also willing to do sweeping, dusting, or any kind of work. Phone 2128, or call at 133 East Washington. 10-21-tf

WANTED—Buyers for small home; also for modern home on payments or cash. Real estate for investment. Farms from 100 to 300 acres. Lots in all parts of city. Grocery, butcher shop, hotel, rooming house, restaurant. Investigate at once. H. Goldstein, 131 East Berry. 9-13-tf

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A fine building lot on West Wayne St. Price $2,800, including all improvements 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Lot No. 7, Eliza Hanna Sr.'s addition on East Lewis St.; best located lot on Lewis St. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts. 2-1-tf

FOR SALE—OR TRADE. Farms and city property. What have you for sale or trade? Let me know and I will help you out. Wm. Klomp, 117 East Main. 3-4t

HOUSES.

FOR SALE—A good 8-room house on Pontiac St., near Oliver; 45 ft. lot. Price $2,500. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Five-room house and lot at 916 East Wayne. Inquire 440 West Washington. 6-2t

FOR SALE—A nice 5-room cottage, with electric lights, 50 ft. lot, St. Mary's Ave., near Huffman. Price $1,700. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—An investment. Double house West Washington Blvd. west; fine renting house. Price $5,000. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A nice cement block house on Stophlet St. Has bath and lights, furnace. Price $2,800. Now vacant. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—We offer the John Murphy property on South Wayne Ave., near Meyer Ave., 70 ft. front and small house. Price $1,000. Must be sold. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—We represent CITY & SUBURBAN REALTY CO., builders of high-class modern houses. These houses will be built and sold for cash or on the payment plan. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—At a bargain. New cottage house; just finished; electric lights, cement walks, lot 40x140, fine location, Brooklyn Ave., 3 squares south of Taylor. W. H. Hoopingarner, R. R. No. 8. 3-4t

FOR SALE—A nearly new 7-room residence on S. Harrison St., near Wildwood. Has bath and electric lights. Will sell for small cash payment, balance same as rent. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Large load of wood, $2.50. Phone 2553. 10-14-eod-1m

FOR SALE—Stoves and furniture; must be sold at once; 220 West Williams.

FOR SALE—Nearly new base burner; cheap if taken at once. 1918 W. Main Street.

FOR SALE—A bargain. Base burner, only burned one season. Inquire 1930 Force St. 6-2t

FOR SALE—Two hundred second-hand stoves; prices from $2.00 to $15.00, at 1410 South Calhoun St. 10-12-tf

FOR SALE—Good Sentinel route in southeast portion of city. Apply at Sentinel office between 12:30 and 1:30 p. m. 9-27-tf

FOR SALE—Fine lot of fruit and ornamental trees, grape vines, currant and berry bushes. Otto A. Horn, 3821 S. Wayne Ave. Phone 6901-blue. 6-2t

FOR SALE—Remember I will buy, sell or exchange your lot, house, farm, foreign property, grocery, butcher shop, restaurant. H. O. Goldstein, 131 East Berry St. Phone 639. 9-1-tf

FOR SALE—One short coat, one overcoat, three ladies' coats, one cape, one dress, one long fu nevk piece; Novelty base burner, one Born range, one large oak sideboard. Call phone 2303.

FOR SALE—For the next ten days: 200 heating stoves, 33 ranges, 50 cook stoves of all makes. Prices from $1.50 on up, at 1218 Calhoun St. Cash paid for Stoves. L. Tomkinson. Phone 2231. 6-9-1y

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—I do watch repairing at lower prices than any one else in the city. All work guaranteed. Beck, the Jeweler, 924 Calhoun St. Established 1897. 7-1-tf

MAUS' Concentrated Kidney Tablets now sold by all druggists at 50c a box. Try it for Rheumatism and Lame Back. 10-9-eod-20t

HISTORIC MANOR DESTROYED.

House Where George Washington Was Sworn In Burned.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Nov. 6.—The historical Livingston Manor, owned by John Henry Livingston, near Trivoli on the banks of the Hudson, was destroyed by fire last night.

Livingston Manor was made famous in history because it was in this house, which was erected in 1783, that Chancellor Livingston swore George Washington into office in 1780.

POSTAL SERVICE GETS FUNDS.

Hitchcock Sets Aside $37,785,166 for Use In His Department.

Washington, Nov. 6.—Postmaster General Hitchcock has signed a warrant in favor of the treasurer of the United States, placing to the credit of the United States for the services of the postoffice department the sum of $37,785,166.21 of the revenue collected by postmasters during the quarter ended June 30 last.

FIGHT FOR THE MERRY WIDOW.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Women's hats have grown so large that the wholesale milliners of Chicago protested against the rates charged for carrying them by the express companies at a hearing before the Illinois railroad and warehouse commission here yesterday. The milliners contended that the express companies did not have the right to charge for the size of the boxes containing the fashionable hats, but only for the weight.

BABE DEAD FROM POISON.

Frankfort, Ind., Nov. 6.—The year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Troy Gangwer, of Mulberry, ten miles from here is dead, due to a mistake made by her mother. Mrs. Gangwer was using carbolic acid and left the bottle setting on the table while she busied herself about other household duties. The child crept to the table, got the bottle and drank some of the acid. The child died in a short time.

NEW DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 6.—The Indianapolis Herald, a weekly democratic paper, will make its appearance in this city within a fortnight. George Ray, of Shelbyville, well known in newspaper circles, will be editor and publisher. Thursday will be the day of publication. Mr. Ray has not definitely decided upon the location of his office, but will probably close these negotiations Monday.

Mrs. Andrew Ryan, of 1817 South Webster street, sustained painful injury to one of her feet yesterday when the handle came loose and a heavy iron dropped upon the member. Luckily no bones were broken.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons' Bulletin

5% money to loan on farms.

FOR TRADE—Cottage near Bowser's, with bath, lights and furnace, to trade for home between Lafayette and Calhoun on south side, and pay cash difference. Store building and residence, well locat d, on south side; price $3,700; will trade for farm.

Another trade. A cottage on corner, good barn, will take a 40 to 60-acre farm in exchange.

If you wish to buy a home or business block in north, south, east or west part of city, see us.

See 160 acres on the ridge road between New Haven and Zulu. This farm will produce this year more than 10% on our price. The above is only one of the many bargains in corn land that we are offering in the "MAUMEE VALLEY."

There is no investment on earth like earth itself.

Remember the prices are going up every day. MORAL: Buy now.

MONROE W. FITCH, Mgr. City Dept.
EUGENE M. FITCH, Mgr. Earth Dept.
DELMER C. FITCH, Mgr. Ins. Dept.

Farms and City Property

Six-room cottage, finely finished and papered, nice lot, located on Smith St., one block from street car. This property is a bargain at $1,700; $600 cash, balance $10 per month.

We have property in all parts of city sold on payments. Call and see our list.

FARMS.

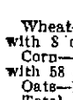
Ten acres, seven miles south of the city, with a good 7-room house, good barn and other outbuildings, lots of fruit. Price $3,500. Will take city property in trade.

Twenty acres, one-half mile from city limits, dark sandy loam soil; good 4-room house. Price $3,300 if taken at once.

We have a large list of farms in Allen county ranging from 20 to 300 acres at reasonable prices. Call and see our list before buying.

G. W. GRIFFITH,

Room 4 Tri-State Building. Over People's Drug Store. Phone 812.



One one-horse truck; first-class condition, with stakes and canvas cover; wagon just repainted; worth double; our price.....$55.00

One National Cash Register; detail adder; registers from 5c to $1; cost $60; our price.....$22.50

One small Copper Urn, with burner $6.50

One Columbia Graphophone; large horn; 10 records; cheap for $9.50

One Copper Nickel-plated Alcohol Burner; worth double; our price 75c

Don't forget that we have a lot of new and second-hand Base Burners, Ranges and other stoves.

We have a lot of nice 9x12 Rugs from $4.50 to $20.00. We give credit.

L. J. LIBBING & CO.

205 East Main St.

For Sale—Real Estate.

New 6-room house, just finished, all modern except furnace, open stairway; $3,200.

New house, both kinds of water in house, wired for electric lights, cement cellar, in nice location; $1,300.

Seven-room house, modern except furnace, near Broadway; $1,900. Would consider payment plan.

Six-room house, completely modern, on Huffman St.; $2,800.

Good 7-room house, nice lot, on Sherman St.; $2,100.

Seven-room house, completely modern; barn; in South Wayne; $3,400.

Residences in all parts of the city.

Fine building lots on easy payments.

FARMS, FARMS.

Three 40-acre farms, well improved.

Four 80-acre farms, well improved; would consider city property in part payment.

Eighty-acre fine garden farm; well improved, near city.

Two hundred and forty acres, all black soil, well tiled and fenced, No. 1 buildings; $100 per acre.

Also a list of farms not mentioned, some of the best in Allen county, with prices that are right.

Agents for Michigan, Canada and Wisconsin farm lands.

Before you invest in real estate call on

George L. Ashley & Sons,

Phone 2905. 20-21 Pixley-Long Blk.

GENERAL INSURANCE.

Open Saturday Evenings.

REAL ESTATE

Lakeside—Eight-room modern house, oak finish, owner leaving city and anxious to sell. A bargain for cash or monthly payments.

Eight-room modern house on Zollars Ave. can be bought on easy terms. Price $1,900.00.

A new 14-room modern house on East Creighton Ave., corner lot; would consider other property or automobile in exchange. Owner is a non-resident and anxious to sell.

An excellent corner lot on Fairfield Ave.; all improvements paid. It will pay you to investigate.

A store building and grocery stock in south end, price right.

Two-story frame dwelling on Walton Ave. A good investment on your money. Price $1,400.00.

We have a large number of lots that can be purchased on monthly payments and will erect houses thereon to suit purchaser.

Call and investigate our list of special bargains.

K. J. BAUER & CO.

GENERAL INSURANCE.

Phone No. 268. No. 717 Clinton St.

Office Open Evenings.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

Seven-room house, Hanna St., near Madison; lot 40x170; $2,100.

Six-room cottage, Force St.; $1,200.

Seven-room residence, South Lafayette St., lot 40x200; $1,600.

Six-room house, Columbia Ave.; electric lights, both kinds of water in the house; $2,000.

Modern 7-room residence on Jackson St., near Washington; $3,500.

Modern 9-room residence on Fairfield Ave., near Jefferson, for $4,100.

Modern 10-room brick residence, Washington Blvd. west, close in; lot 55x150; price right.

Eight-room residence, Harmer St., near Madison; $2,700.

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In buying linens. The pride a good housewife takes in her fine table linens justifies care in their selection. This ideal linen store is rich with attractive crisp new table linens. Now is the supplying time for your Thanksgiving table and here is the best buying place. Assortments are complete, qualities are excellent and prices most tempting.

Dainty China and Cut Glass

To harmonize with the immaculate table linens. Whatever you may need for use or decoration of the Thanksgiving table you will find here—the best of its kind at the lowest prices obtainable.

Complete Dinner Sets, Plates, Cups and Saucers, Sugars, Creamers, Chop Plates, Turkey Platters, Salad Bowls, Celery Trays, Pickle Dishes, etc.

A complete line of fine Blown and Cut Table Glassware for all uses at all prices.

Many interesting price features for Thanksgiving needs. Come in and look to your heart's content. Buy only when it pleases you.

THE RURODE DRY GOODS CO.

Dr. Hardman, Specialist

I Cure Pelvic, Nervous and Chronic Diseases

No man can afford to undertake his daily labor without being well equipped, mentally and physically. It is a fact that the man who is afflicted with any disease is working under a disadvantage in proportion to the extent of the trouble. Many a man has been forced to abandon a successful career because disease had lessened his ability to successfully compete with those who were strong and therefore able to forge to the front. Do you know how much you are losing every day of your life because of your inability to do the work of a strong, healthy man? Do you feel as though you can afford to continue as you are when you can be cured? Perhaps you have tried to get well. Have you ever gone to a specialist, one who has made a life-long study of diseases such as yours? Perhaps you have gone to your family physician and because he could not cure you you have abandoned hope. Did you ever stop to consider that your family physician has several hundred different diseases to treat? Can you blame him for not thoroughly understanding all of them? Of course you cannot. Then why not go to one who devotes all his energies to the study of just a few, and who can the more thoroughly understand them?

I have made a special study of Pelvic, Nervous and Chronic diseases and have developed methods which will cure where the ordinary methods have failed.

If you will call at my office I will give you a careful and thorough examination, and if your case is curable I will make you a fee as low as possible and consistent with honest, scientific treatment.

If I think your case is incurable I will tell you so, as I have no time to waste, and no desire to accept money for treating incurable diseases.

BLOOD POISON—I use only the most advanced methods in the treatment of blood poison and kindred diseases.

PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT—This may result from a number of causes. The constant jarring and vibration of trains and trolley cars are a very potent cause. Bicycle riding and the use of riding implements on the farm are factors in producing the disease. In fact, the causes are so many and varied that fully 75 per cent of all male adults are afflicted to a greater or lesser extent by this disease. The disease is so little understood, and as one of the principal symptoms is a pain in the back, it is usually called kidney trouble and treated with local applications or sedatives which can do no possible good whatever. I reduce the enlargement and have been able to cure about 90 per cent of all cases.

VARICOCELE—I cure Varicocele in a few days' or weeks' time without the use of the knife.

STRICTURE—I readily remove stricture by my dissolvent method without the use of instruments.

RUPTURE, PILES, FISTULA, ETC., cured without detention from business and without the use of the knife.

Consultation and All Communications Strictly Confidential. Office Hours—9-12, 1-5. Evenings, 7-8. Sundays, 9-1 Only. Write or Call On

West of Transfer Station Near Corner Main & Calhoun. **DR. HARDMAN** 111 West Main Street. Fort Wayne, Ind.

Razors from $1.00 to $10.00. Any Price.

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DOES NOT Charge You 15c A Shave

ALL SHAVES LESS THAN ONE CENT

When you stop to figure what economy and pleasure it is to shave yourself with a Gillette, we know you would not be without one. It's hard to get a start with you, but come and see our lay-out of Safety Razors and your mind is made up at once to have a Razor.

F. M. SMITH & CO., HARDWARE

CITY BREVITIES.

Township Trustee Branning has returned from a visit at Marion.

Deputy Revenue Collection P. P. Sharp was at Indianapolis yesterday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Isaby, 1019 Wells street, is a patient at St. Joseph's hospital.

Attorneys Vesey & Vesey will soon remove their offices to the Shoaff building.

Handsome new olive drab uniforms have been distributed to the members of Company D, Indiana National guard.

Capt. W. F. Borgman, who sustained a fractured arm and a crushed hand in an accident three weeks ago, is improving rapidly and expects to be able to leave St. Joseph's hospital within a week.

Mrs. Arthur Ruby, of Arcola, is recovering nicely after an operation for appendicitis at Hope hospital. The patient is past 77 years of age, and considering this fact her case is a remarkable one.

The Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company will designate a new stop on its interurban lines at the grounds of the Country club, southwest of the city, and will erect there a small station building, connected with the club house by a sidewalk.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Cures backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes. Dreier Bros.

STATE NURSES' OFFICERS.

Results of Election Recently Held at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 6.—The election of officers for 1910 by the Indiana State Nurses' association resulted as follows:

President—Miss Mary B. Sollers, Richmond.

First Vice President—Miss Elva Mills, Dublin.

Second Vice President—Miss Lora Roser, Crawfordsville.

Secretary—Miss Mae D. Currie, Indianapolis.

Treasurer—Miss Anna Rein, Indianapolis.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in order to feel well. Dreier Bros.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE DEPARTMENT STORE BULLETIN

HOUSEWIVES, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BIG SACRIFICES WE OFFER YOU FOR THIS WEEK'S TRADE.

DANDY JUICY BEEF STEAK, 10c lb. Nice Fresh, Sweet Roasts, 9c lb. Sliced Boiled Ham, 14c per ⅛ lb. Sliced Dried Beef, 12½c per ⅛ lb. Whole Chunks, 20c lb. Nice Lamb Chops, 10c lb. Lamb Roasts, 10c lb. Forequarters, 8c lb. Hindquarters, 9c lb. Whole Dressed Lambs, 9c lb. Breakfast Bacon, 15c and 19c lb. Sugar Cured Hams, 15½c lb. Wienerwurst, 9c lb. Bologna Sausage, 9c lb. Minced Ham, 12½c lb. Pressed Ham, 14c lb. Liver Sausage, 9c lb. Head Cheese, 9c lb.

COUNTRY EGGS, 27c DOZ. Country Butter, 29c lb. Creamery Butter, 33c lb. Butterine, 14c lb. Mixed Lard, 14c lb. Lard Compound, 10c lb. Dressed Chickens, 15c lb. Dressed Old Chickens, 14c lb.

COOKING APPLES, 59c BU. OR 15c PK. Fancy Eating Apples, Northern Spys or Baldwins, 35c pk. Western Jonathan and Belleflower Apples, 2 and 3c each. California Grapes, Malagas or Tokays, 10c lb. Nice Bananas, 10c and 15c doz. Concord Grapes, 18c bsk. Good Large Jamaica Oranges, 15c doz. Grape Fruit, 8c and 10c each.

MICHIGAN POTATOES, 55c BU. OR 15c PK. Dandy Onions, 45c bu. or 12½c pk. Sweet Potatoes, 70c bu. or 19c pk. Dandy Turnips, 25c bu. or 10c pk. Special Flour, 65c sk. Hungarian Flour, 68c sk. Blue Seal Flour, 75c sk.

2ND FLOOR SACRIFICE.

LAUNDRY SOAPS AT 10 BARS FOR 19c. This is a snap. No place can you duplicate such bargains as this. All telephone orders will be entitled to this bargain. We will continue this bargain as long as our supply lasts, so get your order in early.

3RD FLOOR SACRIFICE.

GRANULATED SUGAR AT LESS THAN 5c lb. 10 pounds of Granulated Sugar for 49c. We will also allow this bargain to go with your telephone orders.

FREE PREMIUMS — Commencing Monday we will place on sale a dandy lot of new premiums for your selection, so save your checks and trade them in at our premium counter. We offer you better values than any other system in the city. We invite you to our store to do your trading. Come and see us.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE.

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans. C. F. PFEIFFER, Bass Block.

Car Fancy Hand-Picked Winter Apples.

Baldwins, Spies, Greenings, Russets and Kings. $1.00 per bushel.

Also seven cars Choice Michigan Potatoes, 55c per bushel. Few Quinces. Come quick; going fast; market will be higher.

S. BASH & CO.

WOLF & DESSAUER

A Rare Chance for Book Lovers---This DeLuxe Book Sale

Many are the library shelves which are carrying heavier loads through this sale of books. And the sale is not yet over, by any means. Additional shipment of sets have arrived, and we can fill all orders.

BALZAC
18 volues; subscription price, $70. **Sale Price $18.50.**

IRVING
10 volumes; subscription price, $45. **Sale Price, $11.75.**

KIPLING
10 volumes; subscription price, $30. **Sale Price, $6.25.**

SHAKESPEARE
20 volume edition; subscription price, $60. **Sale Price, $14.50.**

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10 volumes; subscription price, $35. **Sale Price, $9.00.**

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20 volumes; subscription price, $60. **Sale Price, $14.75.**

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24 volumes; subscription price, $100. **Sale Price, $24.50.**

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18 volumes; subscription price, $80. **Sale Price, $19.50.**

MISS EMANUEL

HAS MOVED HER CHEMIST SHOP

To the Southwest Corner of Berry and Harrison Streets. Phone 485.

HE HAS IT INSURED.

Violinist Skovgaard's Fifty Thousand Dollar Hand.

It took Skovgaard, the famous Danish violinist, thirty years to make this hand. To the ordinary eye it is not much different from other well developed hands. Yet it has the power almost automatically to express through the violin the exquisite beauty and marvelous tone pictures which the player feels and sees as he interprets the work of the masters. Incessant training and the inborn soul of the artist fashioned it. But genius and the power of untiring work created this marvelous tool, now at last, without his even thinking of it, obedient in every slightest movement, strong, tender, delicate, passionate, incredibly swift, to the wonderful dreams of the soul of its creator. As an investment it represents a man's life work. But it represents, too, the inborn gift which no money can buy. Without that no work could mould a hand like this hand of a master.

That is why it is insured for fifty thousand dollars.

Skovgaard, with his Stradivarius violin, made in 1712 and costing $13,000, and supported by a noted pianist and soprano, will make his first appearance in this city at the Third Presbyterian church, Monday evening, November 8. This is the second number of the series of entertainments given by the South Side Entertainment and Lecture association this fall and winter and should appeal to all music lovers.

Five excellent attractions of the course remain and will occur monthly during the winter. Season tickets $1, single admission 35 cents.

There is no comparison to the business men's club lunch served at the Wayne Hotel Cafe. 4-3t

CITY BREVITIES.

Mrs. Emma Orr, 1415 North Calhoun street, underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's hospital yesterday.

Ex-Congressman C. C. Gilhams was at the Randall last night.

SAY! LOOK! LOOK!

Just think of this! Nice pork shoulders, 11c lb; pork sausage, 10c lb; Hamburg steak, 10c lb; pork chops, 12½c lb; leaf lard, 11½c; nice liver, 4c lb; kidneys, 5c lb; hog snouts, 5c lb; pigs' feet, 15c doz; pigs' heads, 15c lb; brains, 8c lb; pickles, 4c doz; sauer kraut, 4c lb. Don't forget to try some of our country style cured hams and bacon. They are fine. Nice dressed chickens for Saturday.

Leikauf Packing Co.

1010 Wells St. and 1428 Calhoun St.

At Bookwalter's Big Removal Sale

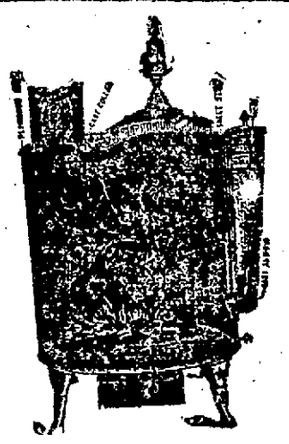
You have only a short time to buy our China Lamps, Glassware, etc., at the cost prices that have prevailed for the last month. We are unable to get in our new building as soon as we expected, so will continue our big sale at the old stand for a short time longer.

Bookwalter's

REMOVAL SALE

We will shortly remove to our new location at 115 E. Wayne St.

If its a good thing Seavey's have it



A SOLID CLAIM

When we state our WILSON AIR TIGHT HEATER is the greatest value obtainable for the money, we mean just what we say. We make it a point never to misrepresent a single article to our customers. Our prosperity is the result of a carefully built reputation. Those who make extravagant claims in their efforts to get our business away from us don't seem to realize that our customers are a class that have big, broad minds of their own—the class capable of thinking and judging accurately. If you are looking for a STOVE THAT WILL WARM YOU give us a call. We have them from $6.50 up.

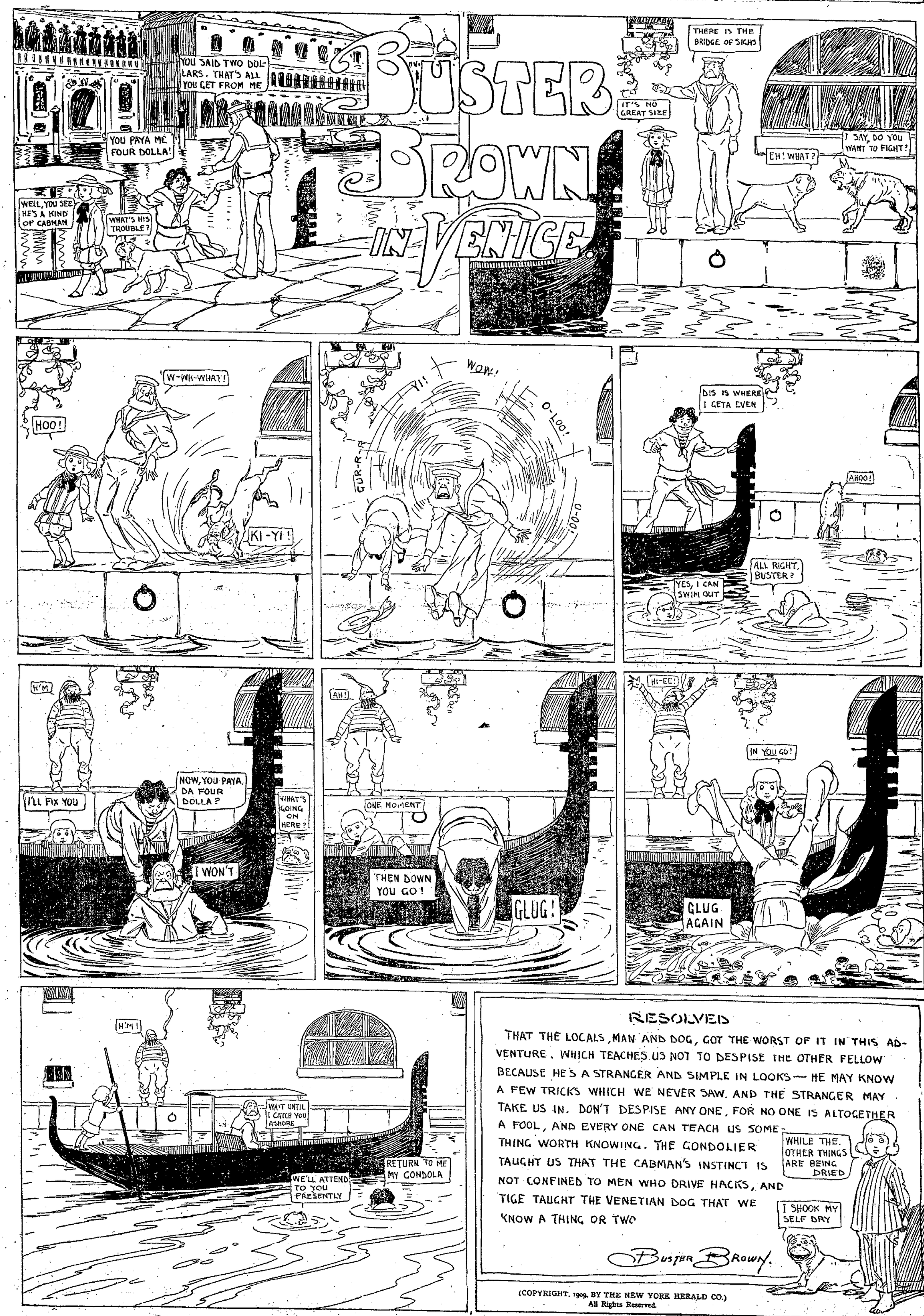
149 SEAVEY'S UP-TO-DATE HARDWARE STORE

The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.



RESOLVED

THAT THE LOCALS, MAN AND DOG, GOT THE WORST OF IT IN THIS ADVENTURE. WHICH TEACHES US NOT TO DESPISE THE OTHER FELLOW BECAUSE HE'S A STRANGER AND SIMPLE IN LOOKS — HE MAY KNOW A FEW TRICKS WHICH WE NEVER SAW. AND THE STRANGER MAY TAKE US IN. DON'T DESPISE ANY ONE, FOR NO ONE IS ALTOGETHER A FOOL, AND EVERY ONE CAN TEACH US SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. THE GONDOLIER TAUGHT US THAT THE CABMAN'S INSTINCT IS NOT CONFINED TO MEN WHO DRIVE HACKS, AND TIGE TAUGHT THE VENETIAN DOG THAT WE KNOW A THING OR TWO

BUSTER BROWN.

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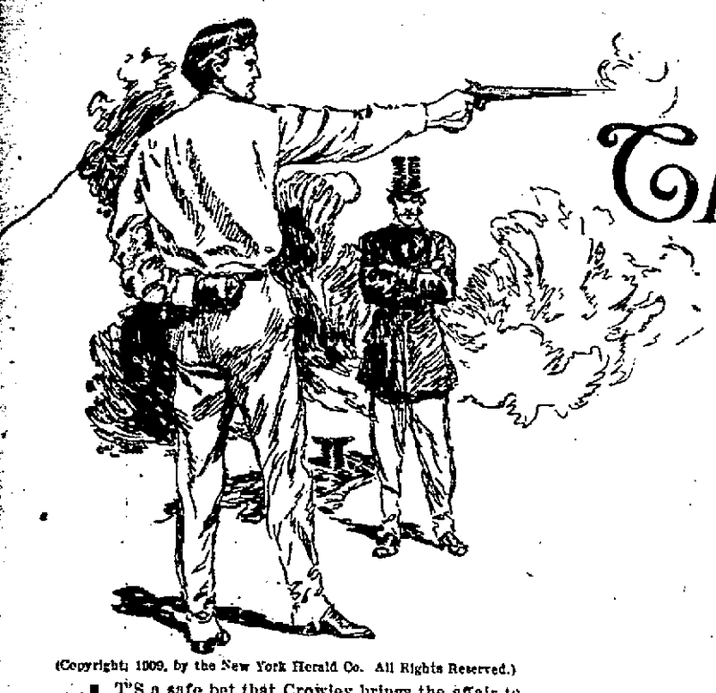

The DAY of the DUEL

TWO—AND A THIRD

(A TRUE STORY)

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"IT'S a safe bet that Crowley brings the affair to a head if the will gives Ellen the money," said the postmaster.

"Crowley? Why Crowley more than Fitch? When a carcass is to be picked there's little choice between the crows," answered his old friend, the court clerk.

"Well, they do say that Crowley has had an eye on Jim O'Neill's money this many a year. I've always supposed he had a long start on any possible competitor. Still, if you put it that way, there's a whole flock able to smell a fortune."

"The rest don't count; they haven't claws nor beaks for the job. But Fitch is flying well up, don't make any mistake. Crowley may be the smartest lawyer in the county, but Fitch is less scrupulous.

"Has it dawned on you yet that we're settling this thing pretty much without considering Ellen?" said the postmaster after a pause. "There's usually some prejudice in favor of young women making their own choice."

"Ellen don't come under the usual head. I happen to know something about her. She was raised in a French convent, and after her mother's death her uncle kept her close. O'Neill was a hard man. He never let more than three or four folks see her at all when he had her here. The rest of the time she was in religious houses."

"Crowley was one of the three or four."

"Yes, and Fitch was another. They both worked in on the old man. He needed them, with his continuous performance of law suits. They're both clever and they're almost the only men she knows."

"She may have a mind of her own."

"The chances are against it. Her mother and the convent and O'Neill crushed that out of her. Here she is a woman of twenty-five, used to being looked after and ordered around. She gets a fortune. She'll fall to the one of the two men that plays sharp and quick."

The opinion of the court clerk was generally held by all who had known the eccentric and his ways. It was confirmed when the will was read and it was found that the entire estate, valued at $400,000, had been left to Ellen Dugray. Those who were first to call upon the young woman with neighborly condolences were satisfied that she was not one to stand alone. Slender and pale, with a rather pretty face, she distinctly gave the impression of helplessness and dependence which the townspeople had been led to expect. At the funeral service it was noticed that she was supported and comforted by Mrs. Jane Taggart, upon whose motherly arm she leaned at trying moments. The postmaster pointed out this fact to the court clerk as they were returning from the cemetery.

"I said Crowley, didn't I? He's first on the ground already. Did you notice Aunt Jane?"

"What's Aunt Jane got to do with it?"

"Nothing, except that she's Joe Taggart's mother and Joe Taggart is Crowley's chief admirer and henchman. It was skilfully done. He has one of his own party to the front at a critical moment. Watch Crowley; he's smiling already."

Wagering on the Result.

During the next week wagers were freely offered and as freely taken on the outcome. It was conceded that Crowley had lost no time in starting his campaign. But Fitch was as assiduous in his visits as his rival, and the issue hung in doubt. The common conviction was that the question would be decided once for all when Ellen indicated which of the two should be her legal adviser. The estate was large and complicated, litigation was still pending and it would be necessary for the young woman to designate some one to take charge of her affairs, since she could not follow the bandit tactics of her uncle.

The first surprise came when it was learned that Ellen had recruited moral support in the person of a distant cousin, a prim and aged lady of formidable respectability, who now took up residence in the O'Neill house. The neighbors in their amiable desire to further the designs of one or other of the pretenders found themselves quietly foiled by the presence of this new factor. Both Fitch and Crowley were matters of supreme indifference to the distaff cousin, and she could not be led or driven into partisanship. Most of the callers retired discouraged from the field. Only Mrs. Taggart, secure in an expansive affection for every one and her homely title of "Aunt Jane," continued undaunted.

The community had already begun to think that the situation would not find so swift a conclusion as had been expected when it sustained another shock. It was announced that neither of the young lawyers was to have the O'Neill estate in charge. Ellen placed her business in the hands of aged Judge Poole, a man of unquestioned integrity, who had been rather hostile to her uncle. The townspeople felt vaguely that they had been defrauded in some way, but there was no doubt that the young woman had acted wisely. The court clerk rubbed his hands in glee, seeing in all these complications the clever checks manipulated by Fitch and scenting a keen contest.

Meanwhile relations between Crowley and Fitch, heretofore marked by outward friendliness, were undergoing a change. They no longer exchanged polite greetings when they met upon the steps of the O'Neill house, nor did they attempt simultaneous visits. The one in possession withdrew when his rival called, and this tacit avoidance of direct conflict remained the sole recognition between them.

Crowley discussed his hopes and his plans with but one person, Joe Taggart. Taggart had attached himself to Crowley in their school days and had since revolved about him as a satellite, singly devoted to his interests, charging himself with political or personal missions at the order of the young lawyer. They made a singular pair—Crowley thin, long of face and nervous; Taggart towering a foot above him, with the shoulders of a Colossus and a shock of red hair. Throughout the county Taggart was known as "Crowley's dancing bear."

They sat of an evening in the rear of Crowley's little office, in the Brick Block, and the lawyer veered to the subject that now lay nearest him.

"What does your mother say, Joe?" he asked.

"Nothing much," growled Taggart. "Fitch was there on Monday and again on Wednesday. He didn't stay long."

"Has he a hold on her, do you think? Was there any thing in the way of business between them?"

"The old lady couldn't find out. But it's a likely thing that O'Neill left something hanging over that gives him an excuse."

Crowley frowned. "I've been afraid of that. He's been there more frequently of late. And she's growing more difficult to understand. At first I was sure of her. She seemed nothing more than a child. But, hang it all, Joe, she's a woman and she makes a man feel it. Have you ever seen her, Joe?"

"Yes. I went with the old lady once or twice. She's pretty enough, I guess."

"Did she ever mention me?"

"No. She didn't say much, except about her uncle."

Crowley began to walk the floor frowning. "This is getting on my nerves, Joe. I'm beginning to think he's making it a personal issue. Have you heard any more about what he's been saying?"

"Except what I told you. He had a little too much one night and he let on he had you blocked. Some of the boys told me."

"Blocked, eh?" said Crowley, with kindling eye. "I'm sure he's been quietly knifing me. I don't know and I can't answer what he's been telling her. But it would be just like him to try and fix my chances that way, wouldn't it, Joe?"

Crowley's Menace.

Taggart nodded, with lowered eyes. "I guess he wouldn't care very much what he said 's long's he got her."

"Let him keep away from that," Crowley broke out sharply. "It lies between us two. If it wasn't for Fitch I'd have her to-morrow. I won't stand by and let him lie me out of the way."

It was a Saturday night and a group had gathered in the room above the Post Office for the weekly game of poker. Fitch and Crowley had absented themselves from the circle for several weeks. In the meantime there had been persistent rumors of increasing hostility between the two lawyers. The postmaster on entering had a bit of news.

"Fitch is coming."

"Then we'll be right on the scene," chuckled the court clerk, "for Crowley is, too."

Taggart had induced his chief to be present. He had brought word that Fitch would play poker, as usual. "You better go," he had said. "It's no use letting him think you're afraid to be near him. Folks are wondering already if it ain't a case of one's afraid and t'other dassn't. He'll get off some crack about your keeping under cover and it won't do you no good."

Crowley and his "dancing bear" were the last to arrive. There were six of them about the round table, with bottles and glasses handy. Fitch and Crowley did not even glance at each other, a fact that was noted with furtive grins among the others. Chips were dealt and the game began without delay. Taggart dropped into the chair next to Fitch, and Crowley took the one between Taggart and the court clerk.

THE FIGHT HAD GONE ON FOR TEN MINUTES.

They played with few words. From the first Fitch won steadily. Fortune also favored Crowley, and at midnight both were well ahead of the game. An hour later they were the only winners at the board and the tension tightened. The situation took on a curious suggestion of hidden significance, as if the cards offered a test of the issue between the two men.

Heated by the excitement and the drink, each emphasized the personal note by directing his play pointedly against the other. Fitch raised Crowley at each opportunity and Crowley responded promptly. The others, losers all, sat with glum faces, hoping for some turn that would allow them to take advantage of the reckless battle. Meanwhile, the hands running persistently toward the two lawyers, the luckless four were winnowed steadily. Taggart called for new cards three times, but the change brought no result.

The court clerk was dealing and Fitch opened the pot. Taggart stayed, as did Crowley. Fitch stood pat and bet the limit, $50. Taggart dropped out and Crowley drew one card. He glanced at it to find that he held a jack full. He raised Fitch the limit. The opener came back again.

"Sorry I'll have to repeat," said Crowley, addressing his rival for the first time and smiling coldly.

"Trotting along," answered Fitch, easily.

They raised back and forth steadily, while the others looked on, fascinated and breathless. There was more than $1,000 on the table when Fitch, with a gesture of impatience, called. Crowley was still smiling.

"I've got a jack full."

"No good: four eights," returned Fitch, and raked down the stakes.

Crowley knew that Fitch by failing to draw a card had overplayed him, and his face was unpleasant as the game proceeded. He played cautiously for a time. There came several passed hands, and with a good pot on the table he looked at his cards to find that he held a pat king full. It was Fitch's deal. Glancing at the court clerk, King, the man who sat next, and the postmaster, Crowley decided that the last could open the pot. When it came his turn he passed. His face reading proved correct and the postmaster opened.

Fitch raised and Taggart dropped out. Crowley raised the limit. The others threw down their hands and the postmaster also quit, showing a pair of aces as openers, with an angry gesture. The struggle was joined once more between the two lawyers. The betting was stiff. The pile of gold and bills on the table grew steadily. Then Crowley brought about a lull by calling and Fitch held the pack ready to deal.

"Help yourself," said Crowley.

Fitch carefully discarded one card and dealt himself another from the pack. He looked at it carefully and the betting began again. It went on until his neatly arranged piles had melted and he was forced to have recourse to his pocketbook. The watchers knew that the ill will between the adversaries was now at white heat and that neither would stop short of his last cent. They bent forward eagerly, while the raising continued back and forth. Taggart was following the play intently, hair awry and chest sunk against the table. Crowley threw down his money to call with an oath and spread his king full upon the table.

"No good: four eights," said Fitch, as before, but his hand trembled a little as he reached for his winnings. Exclamations escaped from the others. It was a remarkable coincidence that he should repeat his hand so soon. Crowley sat back with white face and turned toward Taggart, murmuring something under his breath. Fitch caught a word.

"What's that you said?" he challenged sharply, half rising from his seat. The postmaster started to protest. Just then Taggart leaned over and plucked Crowley's arm. He pulled his chief toward him and pointed over the edge of the table. Under Crowley's chair, in the dust and litter of the floor, lay a card.

With a leap Crowley was past Taggart's outstretched arm. He stooped, picked the card from under the chair and held it over the table under the light, where all might see. It was an eight of hearts.

The design on the back was that of all the packs they had used that evening. Fitch, with staring wrathful eyes, sprang to one side, glaring at his rival.

"W-what the devil is this?" he cried.

Crowley shook the card fiercely before the astonished faces of the other players. "What is it? Look at it and tell us yourself what it is." He threw the eight upon the table by the side of the four eights of Fitch's hand. A tense silence fell upon the group. Every eye was turned sternly upon Fitch, who glanced about as if seeking an ally.

Resented with a Revolver.

"Look here," he said suddenly, advancing upon Crowley. "I don't know what all this means. I didn't see what you did or where you got that card. But, damn you, if you or any other man here means to say there was anything crooked in my play"—— he whipped a hand behind him and a revolver flashed under the lamp. The postmaster rose from his chair and flung himself upon the arm that held the weapon. There was a scuffle and a crashing report. The others threw themselves upon the two. The postmaster, wiry and tough for all his years, had forced the revolver down and held it until Fitch was disarmed. Breathing heavily, the men fell apart once more. There were shouts from the street and the sound of men running.

"I think we'd better adjourn, gentlemen," said the court clerk gravely.

"Not till I settle this thing," cried Fitch, still struggling to reach Crowley.

"It can't be settled here or now," continued the court clerk calmly. "We'll have a crowd on us in a minute." The words seemed to steady Fitch.

"Then, may I ask you to take charge of that money," he asked, "until this affair is cleared up? You shall hear from me, sir," he said, turning to Crowley.

"As soon as you like," said Crowley, leaving the room, with the faithful Taggart at his elbow.

He went over the affair with his follower before they separated. The only question in Crowley's mind was as to the conditions he should name for the meeting.

"He's pretty handy at a mark, isn't he, Joe?"

"Some say the best shot in the State," returned Taggart, "with rifle and revolver. It's no use committing suicide by fighting him that way."

"Well, what then? We'd look pretty fighting with swords, wouldn't we?"

"Now, you hold on a minute," said Taggart with sudden decision. "There ain't much dueling with swords in this country and it would be foolish to try it. But we got something that's pretty near like a sword, and that's a Bowie knife. And if you want precedent for it, why, it's to be had, I guess."

Crowley walked the floor of his little office with short, nervous steps, considering this suggestion. He did not like it. He was no coward, but the thought revolted him. "Why, that's the way roustabouts fight!" he exclaimed. "Men carve each other to strips."

Taggart shrugged his huge shoulders. "What do you want? You're crazy to fight him, and now you've got your fight. With firearms he'll do you sure. With a knife you'll have the advantage in reach and strength. There's that much to choose between them."

A passing thought arrested the lawyer in his restless pacing of the floor. It occurred to him as he looked at the shaggy head and muscled form of his "dancing bear" that Taggart's manner was neither so friendly nor so aggressive in his support as it might have been. But he did not linger upon hint of a new attitude in his henchman. The duel was the pressing subject.

"All right," he said at length. "Knives let it be. But I must insist upon terms that shall remove the affair from the class of a mere rough and tumble. We will meet on horses. I want you to take letters for me to Lavigne and Wilson. I shall ask them to act for me. Good night."

There were few inhabitants of the town next day who did not know something of an impending settlement between the rivals for the hand of Ellen Dugray. The shot from the post office called for explanation and the various versions agreed in stating that the lawyers had brought their quarrel to a head. But the plans were carefully guarded and no definite word was in circulation. The time was set by Crowley for a week ahead in order to baffle the curious and avoid possible interference. It was early on a Monday morning that the opponents, attended by their respective seconds, galloped out of town by different roads to meet in a clover field two miles away. Crowley at the start looked about for Taggart, but the giant failed to put in an appearance.

Fitch had made no objection to the unusual terms of the duel. He came ready for the fray mounted on a stocky little roan, nimble of foot and gentle of temper, having decided that it would be important to hold a steady seat. Crowley rode a spirited bay, a mount that a less expert horseman would scarce have ventured with. He made a gallant figure as he swept the horse in a flashing circle about the field and drew rein at his own end.

Prepared for the Struggle.

The opponents prepared for the struggle according to their agreement. Coats were stripped off and each submitted to examination by a second from the other party so that there might be no question of concealed armor or other protection. Then the bowie knives, identical weapons, carefully ground and sharpened, were placed in their hands. The two parties rode slowly toward each other across the field. They halted ten feet apart, and Wilson, drawing to one side with the three other seconds, repeated the instructions.

"At the given word, gentlemen, you will be free to advance and manoeuvre at discretion. There will be no pause until one is disabled beyond the possibility of continuing or cries for quarter. In either event the combat will cease. You are absolutely forbidden to strike at your opponent's mount. If either is dismounted he will be given an opportunity to regain his saddle before resumption of hostilities."

There was a brief pause while the two men sat quietly, weapons ready, keeping watchful eyes for the first move. Then Wilson drew his horsemen still further aside. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" he shouted.

"Ready!" they replied, with raised spurs and tightened reins.

"Forward!" There was a muffled shout, the twinkle of steel in the level rays of the rising sun, a shock of bodies and the slap of leather. Both men missed in the first vicious slash and the charge of Crowley's bay carried him beyond his adversary. He wheeled and came back more slowly. Fitch, digging a spur, urged his roan in to close quarters and the fighters clinched.

There was swift, deadly work in the rush of hate and the blind rage of combat. Each had caught the other about the neck with his free hand and sought to deliver a fatal stab. The knives descended, rose again. The horses, thrown together, stamped and pranced, but held their relative positions. Crimson splashes appeared on the picture of whirl and struggle. Suddenly Crowley's bay nipped savagely at the roan, and the animals spun apart.

The riders had suffered severely. Both had felt the steel a dozen times. Their shirts were ripped to tatters and stained from deep wounds. Fitch could hardly see, a sweeping slash having laid open his forehead and cheek. Crowley pressed a hand to his left side, where his enemy had reached him sharply. They breathed a moment, then urged their mounts forward again with unabated energy and fury. Fitch, pulling in his roan, reached his left arm about his adversary's waist and held him in an impeding grip while he struck in again and again. Crowley caught the shoulder thus offered him and pushed Fitch down, stabbing at the exposed side with all his strength.

The horses, held neck to rump by the pressure of knee and spur, no longer sought to evade contact and stood quietly enough. The men meanwhile wrestled desperately. Fitch, finding that his waist hold was proving too expensive, released it and used his left arm to ward the blows that Crowley showered upon him. Each tried now to catch a momentary grip upon the other to make an opening for a thrust. The strain began to tell and they fought with less vigor, though with none the less determination.

The fight had gone on for nearly ten minutes. The opponents had lost almost all human semblance. Still the knives gave their ruddy flash and still they worked for death—and life. The men were forced to lean against each other across their saddles for support, gasping, heaving, with spasmodic efforts at a decisive blow. Crowley, leaning his weight upon the blade, almost severed Fitch's arm at the shoulder. The other at the same instant lurched forward and buried his weapon to the hilt in Crowley's breast. Nerve and courage could do no more, and the two dropped together, slid from their saddles and fell to the ground. The seconds, dashing forward, drew them from beneath the trampling hoofs.

Water carried in hats was thrown upon the unconscious combatants. One of Fitch's seconds who had some knowledge of surgery set about binding the terrible wounds. After some time Fitch opened his eyes. As he turned toward his helpless enemy there was a smile on his battered and disfigured face. Presently he knew, from the remarks of his seconds, that Crowley, too, had returned to consciousness.

"Crowley," he called, weakly. The others fell silent. Both men were dying. "Crowley," whispered Fitch again.

"Yes," answered the other, finally.

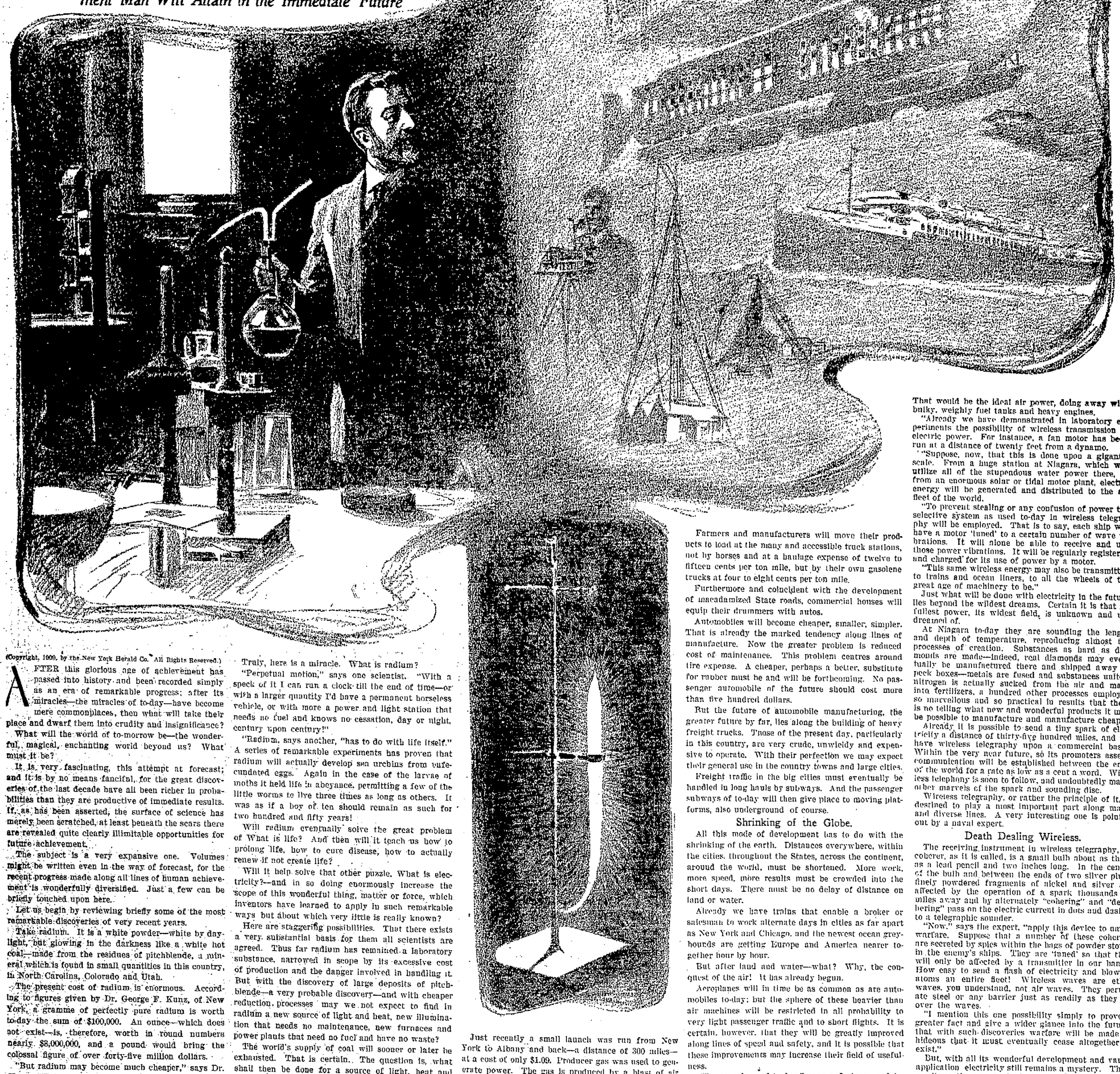
"I—wanted to tell you—that Taggart married Ellen last night. They went over the county line. I was the only one—that saw them go. I—didn't say anything because—because of the—eight of hearts. He—Taggart—put it under my chair."

And Crowley, with grim appreciation, reached out a hand, smiling a little. Under the cloud that hovered close above them both they exchanged a clasp of understanding.

"A Burnt Match." Next Week.

AFTER TO-DAY—WHAT?

Some of the Modern Miracles That Science Is Performing and a Speculation as to What Wonderful Heights of Achievement Man Will Attain in the Immediate Future



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AFTER this glorious age of achievement has passed into history and been recorded simply as an era of remarkable progress; after its miracles—the miracles of to-day—have become mere commonplaces, then what will take their place and dwarf them into crudity and insignificance?

What will the world of to-morrow be—the wonderful, magical, enchanting world beyond us? What must it be?

It is very fascinating, this attempt at forecast; and it is by no means fanciful, for the great discoveries of the last decade have all been richer in probabilities than they are productive of immediate results. If, as has been asserted, the surface of science has merely been scratched, at least beneath the scars there are revealed quite clearly illimitable opportunities for future achievement.

The subject is a very expansive one. Volumes might be written even in the way of forecast, for the recent progress made along all lines of human achievement is wonderfully diversified. Just a few can be briefly touched upon here.

Let us begin by reviewing briefly some of the most remarkable discoveries of very recent years.

Take radium. It is a white powder—white by daylight, but glowing in the darkness like a white hot coal—made from the residues of pitchblende, a mineral which is found in small quantities in this country, in North Carolina, Colorado and Utah.

The present cost of radium is enormous. According to figures given by Dr. George F. Kunz, of New York, a gramme of perfectly pure radium is worth to-day the sum of $100,000. An ounce—which does not exist—is, therefore, worth in round numbers nearly $8,000,000, and a pound would bring the colossal figure of over forty-five million dollars.

"But radium may become much cheaper," says Dr. Kunz. "Take a calcium, for instance. Not long ago it brought $3,000 a pound. To-day you can buy it in England for a shilling a pound. I believe that radium will be more cheaply produced—perhaps along with other minerals, silver for instance. Carnotite, recently discovered in the West in comparatively large quantities, will yield radium—probably at a greatly reduced cost."

A pinch of the powder seen through a spenthariscope gives an appearance, described by Professor Curie, the discoverer, as resembling the birth of creation.

Within the area of a postage stamp is seen a heaven of flashing meteors, most brilliant in the centre, fainter at the rim, where the stars glitter and die away.

These stars are the rays of the powder, ceaselessly in motion and shooting off at a speed estimated as greater than 92,500 miles a second.

With Terrific Energy.

In other words, they are particles of the radium itself; and yet, despite their constant, myriad production and despite the terrific energy of the whole microscopic mass, the actual loss sustained by the radium is practically nil.

That is the most wonderful, scarcely believable property of this miraculous substance. It gives off tremendous heat and a most brilliant light; but herein is the wonder of it all, that it yields that heat and light without any appreciable loss of weight or bulk—and, moreover, it will continue this yield of energy forever!

To put this in concrete form:—Professor Curie estimates that a given quantity of radium will melt its own weight of ice every hour and continue doing so till the end of the world; again, one of his associates calculates that a fixed quantity of radium will throw out light and heat for 1,000,000,000 years and lose only one-millionth of its power.

Truly, here is a miracle. What is radium?

"Perpetual motion," says one scientist. "With a speck of it I can run a clock till the end of time—or with a larger quantity I'd have a permanent horseless vehicle, or with more a power and light station that needs no fuel and knows no cessation, day or night, century upon century!"

"Radium, says another, "has to do with life itself." A series of remarkable experiments has proven that radium will actually develop sea urchins from unfecundated eggs. Again in the case of the larvae of moths it held life in abeyance, permitting a few of the little worms to live three times as long as others. It was as if a boy of ten should remain as such for two hundred and fifty years!

Will radium eventually solve the great problem of What is life? And then will it teach us how to prolong life, how to cure disease, how to actually renew if not create life?

Will it help solve that other puzzle, What is electricity?—and in so doing enormously increase the scope of this wonderful thing, matter or force, which inventors have learned to apply in such remarkable ways but about which very little is really known?

Here are staggering possibilities. That there exists a very substantial basis for them all scientists are agreed. Thus far radium has remained a laboratory substance, narrowed in scope by its excessive cost of production and the danger involved in handling it. But with the discovery of large deposits of pitchblende—a very probable discovery—and with cheaper reduction processes may we not expect to find in radium a new source of light and heat, new illumination that needs no maintenance, new furnaces and power plants that need no fuel and have no waste?

The world's supply of coal will sooner or later be exhausted. That is certain. The question is, what shall then be done for a source of light, heat and power?

Would Pipe Up Liquid Fire.

One daring inventor, a very successful, practical man, says that he will bore through the earth's crust at some thin point, pipe up the liquid fire and generate steam with it. Other solutions, not so remote in possibility, include harnessing the power of the tides and the heat energy of the sun.

The development of wave and tide motors has been retarded by the stormy surface conditions of the ocean; but, one man points out, why not adopt this plan:—Sink a huge platform to a considerable depth, where the pressure is a mighty factor, and get power from the tides by utilizing the change of pressure on the raft as the volume of water above is alternately increased and decreased by the tidal flow.

Solar motors are already in use for pumping and irrigating purposes, principally in California. The solar machine resembles a huge inverted lamp shade. The inside of it is red, with hundreds of mirrors all reflecting inward and upon a common object, a centrally located copper cylinder. Under the dazzling rays concentrated upon it this cylinder glows like a white arclight and generates the steam power that moves the pump.

After all it is but natural to utilize the sun's rays in this dynamic age. Think of the untold power that is wasted day by day! Coal, which we now use as a source of steam and electric energy, is nothing more or less than bottled up sunshine stored up throughout past eras. Why not procure our mechanical power to-day direct from the burning luminary, just as we get our daylight? Why not obtain it upon a vast scale?

So much, briefly, for the future sources of power. In the meantime it is desirable in every way to save coal. That is possible in a number of ways, particularly along lines of maritime transportation.

Just recently a small launch was run from New York to Albany and back—a distance of 300 miles—at a cost of only $1.09. Producer gas was used to generate power. The gas is produced by a blast of air driven through a bed of burning coals and is purified by a water bath.

"We shall soon have smokeless ships," declares an authority, "run at one-fifth the present cost. Producer gas saves bunker space, boiler equipment and obviates the danger of bursting steam pipes. Battle ships will have a clear horizon along with many other advantages of warfare, and as for the benefits in manufacturing industries the saving in coal will amount to many millions a year."

Because of the lack of water, producer gas is not practicable in railroad transportation. However, it is not needed. The problem here is wholly different. A glance into the future of land transportation in general discloses some interesting changes.

First of all, railroad trunk lines will be electrified. That will be brought about upon a general scale in the near future. Moreover, the eclipse of the steam locomotive—even on branch lines—is freely predicted. At present the trolley roads have not only taken the passenger traffic from parallel steam railroad lines, but entered first and opened up new territory upon a very large scale. But trolley lines, it is asserted, with their expensive upkeep and roadbed, must eventually go down before the era of good roads and automobile passenger lines.

What, then of the future of transportation? It offers here a hurried picture as it was given me by one who has studied the subject.

The big arteries of the huge system to be will consist of the electrified transcontinental railroad lines. They will extend their service—not as at present by fixed roadbeds and regular trains which are moved on schedule, whether or not they have their quota of freight and passengers, but by automobile truck lines, which require no rails and which can be moved in off seasons to further points and centralized in districts to meet the rush of crops or passenger traffic.

Farmers and manufacturers will move their products to load at the many and accessible truck stations, not by horses and at a haulage expense of twelve to fifteen cents per ton mile, but by their own gasolene trucks at four to eight cents per ton mile.

Furthermore and coincident with the development of macadamized State roads, commercial houses will equip their drummers with autos.

Automobiles will become cheaper, smaller, simpler. That is already the marked tendency along lines of manufacture. Now the greater problem is reduced cost of maintenance. This problem centres around tire expense. A cheaper, perhaps a better, substitute for rubber must be and will be forthcoming. No passenger automobile of the future should cost more than five hundred dollars.

But the future of automobile manufacturing, the greater future by far, lies along the building of heavy freight trucks. Those of the present day, particularly in this country, are very crude, unwieldy and expensive to operate. With their perfection we may expect their general use in the country towns and large cities.

Freight traffic in the big cities must eventually be handled in long hauls by subways. And the passenger subways of to-day will then give place to moving platforms, also underground of course.

Shrinking of the Globe.

All this mode of development has to do with the shrinking of the earth. Distances everywhere, within the cities, throughout the States, across the continent, around the world, must be shortened. More work, more speed, more results must be crowded into the short days. There must be no delay of distance on land or water.

Already we have trains that enable a broker or salesman to work alternate days in cities as far apart as New York and Chicago, and the newest ocean greyhounds are getting Europe and America nearer together hour by hour.

But after land and water—what? Why, the conquest of the air! It has already begun.

Aeroplanes will in time be as common as are automobiles to-day; but the sphere of these heavier than air machines will be restricted in all probability to very light passenger traffic and to short flights. It is certain, however, that they will be greatly improved along lines of speed and safety, and it is possible that these improvements may increase their field of usefulness.

"The aeroplane of to-day," says a designer and inventor, "has proven that a flying machine is a practicable thing, but that is all. Now we must perfect them.

"First of all, the friction surface must be greatly diminished. As a parallel illustration take the development of the hydroplane boat from the steamship. The latter is broad and bulky, presenting a large friction surface against the water. The hydroplane when at top speed—forty-five miles an hour has already been obtained and sixty miles is possible—is elevated clear out of the water and rides on small planes.

"The aeroplane of to-day is altogether too broad and clumsy. Why not get rid of all this unnecessary friction surface and make them narrow. I have in mind a 'ribbon' style, which will allow the machine to be lengthened or shortened at will—in other words, furled like a sail.

"Aeroplanes then will compose the 'mosquito' fleet of the future; the heavy passenger and freight traffic of the skies will be carried by airships.

"They, too, will be greatly changed. The gas bag will be longer, more slender and sharp pointed at the ends, so that the air will hasten, instead of retard, its progress, as at present, by resistance in front and by suction behind. Air will be used in central compartments for ballast and the propeller will be stationed along the sides, like the side wheels of old fashioned steamboats.

"Shall we have Mauretanias of the air? Why, yes. I look to see airships one thousand feet long, with heavy passenger facilities and a speed attainment of at least sixty miles an hour. That will bring Europe within forty-eight hours' travel of this country. Perhaps the entire commerce of land and sea will also eventually be handled by these air monsters.

"Really, the problem of their practicable construction is not so difficult as the building of docks to hold them. They are safe enough in their own element—the air. They can beat a forty mile wind and make it harmless. But how to anchor them—that is the greater question.

"Now you may take another step forward. From what source will the air leviathan derive its power? Why not electric energy with wireless transmission? That would be the ideal air power, doing away with bulky, weighty fuel tanks and heavy engines.

"Already we have demonstrated in laboratory experiments the possibility of wireless transmission of electric power. For instance, a fan motor has been run at a distance of twenty feet from a dynamo.

"Suppose, now, that this is done upon a gigantic scale. From a huge station at Niagara, which will utilize all of the stupendous water power there, or from an enormous solar or tidal motor plant, electric energy will be generated and distributed to the air fleet of the world.

"To prevent stealing or any confusion of power the selective system as used to-day in wireless telegraphy will be employed. That is to say, each ship will have a motor 'tuned' to a certain number of wave vibrations. It will alone be able to receive and use those power vibrations. It will be regularly registered and charged for its use of power by a motor.

"This same wireless energy may also be transmitted to trains and ocean liners, to all the wheels of the great age of machinery to be."

Just what will be done with electricity in the future lies beyond the wildest dreams. Certain it is that its fullest power, its widest field, is unknown and undreamed of.

At Niagara to-day they are sounding the length and depth of temperature, reproducing almost the processes of creation. Substances as hard as diamonds are made—indeed, real diamonds may eventually be manufactured there and shipped away in peck boxes—metals are fused and substances united, nitrogen is actually sucked from the air and made into fertilizers, a hundred other processes employed so marvellous and so practical in results that there is no telling what new and wonderful products it may be possible to manufacture and manufacture cheaply.

Already it is possible to send a tiny spark of electricity a distance of thirty-five hundred miles, and we have wireless telegraphy upon a commercial basis. Within the very near future, so its promoters assert, communication will be established between the ends of the world for a rate as low as a cent a word. Wireless telephony is soon to follow, and undoubtedly many other marvels of the spark and sounding disc.

Wireless telegraphy, or rather the principle of it, is destined to play a most important part along many and diverse lines. A very interesting one is pointed out by a naval expert.

Death Dealing Wireless.

The receiving instrument in wireless telegraphy, or coherer, as it is called, is a small bulb about as thick as a lead pencil and two inches long. In the centre of the bulb and between the ends of two silver plugs finely powdered fragments of nickel and silver are affected by the operation of a spark thousands of miles away and by alternately "cohering" and "decohering" pass on the electric current in dots and dashes to a telegraphic sounder.

"Now," says the expert, "apply this device to naval warfare. Suppose that a number of these coherers are secreted by spies within the bags of powder stored in the enemy's ships. They are 'tuned' so that they will only be affected by a transmitter in our hands. How easy to send a flash of electricity and blow to atoms an entire fleet! Wireless waves are ether waves, you understand, not air waves. They permeate steel or any barrier just as readily as they go over the waves.

"I mention this one possibility simply to prove a greater fact and give a wider glance into the future; that with such discoveries warfare will be made so hideous that it must eventually cease altogether to exist."

But, with all its wonderful development and varied application electricity still remains a mystery. There are its earth currents, for instance. Just recently batteries were burned out in the underground wire system in New York by some tremendous current, and yet with batteries gone the telephone and telegraph service continued without interruption.

What and whence was this river of electricity? How and where will it be found and utilized?

Again, there's the new and untried field of chemistry. The discovery of radium completely upset some of its basic laws. Is it possible that, working along new lines, we shall be able to transmute metals, to turn lead into gold and upset the present world's monetary standard? Such advances are by no means improbable. Surely the miracle of radium means other miracles.

The science of medicine is still more indefinite; and yet, together with surgery, it has practically been revolutionized within the last score of years. The dread contagious diseases have been mastered, the blind made to see, the deaf to hear, cripples to walk erect, vital organs formerly held exempt from the surgeon's knife are now successfully operated on; indeed, the field is too broad, the advances too many to be even touched upon here.

These are the truths that concern us most:—True of medicine as of less vital sciences, that the advance is but just begun, that the future is pregnant with many more and still more wonderful discoveries.

Here is a point in evidence:—Of late the interest of the world has been stirred with the mysteries of spiritualism. So many and so remarkable are the manifestations, so earnest is the belief of many scientists of note, that the most sceptical are forced to believe in the existence of a spirit world. Yet, in the face of this a new word comes from Paris, that the apparent mysteries of spiritualism are really nothing more or less than the mysteries of the human nervous system, about which we know comparatively little.

So here is a new and wonderful field for experimentation and discovery. Perhaps along these lines we shall solve the problem of what is life?

People have ceased to marvel any more. The new world is here, and its newness dazzles but does not disturb our belief. But the greater glow by far is the glow just above the present day horizon, the glow of the days to come, and we are watching with eager eyes for the signs and realities. After to-day, what?

A Page of Interest to Women

Kitchen Utensils a Bride Will Need in a New Home

Baking Pans, Muffin and Cake Tins, Broilers—Kettles for Boiling and Baking—Brooms, Dust Pans, Cloths, Etc.

Furnishing a kitchen seems a costly and difficult task to the newly married woman, who must purchase every spoon, pan, brush, etc., for use in her new home.

That baking pans, those for muffins, cake tins, kettles for boiling and dishes for baking must be provided she knows, and notes them down cheerfully, and broom, dust pan, pail and mop she will also think of, but she is not likely to provide a short brush for the stairs, nor a second dust pan, the latter to be held in reserve in the kitchen, for the one that is used on a greasy floor must not be put on carpets.

Soap dishes over the sink and a soap cage to hold the small pieces must be on the list. At least one dish pan and a drainer are necessary, while a dish cloth and certainly six towels are indispensable.

A colander, a small and medium sized strainer, a double boiler, a frying pan and one deep kettle for fat, a broiler for fish and another for steak are among the necessities. Dishes for putting away food in the refrigerator will be needed, as will a rolling pin and board, and, if desserts are to be made, small moulds must be bought.

A mat to put on the floor in front of a sink is a necessity, not a luxury, for this is a place that is often wet, and the floor cannot be kept clean if the wood is soaked all the time. A wooden roller and towels for it must be part of the equipment. A poker, coal hod—two of the latter, one used for ashes, the other for coal—will be needed, and possibly a shovel for coal will be necessary. Two or three chairs, a table and a cover for it, and a lamp if electricity is the lighting agent, for economy must be practiced in the lighting of a house.

Wooden spoons and tin ones, large and small knives, forks, etc., may be bought in large numbers. Butter paddles are wanted to make that table commodity look attractive. An ice pick, one garbage can, or perhaps two, and a brush and shovel for the sink.

Even the tiniest laundry brings the need for clothes pins, line and basket, as well as washboard and boiler, although in apartments where the water is very hot the tin cooker is not always required.

A young housekeeper whose new cook makes constant demands upon her for utensils will find after careful inquiry as to the reason for these requests that the woman is not asking for fancy articles, and so she should do her best to supply all pans, etc., that are needed every day.

Stylish Models for Winter Coats

These three stunning coat models, so different in design, are among the newest styles that will be worn in Paris during the fall and coming winter.

The long wraps will, of course, be more popular than the comparatively short ones, for they are better suited to the figures of the average woman.

Any of these models, if duplicated in heavy cloth or furs, will make excellent garments for use in the cold weather.

Louis XV. Gown in Gold

POSED BY MISS WELLINGTON OF THE "LOVE CURE" CO. PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

The contemporary period of La Valliere and De Montespan has bequeathed most gorgeous costume effects to the followers of the Louis era in dress, as is illustrated by this frock of tan chiffon laid over gold net. The skirt of gold colored satin opens over a brocaded petticoat of blue and gold metallic stuff.

The long pointed bodice is shown and above it is a girdle of rusty gold—a feature of the Louis XV. period. With this dress golden brown gloves, embroidered in yellow, are worn.

How to Make Hair Glossy

To keep the hair bright and glossy, and encourage a strong and rapid growth, few better methods exist than that of ventilation.

The treatment should be practised for five minutes each day, night and morning. The tresses should be separated one by one and shaken gently and slowly, so that the air may penetrate between the strands. If a maid's help is obtainable, a still better result can be secured, the attendant fanning the air gently onto the hair with the right hand, while supporting one lock at a time with the other. This must be persisted in until the hair feels light and the scalp cool and refreshed.

Besides proving excellent for the hair, the treatment is wonderfully stimulating after severe brain work, and has been much recommended in nervous complaints, of which headache and insomnia form a part.

Another excellent method of making the hair soft and silky is that known as the "lime treatment," says Woman's Life.

Before washing it the skin of the head should be rubbed with a cut lime, the juice being left on the hair for five minutes, when it should be washed off quickly in warm soft water in which a little borax has been dissolved, the hair being afterward shampooed with the yolk of an egg. To do this effectively the yolk should be rubbed over the hair evenly and left to sink into the roots for a quarter of an hour, after which it may be rinsed off with the aid of tepid water, the hair being afterward washed with good soap in the usual way.

Miss Amy F. Ching, of China, has entered Wellesley college to equip herself to be a teacher in her native land. She is pointed out by her friends as a self-made girl.

How to Clean Upholstered Furniture for Winter

Silk Covered Pieces Should be Brushed with a Soft Clothes Broom—While Velvet, Corduroy, Plush Should be Beaten with Rattan Stick.

Housekeepers doubtless will take advantage of these pleasant fall days to renovate and freshen upholstered furniture that has been swathed in linen covers during the summer months. Writing of these slip covers reminds me of a remark once made in my presence by an authority on upholstery. He said: "People cover their furniture as a means of preserving it, and while the colors may be kept from fading, slips really hasten the wear of the article beneath, especially if the furniture is in constant use."

As a rule housekeepers put on the covers in early summer and seldom remove them until fall, being content to use a whisk or a cloth to wipe off dust.

And as dust sifts through covers in almost the same way that it does through floor coverings, the fabric beneath becomes full of dust, and when sat upon a continual grind is kept up by the particles under the slips, so that, when the upholstery fabric is of silk, dust often cuts it in places. Oftentimes dust eats into the pile of velvet and plush, making dislodgement so difficult that vigorous means must be used to clean it, and, naturally, this destroys the fabric.

After removing the covers the furniture should be taken into the open air, and if of velvet, plush or corduroy, must be lightly beaten with a rattan carpet beater. Tufted furniture requires care in cleansing, whether flat buttons or silk tufts are used.

For this cleaning the best implement for removing dust from under the tufts is a small round paint brush, sufficiently stiff to force itself into crevices. It must not be too harsh, or it will injure the fabric.

Use Clothes Brush.

An English clothes brush is better than a whisk broom for brushing velvet and silk, because it is made with hair bristles. An old silk handkerchief is the best kind of cloth to use on silk pieces, for it can be rubbed smoothly over the surface and worked by the fingers, wrapped with a bit of the handkerchief, into all the corners and crevices.

Spots and soil are apt to come to light after furniture has been covered for the summer. These defects generally respond to home treatment. For example, if grease caused the stain a warm iron and paper method may be applied, afterward rubbing with chloroform or ether. These fluids will not harm the most delicate colors or fabrics.

Velvet, however, must not be subjected to the warm iron, because the pile would be crushed if so pressed. Ether generously applied will probably remove the stains, but, should it fail, try any of a number of good preparations for such purposes that are for sale upon the market.

Blood stains will respond if covered with a paste made from raw cornstarch and water and exposed to the sun for a day, and glycerine and alcohol in equal quantities are said to be valuable in the removal of fruit stains, should one be so unfortunate as to have upholsteries so marred.

After applying this mixture clean, warm water should be used as a rinse.

In using all remedies it should be borne in mind that rubbing roughens the material, so a gentle dabbing of the solvent, with the use of a clean cloth, answers the purpose. It is a mistake to spread stains by the careless use of home remedies.

If in the process of removing stains the color becomes affected it can generally be restored by touching lightly with chloroform.

Tapestry coverings may be thoroughly brushed with a fairly stiff whisk broom, and if faded or shabby may be freshened by wiping quickly with a clean cloth wrung out of a solution of ammonia, one to twenty parts of hot water.

Ink Eradicator Will Remove Stains.

For ink stains ink eradicator is recommended. Fresh ink stains will disappear if quickly covered with salt. Varnish stains may be removed with alcohol.

Frames of upholstered furniture will need freshening as much as the covering, so if the wood is dirty it should first be washed with warm soap and water. This process will not harm any kind of wood. After the cleansing the wood should be wiped thoroughly dry with clean rags and then polished. For this process there are many prepared polishes but personally I have been successful with a mixture of crude oil and turpentine in equal quantities. This finisher is applied to the wood with a piece of flannel and afterward polished with a soft rag. There may be polishes that are more brilliant for the time, but the homemade one I speak of lasts. It is a cheap preparation for keeping stained floor in condition.

ELIZABETH LEE.

Stunning Afternoon Coat and Skirt Costumes

These coat and skirt suits made from fine woolens are as appropriate for afternoon wear as the popular one-piece dress, provided fancy blouses are used to complete the toilet.

The wrap, with the long pointed fronts, is especially dressy, being fastened with two medallions of silk braid. The other two suits are far from plain, being effectively decorated with braid and silk, respectively.

Home Made Polishes Will Often Make Furniture Shine

To cleanse one's furniture in the autumn, with special attention to renewing its freshness, is sometimes to save money otherwise spent at a cabinet maker's. And for this work a most excellent home made polish for any hard wood is one composed of one-third each of wood alcohol, vinegar and olive oil. An eighth of the quantity of linseed oil added will increase its polishing capacities, but this necessitates greater elbow grease to prevent stickiness of the wood surface.

Powdered pumice and olive oil make a cleanser for mahogany, than which nothing is better. Especially with an old piece, the beauty and depth of color may be entirely dimmed by dust and dirt that has collected through the months, if not the years. The best way of treating it then is to have a soft bit of cloth—cheese cloth is good; wet it with oil and then dip into finely powdered pumice. With the pad thus made the wood is rubbed vigorously, renewing the oil or powder as needed, according to the condition of the swab. It will rapidly become dirty and must be folded under from time to time that the old dirt shall not be rubbed in again.

After every inch has been gone over this way the piece is to be rubbed with polish, preferably that containing linseed oil. Cheese cloth is best for putting it on and the finishing rub must be with flannel or other material equally soft.

One of the most valuable bits of home knowledge, as far as furniture is concerned, is a treatment to be given when heat has taken the luster from a highly varnished service. The spot that is scarred from water or metal is covered thickly with salt, and over this olive oil is poured until the stained place is hidden. Care is to be taken that the grease does not run while on the floor, the scar itself is saturated. This bath stands for three or four hours, or even longer, in very obstinate cases. Then it is vigorously rubbed with a soft cloth and wiped dry. Uusually the stain, unless the wood itself has been injured, is entirely gone. Should it still remain, another coating of salt and olive oil may be put on, to stand for twelve hours or more. There must be enough oil for the bath to be a liquid one.

Brass beds which are lacquered may be cleaned by washing quickly with a soft cloth wet in warm water and soap. The work should be done rapidly and the metal is only moistened, not wet. A final polish with whiting will increase the finish. Unlacquered brass should have a preliminary rubbing with a cloth wet with vinegar and salt, the vinegar being heated if the metal is stained. A good wiping, and final polish with whiting, dry, will bring it to pristine freshness.

Attractive Child's Bonnet

PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

The headgear for grown folk is, in man cases, obliterating some of the huge bonnet effects, while for wee girls they are still more eclipsing. However, only a little girl with fluffy hair can wear such big bonnets, but on her they are bewitching.

This illustrated model is a large mushroom shape, covered with shell pink satin with a brim scooping up at the back, to show the golden curls and the wide band. The large bows of black velvet are decidedly chic.

A PRETTY CRAVAT.

There is a pretty cravat that any girl could make for herself at a very slight cost, though the finished article was marked $2.75. It is made from a fine linen handkerchief, with quarter-inch hemstitched, hem cut into two pieces, one measuring one and one-half inches longer than the other. The hem is decorated with dots in a dainty blue mercerized thread, and then the longer piece is knife pleated, the pleats close together and facing each other. The shorter piece is similarly pleated, but an inch or more was left plain down the center to serve as a background for a little simple embroidery. The shorter falls directly over the longer end.

A RELIGIOUS AUTHOR'S STATEMENT.

Rev. Joseph H. Fesperman, Salisbury, N. C., who is the author of several books, writes: "For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was suddenly stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. My urine contained a thick white sediment and I passed same frequently day and night. I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the pain gradually abated and finally ceased and my urine became normal. I cheerfully recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy." Dreier Bros.

LACE AND FUR.

Lace and fur is ever a delightful combination, and hitherto it has been considered a sufficiently handsome one as applied to millinery, but I saw a hat recently that for beauty and richness could scarcely be surpassed, trimmed with lace and fur and yet further enchanced by an immense aigrette held by a jewelled cabochon. The large drooping hat was of banana felt with tan crown of brown velvet. A frill of lace fell from the top of the crown at the edge all around headed by a band of mink. Tails mingled with the lace upon the right side, the aigrette and jewel being set at the left side front.

HOW IT MAY BE DONE.

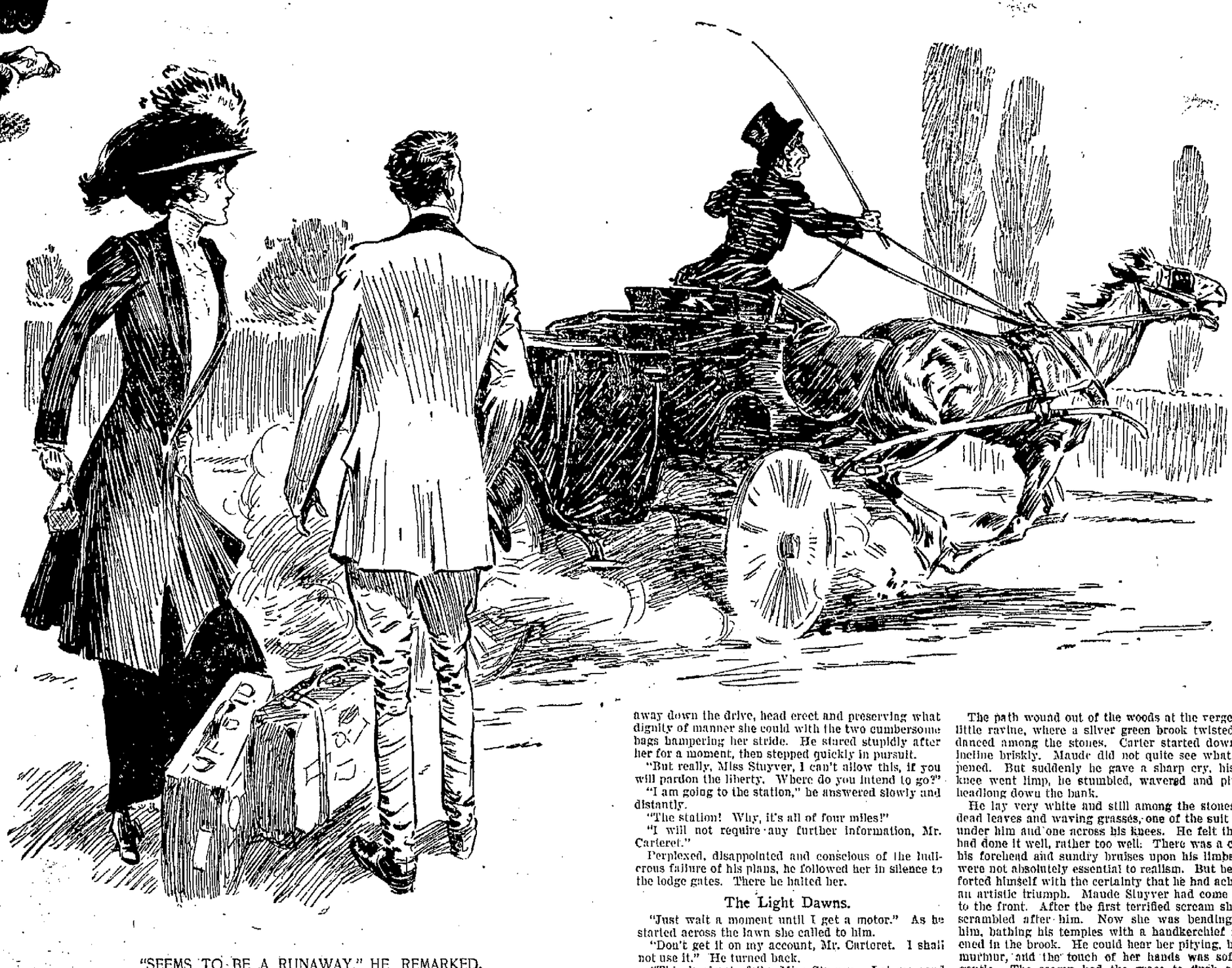
Women are often annoyed by stains of perspiration in the coat sleeves, yet object to shields on the plea of unsightliness when the coat is removed at any time during a call or upon similar occasions.

This is true, but the plan of covering large shields with silk matching the lining of the coat corrects this and preserves the coat perfectly at the same time. There is, too, the suggestion of ripping the lining and inserting a shield, afterward neatly sewing up the rip.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly, strengthens the lungs and expels colds. Get the genuine in a yellow package. Dreier Bros.

THE SOCIETY WOLF

A FLANK ATTACK



"SEEMS TO BE A RUNAWAY," HE REMARKED.

BY LUKE THRICE.

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"I SHALL telegraph Maude Stuyver to come on Tuesday," said Mrs. Demaar.

"You don't mean Tuesday, do you? That's the day of the paper chase, you know," her husband objected mildly.

"Of course. How stupid of me! Wednesday, then. You'll stay over Wednesday, won't you, Mr. Carteret?" she called.

Robert Carter, occupied with a late breakfast, gave instant assent to his charming hostess, who looked in from the veranda with her question. She was selecting golf sticks preparatory to a foursome with Demaar and the Varicks. Others of the large house party had already scattered upon the vast estate, using the automobiles, the horses, the tennis courts, the shooting range, as suited each best. The Demaars had learned how to obtain the one thing they coveted, a constant contingent and a gay one in their huge house.

"Dear lady," said the Virginian, gallantly, "I believe the only way you can ever get rid of me is through eviction proceedings."

"As if I didn't know you," she returned. "You'll be off some day on half an hour's notice and we won't see you again for six months. But you really must stay until Maude comes. Have you ever met her?"

Carter had met her, though it was not a matter that lent itself to discussion. "I think we have been introduced," he said, briefly.

"A wonderful girl," put in Demaar. "So direct, so simple and wholehearted. I'm glad you're going to have her, Carrie."

"Perhaps I'd better not if she inspires you to that kind of idiocy," she answered tartly. "Fancy calling Maude simple! Why, she has absolutely perfect control of her two brothers. They jump through a ring or turn somersaults at command. No woman who can manage the Stuyver boys the way Maude does can be simple. However, she's a dear. I'll have James take the message when he drives down to the station."

Carter noted, and the first flash of a plan came to him. When the golf party was almost ready to start Mrs. Demaar looked in upon him again. "What have you in mind for this morning?" she asked.

"A hammock and that rare edition of Montaigne," he answered precisely.

"Well, if that's all I'll trouble you to make my excuses to Mr. Benham. He'll be down before noon, and it would be a dreadful nuisance if I had to leave the game to receive him. Charles, the butler, knows what room to give him."

Carter, sauntering into the drawing room a few moments later, heard the voices of the golf players as they left the veranda, then the clear tones of Mrs. Demaar delivering orders to some functionary. "The telegram is on the table in the entrance hall. Don't let James forget it." A respectful murmur gave answer.

The Substituted Word.

Carter crossed quickly into the hall. Up to this instant he could not have said that he had a clear intention, but he acted now without hesitation. There was a long table in front of the rough stone fireplace. On it lay a yellow telegram form bearing the message to Maude Stuyver scribbled in broad, soft pencil. There were no sounds to announce the approach of the functionary. Carter knew that he was the only one of the guests remaining in the house. Swiftly, with deft fingers, he drew a pencil from his pocket, set the rubber nub upon the paper, neatly erased a word and substituted another, imitating Mrs. Demaar's hurried scrawl well enough. It was all done before the closing of a door at the rear warned him. He slipped into the library and picked up a book. A minute later Charles, the funereal butler, paced through the hall, picked up the telegram and departed. The machinery of the Virginian's little plot was started.

Benham came down in his automobile about eleven o'clock and Carter greeted him on the steps. "Mrs Demaar couldn't wait for you, old chap, so I volunteered. Just like her, isn't it?"

"I couldn't quite say you'd do as well, could I?" laughed Benham, with just a trace of embarrassment in his manner as they shook hands. "But it is like Carrie."

For the next hour conversation was rather monotonous, but as they were walking the veranda Carter approached the subject which lay between them and which, as he was conscious, his companion had deliberately avoided.

"And the country club?" the Virginian began.

"I—I'm awfully sorry, Carteret, old boy," said Benham, with real distress on his face. "I don't seem to be able to make it go."

"What's the use of throwing the veil of convention about the matter, Benham, as we've been doing for the last two months? What's gone wrong?"

"If I've been silent it was only because I found unexpected opposition. A man doesn't like to be told such things."

"Bosh! I can tell you now the reason why I am not a member of the Greenbough Country Club. The name of it is Stephen Stuyver. He's the only one on the Membership Committee who doesn't favor me. Am I right" Benham nodded. "I've known it all along," Carter went on. "He's too old fashioned. I never could make any impression on him. You haven't proposed me, then?"

"No. I made preliminary inquiry, to avoid embarrassment."

"May I ask you to propose me during the next month some time?"

"Surely, if you want to bring it to an issue."

"That's just what I want. Thanks, old fellow."

For the last year R. Pendleton Carteret might have been discerned hovering along the difficult line of approach that led within the gilded portals of the Greenbough Country Club. It was the wealthiest and one of the most exclusive among such organizations in the suburban territory. He had reached a point in his social campaign where clubs became necessary and had finally selected this, with Benham as personal manager. For some time of late the conviction had grown upon his that Stuyver would prove an unsurmountable obstacle.

Tuesday, the day of the paper chase, brought a cloudless morning. The air was sweet and sharp, with a tang like sparkling wine, and the wind piped cheerily along the dry, brown Jersey hills and hollows. The trail had been laid for a ten mile chase, with luncheon at the end. They were not to return until late in the afternoon.

As the young folk, in high spirits at the prospect of perfect weather and hard riding, moved out to the drive where the horses were waiting, Carter scattered his attentions so successfully that he was able to avoid attaching himself to any one for the day. When the cavalcade started with hallooing and the clatter of hoofs he dashed into the van. The chase led along the road for half a mile, then over a strip of meadow into the brown and crimson woods. Carter, pounding close after the leaders, found himself hidden by a turn from those who followed. He swung aside from the forest track and dashed into the denser growth. A hundred yards further he pulled up and waited until the whole noisy troop swept past. Then he made his way sedately homeward. Near Lawncrest he dismounted and pried loose one of the horse's shoes. On returning he gave a picturesque description of the mishap to the stableman.

Waiting for Results.

The morning train was due at the station, four miles distant, at nine o'clock. As he ensconced himself comfortably in a bamboo steamer chair on the veranda Carter pictured to himself events that would be taking place there within a few minutes. There was a combined lumber yard and livery stable in the village, with one rig. He remembered that distinctly. He had ascertained that there was no train back before noon. The Demaars had a telephone at Lawncrest, but it was a private number and he did not believe that Maude Stuyver knew it. Altogether the situation promised well and he settled to a peaceful hour with Montaigne.

Upon the bright peace of the autumn morning there arose a sharp complaint. Its note was vague at first, but persistent. Carter sat up expectantly. The sound resolved itself presently into a metallic whine, with a dull, spanking undertone. Carter smiled. From the edge of the boxwood hedge that concealed the road a vehicle hove into view, turning with deliberation through the gates and into the drive. It was the one ancient conveyance of the livery stable, with the one angular horse between the shafts and the one lanky driver on the seat. Back of him, very straight, very pink and very pretty, sat Maude Stuyver.

The Virginian was suddenly aware that the game would be difficult. There was a look in the girl's face that spoke warning. At the proper instant he descended the steps with the tolerant, good natured smile he always wore in the presence of persons who did not like him.

"Here already, Miss Stuyver?" he said. "I had heard you were coming"

The girl's poise stiffened still more as she returned his bow. He held out a hand. She ignored it. "May I assist you?" he explained. She shook her head and stepped lightly from the dusty ark. The driver, one leg thrown over the side of the seat, grinned appreciatively at the little tableau. Miss Stuyver was not only angry but puzzled. She moved toward the steps, hesitated and searched the verandas with snapping eyes. This was Carter's chance. Slipping around to the far side of the dilapidated conveyance he lifted two suit cases from under the seat. The driver, twisting about to observe him, had a vision of a yellow bill held almost under his nose and an energetic hand that signalled him the way to the gate. He grinned, winked, seized the bill and lifted the whip from the socket. Suddenly there was a snort, a crash, a rattle as of falling slats, and the carriage lurched forward.

"Who-a-a!"

Miss Stuyver turned in time to see her outfit spin around the circle of the drive in a cloud of dust and gravel, with the lanky liveryman tugging in apparent helplessness at the reins and the angular animal making miraculous speed. The creaking, hammering, protesting vehicle whirled dangerously around the turn to the road, making a dramatic and effective exit. Carter stared after the spectacle for a moment in silence.

"Seems to be a runaway," he remarked.

Miss Stuyver said nothing. Carter could not blame her. He could feel, as he had felt before, that there are times when the convention that places a ban upon certain expressions for the use of the gentler sex comes hard. Her face had changed from pink to white, and her little mouth was firm set. She glanced again at the empty verandas, the lawn, the walks. There was no one in sight—no one, that is, but R. Pendleton Carteret. The need was too great, and she turned upon him. He still smiled calmly.

"Can you extend me the slightest hint as to the meaning of all this?" she asked, and her voice was like the edge of a knife cut from ice. Carter took time to observe that he had never given her credit for being half so handsome as she was.

The Telegram.

"I should be delighted to give you any information in my power," he bowed, picking up the suit cases and starting up the steps.

"Kindly leave them here," she said. He returned obediently. "Do you know where Mrs. Demaar is?"

"At this moment I should say she was somewhere about six miles to the west, but"——

"And Mr. Demaar?"

"Yes, he's along too. You see"——

"Then there is no one at Lawncrest?"

"No one but myself. What I was trying to say is that there's a paper chase on. My mount lost a shoe, so I returned."

Her eyes were suspiciously bright now and her lips lost their determined hardness. She forgot, for the moment, that the one she addressed was R. Pendleton Carteret, a man who had been quietly swept into her own private little oblivion at a word from her brothers. "But this is incomprehensible," she broke out. "I had a telegram from Carrie telling me to come on the morning train to-day. Here it is."

She opened a purse and drew out a folded telegram, which she handed to him. He glanced at it. "Most extraordinary!" he exclaimed warmly. "It says Tuesday and the morning train. Some more of Carrie's forgetfulness. You mustn't hold it against her, Miss Stuyver. She's always doing something like this."

"Does that make it any less humiliating? When I reached the station there was no one to meet me. I meant to go straight back, but I would have had to wait three hours for a train. So I took the back."

He permitted himself the corner of a smile and regretted it instantly. She stiffened again. "If you will permit me," he said, catching up the suit cases once more, "I'll escort you indoors. Charles will find you a room."

"Kindly leave them here," she repeated. "He replaced them on the gravel and watched her uneasily. He had not counted upon any opposition. The object of his plan had been to have a quiet afternoon with her in a situation which would have thrown her more or less upon him for support. But a new resolution was forming about her mouth. She stooped and picked up the suit cases. They were heavy, as the Virginian had discovered.

"I shall have to apologize for having taken up your time, Mr. Carteret," she said in the same icy tone she had used at first. "If you happen to recall it, you might inform Mrs. Demaar that I arrived according to her request. Good morning." And she started away down the drive, head erect and preserving what dignity of manner she could with the two cumbersome bags hampering her stride. He stared stupidly after her for a moment, then stepped quickly in pursuit.

"But really, Miss Stuyver, I can't allow this, if you will pardon the liberty. Where do you intend to go?"

"I am going to the station," he answered slowly and distantly.

"The station! Why, it's all of four miles!"

"I will not require any further information, Mr. Carteret."

Perplexed, disappointed and conscious of the ludicrous failure of his plans, he followed her in silence to the lodge gates. There he halted her.

The Light Dawns.

"Just wait a moment until I get a motor." As he started across the lawn she called to him.

"Don't get it on my account, Mr. Carteret. I shall not use it." He turned back.

"This is simple folly, Miss Stuyver. Let me send you some kind of a conveyance if my own presence is distasteful. One of the chauffeurs will take you over if you are still determined to go."

"Thank you. I shall not accept a motor or anything else. That is all, I think."

He held her with a hand upon her arm as she started again. "I really cannot allow it, Miss Stuyver."

"Do you presume to detain me, Mr. Carteret?" she said scornfully. But he saw now that there was no arguing; saw, too, a means by which he might yet in some measure pursue his course. Without answering, he possessed himself of the suit cases. She did not resist, but a flash of surprise crossed her face. "I cannot"—— she began.

"Allons, marche!" he cried gayly, and strode off along the dusty road toward the village. She hesitated a moment, as if disposed to combat his continued interference, then fell in step beside him, chin up and a careful expression of cold indifference upon her face.

They walked a mile without exchanging a word. Stinging clouds of dust, driven before the fresh autumn breeze, circled and swept about them. The Virginian's strength began to fag under the dragging weight of the bags. He stopped and set them down, rubbing his chafed palms together with a smile. "Just a little out of training, I guess," he said cheerfully. "I must take up my sculling again." He noted with relief that the deliberate hardness of her mouth had gone. There was just a tinge of sympathy in her voice as she glanced at his scored and reddened hands.

"If you had let me do as I wished you would be normally comfortable at this moment."

"And how about you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Suppose you let me go on now. At least I can carry them for a few minutes," she added as he shook his head. He had been studying this young woman, as it was his custom to study all persons, women most of all. It was the fact that he could win and charm most of them if he had leisure and opportunity that had led him to form his little plot. Something in her glance, in her manner, gave him here the intuitive touch of understanding, the key that he had missed up to now.

As they walked on he began very gradually to exhibit the faintest limp. At first it was scarcely perceptible, though he felt her eyes upon him from time to time. When they had covered another quarter of a mile it was more pronounced. She halted suddenly and a pace further he turned in surprise. His face was drawn and the look of it startled her.

"You are suffering," she cried impulsively. He produced an obviously forced smile.

"Oh, no! My hands are a little raw, that's all."

"But you are lame."

"Lame? Absurd, Miss Stuyver! Come, let's push on. You'll miss that noon train if we don't hurry."

The warning silenced her and they resumed the march. For some distance he bore himself carefully, walking with precision. Then at intervals the limp reasserted itself. He was thinking rapidly. They had covered more than half the distance. He had proved to his own satisfaction that he had struck the right track with Maude Stuyver. An exclamation from his companion brought them to another halt.

The Fall of Carteret.

"Mr. Carteret, this is really far enough. I cannot permit you to make a martyr of yourself. You are in pain."

"Miss Stuyver" he said, wearily but with firmness. "I am interested in but one thing. You wish to catch the train. That's enough for me. The train it is. My own affairs do not enter into the problem. We are wasting time." He trudged on again, making no effort to conceal the limp. Once, glancing furtively toward her, he read pity and indecision in her face. They came to a sharp bend in the road.

"There is a short cut here, Miss Stuyver," he said. "The road turns below and leads over the bridge. By proceeding through this clump of woods we can cross the stream on stepping stones and get to the road again. It's a quarter of a mile saved."

He led the way without further comment and Maude followed meekly. She was beginning to readjust her opinion of this handsome young man, who was so thoroughly a gentleman and was serving her so unselfishly. And she knew—she knew—he was suffering. She clenched her hands at the thought of it.

The path wound out of the woods at the verge of a little ravine, where a silver green brook twisted and danced among the stones. Carter started down the incline briskly. Maude did not quite see what happened. But suddenly he gave a sharp cry, his left knee went limp, he stumbled, wavered and pitched headlong down the bank.

He lay very white and still among the stones and dead leaves and waving grasses, one of the suit cases under him and one across his knees. He felt that he had done it well, rather too well. There was a cut on his forehead and sundry bruises upon his limbs that were not absolutely essential to realism. But he comforted himself with the certainty that he had achieved an artistic triumph. Maude Stuyver had come nobly to the front. After the first terrified scream she had scrambled after him. Now she was bending over him, bathing his temples with a handkerchief moistened in the brook. He could hear her pitying, broken murmur, and the touch of her hands was soft and gentle. The scamp had the grace to flush a little under her tender solicitude.

"Oh," she exclaimed when he opened his eyes, "I'm so glad! Are you—are you badly hurt?" He sat up and began to feel his left ankle, wincing in a way that wrung her. She watched him with wide eyes, from which all trace of hostility and defiance had vanished.

"Well," he said weakly, "you'd better hurry if you're going to catch that train." She stared a moment, not comprehending. Then:—

"That's unkind, Mr. Carteret. You don't think I'd leave you here. Is it very serious?"

"No, it's nothing." His hurried manner was sufficient contradiction. "But—I'm sorry—it's my bad ankle. I hurt it again this morning when I was thrown during the paper chase. I'm really afraid I can't go on."

"Of course not. You mustn't suggest such a thing."

"But there's the train."

"Bother the train."

"With all my heart." They were smiling now, the girl eagerly seeking amends for her indifference and coldness to the injured man who had been so brave and uncomplaining and had suffered through acquiescence in her whim. He lowered the tension easily, leading the conversation away from their situation by skilful play. With his peculiar charm and facility he began a discussion of people and events in the world which was hers by birth and which he had forced and made his own. It was the hour he had counted upon, and he made the most of it.

The Open Gate.

As he had divined, she was frank, impulsive, warm in her sympathies, quick to answer an appeal and loyal in her friendships. What his chivalry and unfailing courtesy had won his ready tongue and tact held as undisputed ground. After a time he looked at his watch.

"You've missed the train. What's to do now?"

"I don't know," she said, looking blank. "What would you suggest?"

"Suggest? You'll find me ready enough at that. I'm one of the best little suggesters you ever saw. But no one ever follows the suggestions."

"I will," she broke out.

"You will?"

She nodded. "That's the least I can do after what you've done and tried to do for me."

"Well, look here. Carrie isn't to blame. She's not responsible for these things; she really isn't. When she learns what's happened she'll be absolutely and miserably unhappy. If you think you owe me anything, or are grateful, or anything like that—all bosh, of course—why, let's get up a little conspiracy to save her punishment for her oversight. Shall we?"

He was like a big pleading boy, and as he finished he winced pathetically and touched his ankle. "But what can we do?" she asked doubtfully.

"It's easy enough. James will be coming along here in the dogcart within a few hours to meet the mail train at three o'clock. You'll be out of sight and I'll stop him and induce him to go back on foot, offering to get the mail myself. I'll tell him I want to take a drive or something. Then in due time I'll drive you up to the house. You came down on the mail train and I found you disconsolate at the station. Carrie'll be too tickled to ask questions."

"But can you get to the road?"

"Yes," he said, setting his teeth very firmly; "yes, I'll do it some way."

"And you really want me to?"

"I beg you to."

"It's very nice of you to ask a favor for Carrie," she said. She wondered how she had overlooked the fact that Mr. Carteret was perfectly delightful.

"Is it?" he answered innocently. "Well, Carrie deserves it." After a few moments she spoke reflectively.

"Do you know Stephen, my elder brother?"

"Not—very well," he said gently. "I don't believe Stephen quite appreciates all my bright and various virtues."

"He never understood you," she said directly, and with so much conviction that he flushed again.

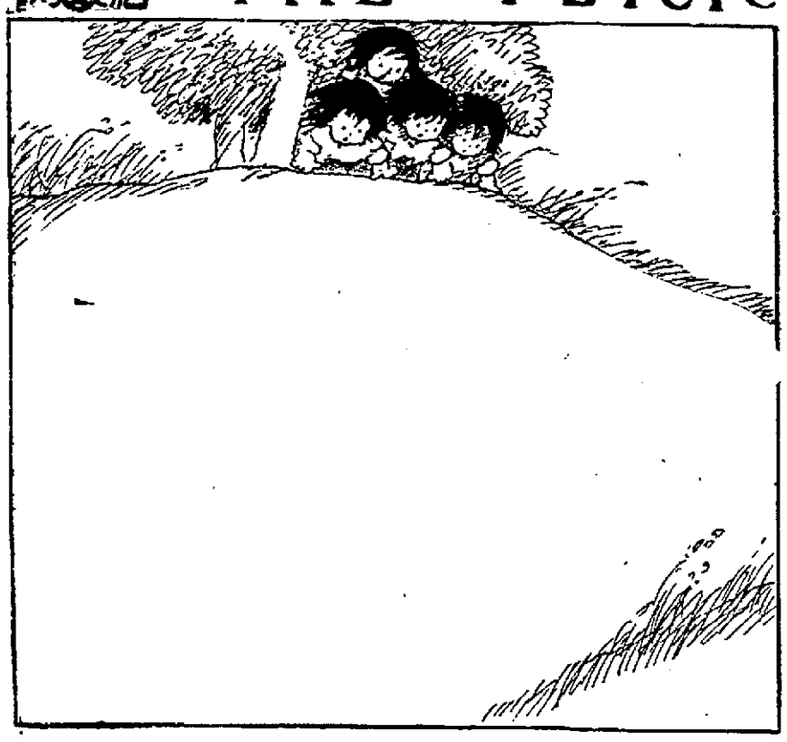
"There is no one with whom I would rather be on friendly terms," he observed with perfect truthfulness.

"I'm going to get Carrie to have him down in a day or two," was her apparently irrelevant comment.

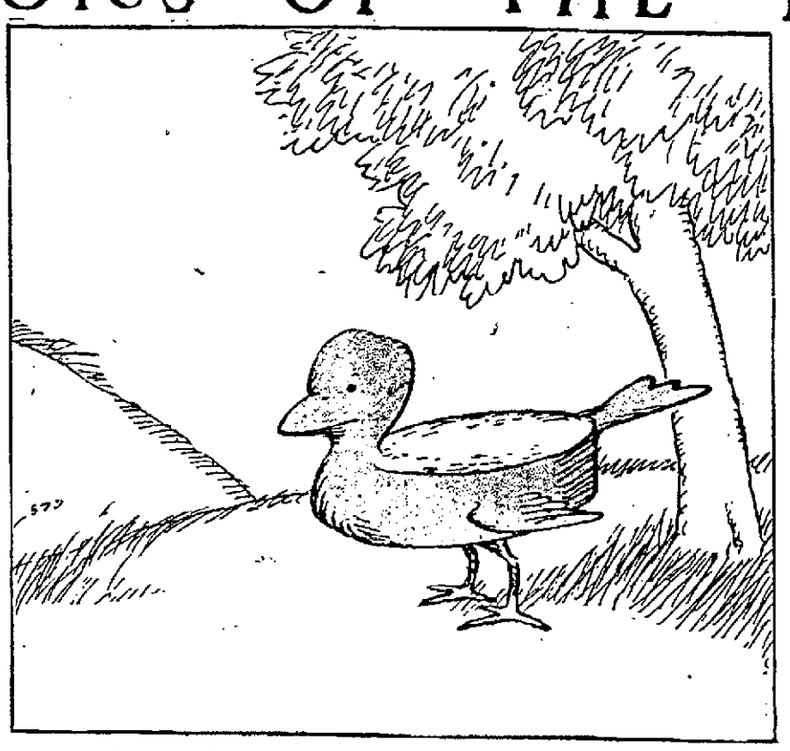
And as Carter settled back, with a sigh, upon the two suit cases, a cigarette between his fingers, ready for a pleasant wait until James and the dogcart should come, he seemed to see the gilded portal of the Greenbough Country Club through the cloud of blue smoke. And the gates were open

"An Ambuscade," Next Week.

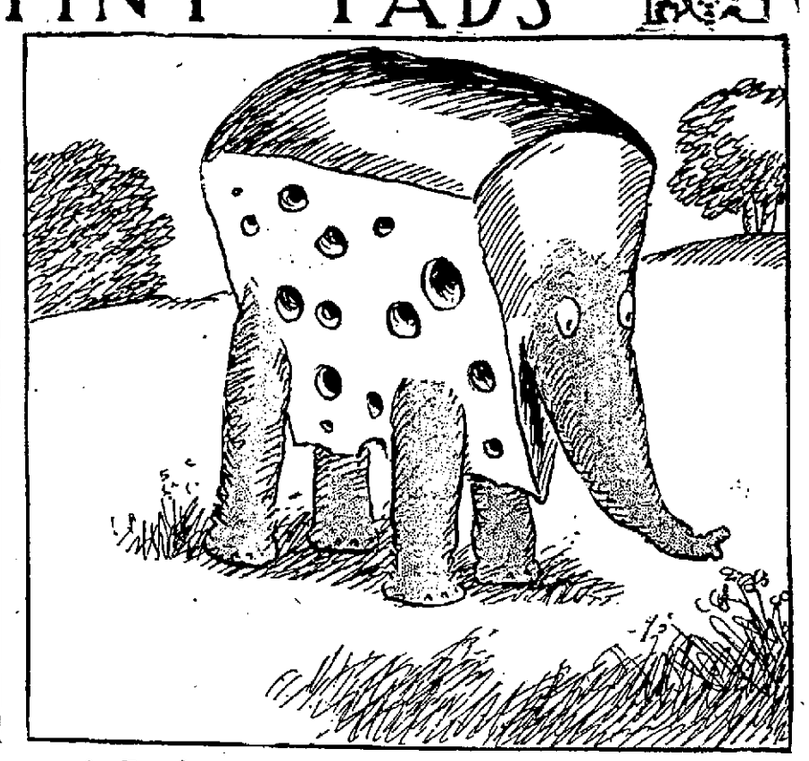
THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



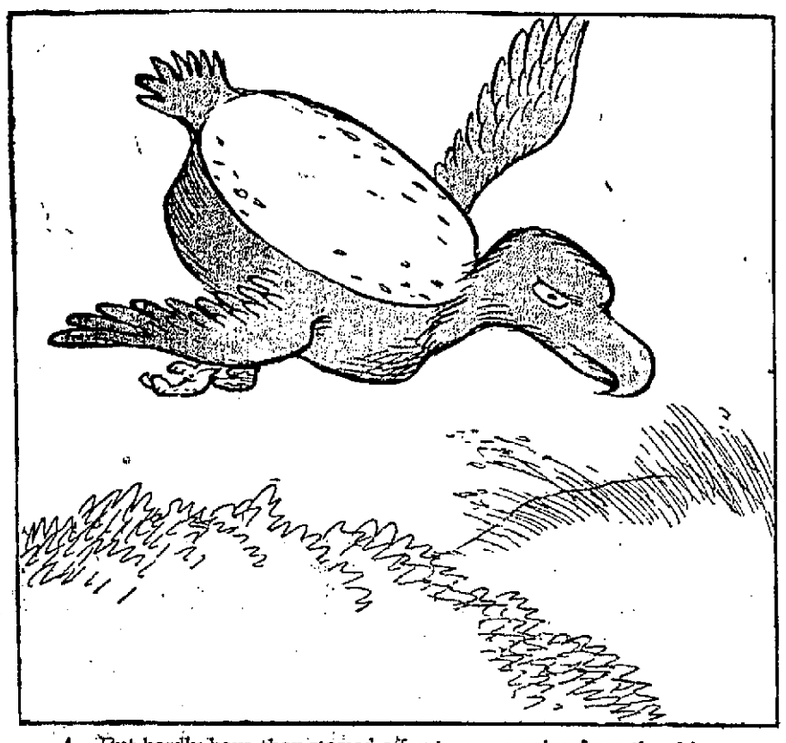
1.—The Tiny Tads have travelled to the land of things of cheese,
And many tempting odors do they smell upon the breeze.



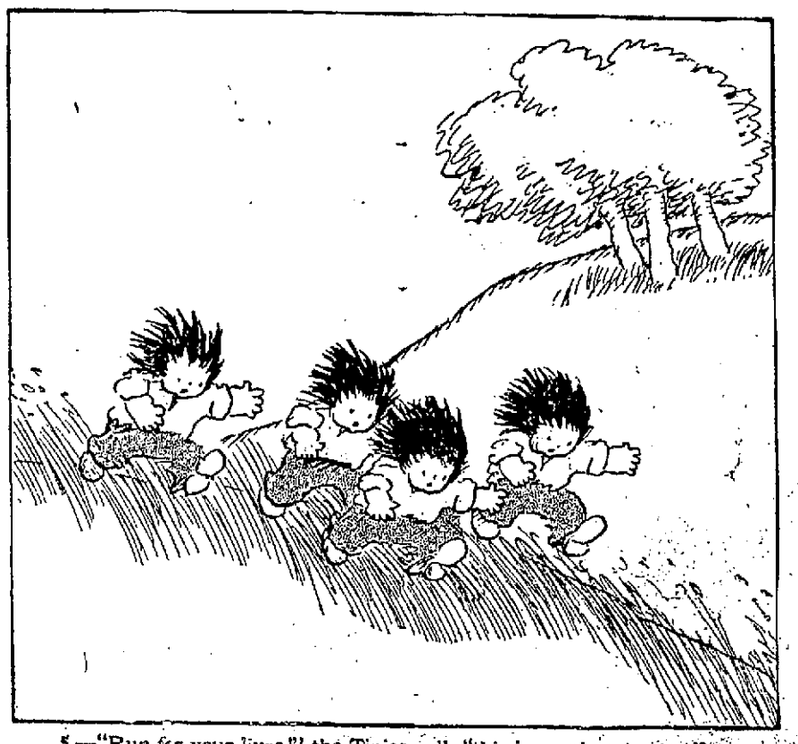
2.—They smell a little Sparroquefort, and then they see him hop;
At first they want to capture him, then all at once they stop.



3.—Because they see another thing; Swiss cheese he seems to be!
"A Neufchatelephant!" they cry, "and we had better flee!"



4.—But hardly have they started off, when, swooping from the skies,
A big Fromage de Briegle comes, emitting awful cries.



5.—"Run for your lives!" the Tinies yell, "this is no place to stay,"
And luckily they find some woods where they can hide away.

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6.—"Let's look for hickory-limburgers upon these trees," they cry.
"Perhaps some Camemberries we can gather too, hard by."

JOHNNY QUACK *and the* VAN CLUCK TWINS

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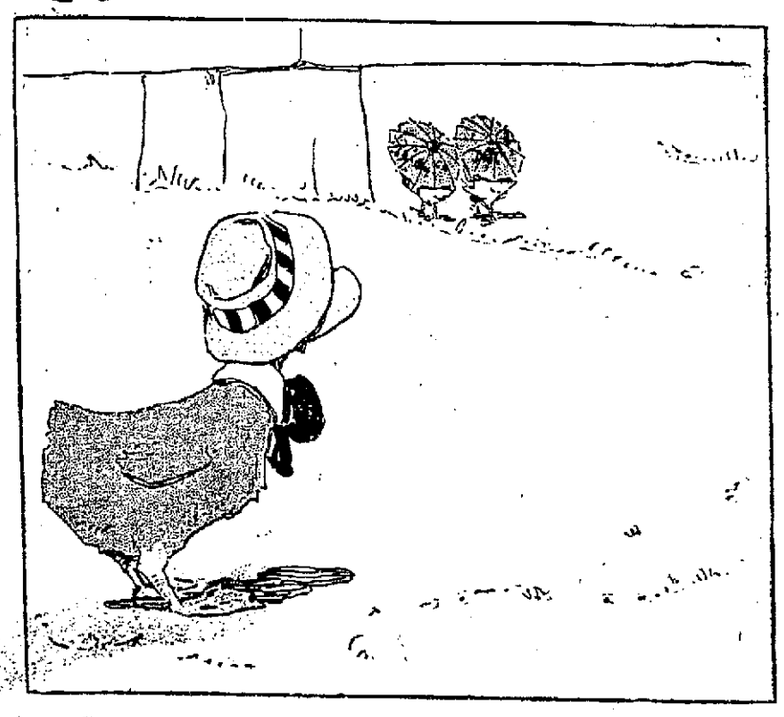
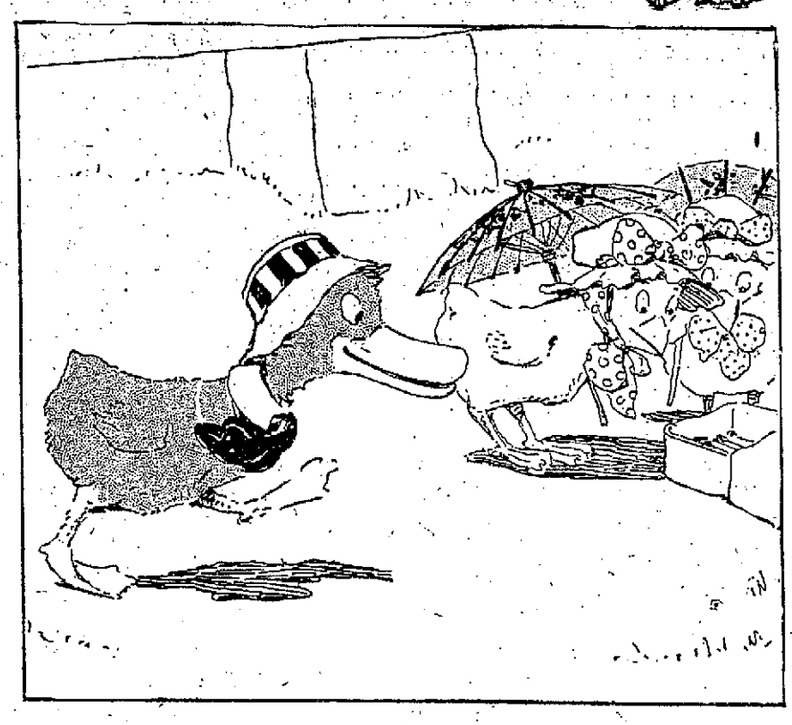
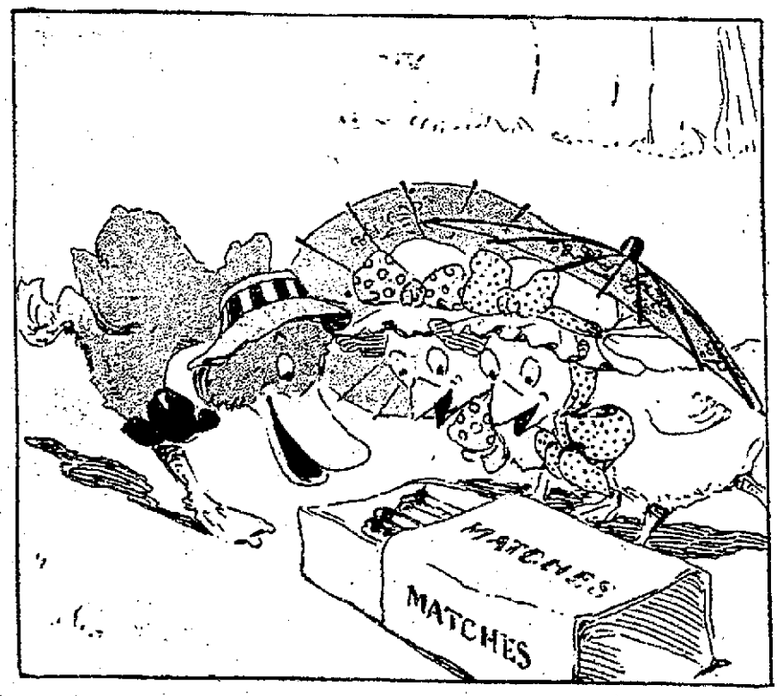


1.—"I wonder where those twins are going? Guess I'll watch and see what they're up to.

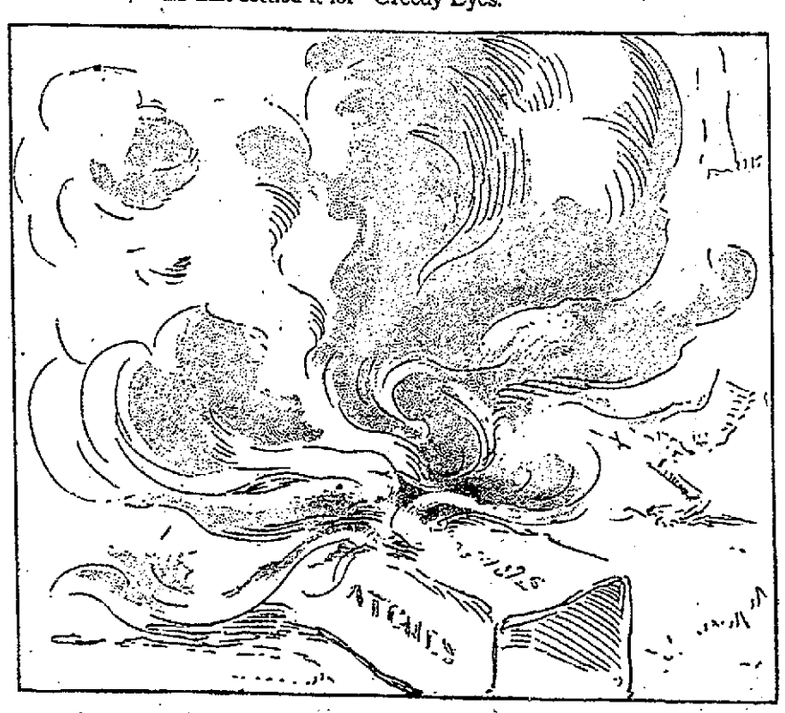
2.—They stopped and looked at something, and Johnny just caught the word "eat," and that settled it for "Greedy Eyes."



3.—When it came to "eats" he was "Johnny on the Spot."



—Whee-e-e-e! Beautiful caterpillers, all tucked away in a box! Red-headed ones, too! De-licious!" and they made a grab at once.



5.—"It only lasted a second," and then—well, Johnny wished he had attended Sunday school regularly.

6.—"There, Johnny Quack! You've spoiled us and ruined our hats and parasols, and we won't be fit to be seen for a week!"
"Well, you girls needn't make such a big holler! I wasn't forty miles away when the curtain went up, and I don't think I'll go to any Pink Teas, myself."

The Road Musician

By Helen Corinne Hambridge

SHIRLEY, sitting out on the front porch, sewing, was startled out of her summer afternoon's waking dream by seeing a man enter the gate. Not that such a sight was unusual, but such a man was.

As he came slowly and deliberately up the box-hedged walk towards the house she noted him carefully. He was tall and wore a knickerbocker suit of dull brown velveteen, with an old slouch hat pulled rakishly over his eyes. Around his neck was knotted a red silk handkerchief, and through his open coat was visible a blue flannel shirt. In one hand he carried a violin case, in the other a heavy stick for walking, and on his shoulders was strapped a light knapsack.

"A peddler," thought Shirley, "or a wandering musician. Probably the latter, though I never saw such a clean-looking one. He has rather a brigandish air, too, and if he swaggered instead of walking so straightforwardly I think I'd call for Hannah to come to my assistance." These thoughts passed rapidly through the girl's mind, but her face reflected none of them.

The stranger, coming to the foot of the steps and seeing the girl for the first time, took off his hat with a low bow, and she saw that he was very thin, indeed so emaciated that his clothes just hung on his body. His face was white, but a slightly bronzed look was beginning to appear, as if he were living out in the sun and wind a great deal. He had soft, curling brown hair and a high white forehead. These details Shirley added to her mental inventory of the man before he spoke, which he did not do until he had deposited his violin case on the step of the porch. Noting the girl's gaze he appeared a little confused, for a dull streak of red mounted to his temples, but he said unhesitatingly:

"I would like to ask for a dinner here, if I may."

Shirley drew her brows together in annoyance at this speech. It had not been what she expected, though she could not have told why. She was ashamed of the momentary interest the man had awakened in her. He was a mere tramp, after all.

"And," he continued, "I can pay for it in either of three ways: one, by playing some tunes on my fiddle here, another, by making you a little pen-and-ink sketch of your house, and the third, in vulgar pence—though in that my limit is fifteen cents for a meal."

Shirley laughed uneasily. "Dinner is over hours and hours ago," she answered. "In fact, I think supper is under way now," for a cheerful rattle of dishes was audible from the rooms beyond. "You may have some of that if you like."

"Perhaps your parents will object," the stranger said, as if not wishing to get her into trouble by his request. She could not be over seventeen or eighteen, he thought—though in fact she was twenty—and therefore was certainly not the mistress of the farmhouse itself.

"I have no parents," Shirley said simply; "there is only Aunt Luella."

"And Aunt Luella?" he interrogated.

"Is away nursing a sick friend. She is the village good angel." Then she added, as if she had perhaps spoken imprudently: "And of course there is Ben, the hired man, and Hannah, the hired girl."

The fiddler looked at the serving-maid quite as gravely as he had looked at the girl on the porch. "You are quite right," he said, "but I really prefer this to a wood-pile just now"—touching his violin.

"Of course you do. You tramps is all lazier than cold molasses. But we never turn no one away hungry; do we, miss?"

Shirley said that they did not; and told Hannah to lay an extra plate on the dining-table.

Hannah was horrified. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that you're a-goin' to set down with a common tramp off the road! Why, yer-rant will be madder than a wet hen when she hears about such goin's on."

THE TRAMP TUCKED HIS OLD BROWN FIDDLE UNDER HIS CHIN AND BEGAN TO PLAY.

"Thank you," the man replied. "Then what is the price to be—a tune, a penny, or a sketch?"

"The tune, if you please."

The tramp opened his violin case, took out an old brown fiddle, tucked it under his chin and began to play. It was early summer. The dooryard was rife with roses, and the porch thickly screened by Japanese honeysuckle vines; and as he played their combined fragrance, stirred by the soft summer breeze, smote his senses like an intoxicant.

Ah, indeed, how he played! The girl sat listening, her hands folded quietly in her lap, her thoughts far away. He questioned as he saw her abstracted look whether she understood music. He could not tell, for Shirley's face did not reflect her emotions.

He was soon enlightened, however, for as he concluded she said rather timidly: "I don't like Strauss—that is, not for just now. Play me some Italian music; the kind that fits in with the roses and June."

So the musician played on and on and well earned his supper, and as he played he wondered if this maiden in the simple white frock knew she was very beautiful, with her rose-leaf cheeks and her red-gold hair. Did she know, too, that her voice was like a little strain of a Strauss waltz itself? "Pshaw! of course she does," he jeered at himself. "She is probably the village beauty and has half the swains of the countryside at her feet!"

He brought down his bow with a start as a loud and distinctly antagonistic voice from the doorway called out, "Tea's ready. That there fiddler can take his'n in the kitchen with the hired man. I s'pose what he's hangin' 'round here for is somethin' to eat. If yer-rant was here she'd put him to work at the wood-pile instead of sawin' on that old squeaky thing."

"Please do what I ask you to, Hannah," Shirley said, and Hannah flounced off to do as she was bid.

The man held up his dust-stained hands ruefully, and Shirley noticed their long, slender fingers. "I think Hannah is right again," he said, smiling gravely. "I'll just have a snack in the kitchen."

"I wasn't brought up in that fashion," the girl answered with some spirit. "My father always taught us that the stranger within our gates must share our best. Of course," she added laughingly, "these are Aunt Luella's gates, but you are a gentleman even——"

"Even if I am a tramp," he concluded for her.

"You'll find a basin and water and soap on the back porch," she told him. "And Hannah will give you a clean towel—and don't mind her scolding, please. Hannah means well."

As they ate their hot biscuits, omelet, and strawberries with cream they said little, but the girl wondered more and more what sort of man this could be who tramped the country and played for his dinner, yet who ate like a gentleman, and certainly talked like one. When he did speak, however, it was only of the country through which he was passing—the plenitude of things, the general prosperity, and the glorious air.

"I don't know very much about this part of the world," she told him, in answer to some question he had put to her. "I've only been here a month. It's nice, of course, but these hills don't take the place of my blue Virginia mountains. I'm a Southerner, you see, but since my father and mother died several years ago I've been at a boarding-school in Washington. Now I've come up here to mother's sister and in the fall I'm going to teach in the village school." She flushed deeply as she concluded hurriedly, ashamed that she had been led by his absorbed interest in her every word into speaking of her affairs to a stranger.

"And I live nowhere," he told her, as if owing her a confidence in return. "But I have been an orphan, too, these many years. The sky is my mother and the earth my father, and the road is my pal and fellow traveler. It goes with me step by step, opening out its heart as we go, always new, strange and alluring. It waits for me now at the gate, as you see, and I must go on. Thank you for a supper that was meant for a king and not for a poor tramp."

Shirley followed him out on the porch. "Won't you play for me just once more before you go?" she entreated. "It has been so long since I heard any really good music. In Washington I used to go to some concerts, and the opera whenever it came there; but now I never hear anything better than the 'Frolic of the Frogs' or 'Silvery Waves' of the village music teacher."

The tramp smiled and again laid his fiddle under his chin. He played in the twilight now, for dusk had nearly fallen. The west was red still, but a single great star burned there. Seeing it he played the evening star song. "O, thou sublime, sweet evening star!" the music yearned; and there seemed, as he played, a bridge between earthly thoughts and those strange emotions born of God.

Shirley shut the gate with a little click behind him as he finally went out, but he lingered yet a moment outside, as if loath to leave the little garden.

"Good-night," he said reluctantly.

"And you," the girl exclaimed bluntly, "you who play these beautiful things—and understand them—you are an ordinary tramp! I cannot believe it."

The man flushed deeply, and then laughed. Then he said, "Don't think me just an ordinary tramp, but an extraordinary one, who likes Verdi and Wagner, and bread and butter in plenty, but who most of all likes and needs the freedom of God's out-of-doors." He lifted his hat, but she held him back.

"But it isn't always sunrise or sunset," she said. "It's dark, creepy night, and there are fearful storms. Where do you find shelter such times?"

The man, as if prompted by a sudden impulse, lifted his violin out of its box again. "Listen, and I'll tell you," he said. He played once more, and this time he sang, too, in a deep, rich barytone:

"By road and river, countryside and town,
I wander daily with my fiddle brown,
Creeping under barns so gladly,
When outside the tempest howls,
Playing sadly, playing madly,
Waking up the rats and owls.

"Ah, it is gay, night and day,
Fair and cloudy weather;
Fiddle and I wandering by
Over the world together.

"Down by the willow, summer nights I lie,
Flowers for my pillow, and for roof the sky,
Playing all that heart remembers,
Old, old songs from far away.
Golden Junes and bleak Decembers,
Rise around me as I play.

"Ah, it is gay, night and day,
Fair and cloudy weather;
Fiddle and I wandering by
Over the world together."

The listener's eyes were moist, but she smiled as if to hide her feeling. "Promise me," she said, "that you will come back this way again this summer and play for me."

The man turned resolutely. "I promise," he said, "—God willing."

He went at last, but turned once at the crossroads where he might have a last sight of the white farmhouse. Shirley was still standing at the gate gazing after his retreating form.

In late September the tramp passed that way again—not the same tramp, for he was made new by the healing of nature. He was no longer thin and pale, but stalwart and ruddy, and he swung along with the buoyancy of health.

Shirley came from the village, where she had been to get the mail. It was a good mile and a half to the farmhouse, but she liked the walk, and better still to get away from the narrow circle of her aunt's insular but kindly nature and from Hannah's sharp tongue. As she got quite out of the village she was surprised to hear music coming from behind a great oak-tree by the side of the road. She stopped suddenly, for she recognized the song her "extraordinary tramp"—as she always called him in her thoughts—had played and sung for her that June day. Seeing her pause he came out in the road and bowed to her.

"I was in the village," he explained, "and saw you go into the post-office. I came out here and waited on the chance of meeting you and keeping my promise to play for you again." He did not tell her how many miles he had come out of his way to keep that promise.

"I thought," he continued, "if I went on to the house your aunt might be there, and perhaps—well, perhaps she might not appreciate music."

"She wouldn't," Shirley laughed, "except 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' or 'Old Hundred.'"

"Which, unfortunately, are not in my repertoire," he laughed in return. "May I walk by your side for a few steps?"

"Why not?" the girl answered.

"There is no reason, really," he said in return. "The road has no conventions."

"We are three," she said, smiling, "you, your pal, and myself. You may walk with me as far as the cross-roads; there by the big willow you shall play for me again, and then you can go on your own free way and I will go back to my conventions," she ended, a little sadly.

Shirley scanned his face in one swift glance. "You look different—a great deal better," she said.

"I am no longer ill," he told her; and then went on, speaking rapidly, "I think I will tell you part of my story, at least," he said. "It will take only a few moments. I should like to have left you that June day with a better opinion of me, but as it was only an experiment I didn't think I ought to. I am not a tramp—a real hobo," he told her, "but a very ordinary man in the disguise of one. I am Willard Baker, newspaper man, at your service."

"And I am Shirley Baker, schoolmistress," she said.

"Yes, I know," he answered. "I found out by a few discreet questions back there in the village to-day. I did not do it for curiosity, but because I wanted to know the name of the one person who, in all my wanderings, has treated me like an equal. A flannel shirt and knapsack make lots of difference, don't they?" he said a trifle bitterly.

"It's like this," he went on. "While on a story one day in the New York slums I contracted typhoid fever. I had it for seven months, and when I finally got on my feet again they were about all I had left. The doctors in the hospital said my heart and lungs were shaky, and that I must take a long sea voyage, or a summer in the mountains, and that I must sleep out of doors if possible. As I had just fifty dollars to my name—the paper had kept me on the pay-roll as long as they decently could—the thing looked preposterous. But I didn't intend to let a little thing like the lack of money keep me down after fighting for my life all those months. So I thought out the plan of coming up here in the Berkshires and tramping it for a while. I was studying music and could play fairly well, and I could draw in a slap-dash sort of way. I thought the two combined might earn me food enough, though I should have preferred the more muscular sort of work. I'd have sawed wood that day, you know," he added quickly, as if he wanted to explain something particularly, "if I had been able."

"You see," he concluded, "the experiment has been a success. I'm on my way back to the city again. The paper will give me a job, so it's shoulder arms and forward march until the next onslaught of fate."

"I'm so glad!" Shirley said, her eyes shining. "I knew all the time, someway, that you weren't even that extraordinary tramp you told me to think you. I used to wonder how you were getting on, and shudder nights when there was a hard storm."

"You needn't have worried," he replied, smiling back at her. "I would lie in a barn those nights and wonder if you would give me strawberries and cream when I came your way again."

"Hardly," laughed Shirley, "—in September!"

The old brown fiddle was brought into use once again, and this time its music was a bridge between hearts young with joy and rich with hope.

"Promise me," the player said, when he had finished, "that I may come this way again and play for you. I'll get acquainted with the village preacher, so I can get him to introduce us—for Aunt Luella's sake," he smiled. "Can you promise?"

"I promise," said Shirley smiling, "and now good-night." She held out her hand to him and he took it for a brief second, and held it in his own. Then she started homeward in the dusk.

From far down the road a strain of music was wafted back—a joyful, happy tune, to which the words of an old nursery rhyme had been set:

"Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Little Bobby Shafto."

"BY ROAD AND RIVER, COUNTRYSIDE AND TOWN, I WANDER DAILY WITH MY FIDDLE BROWN."

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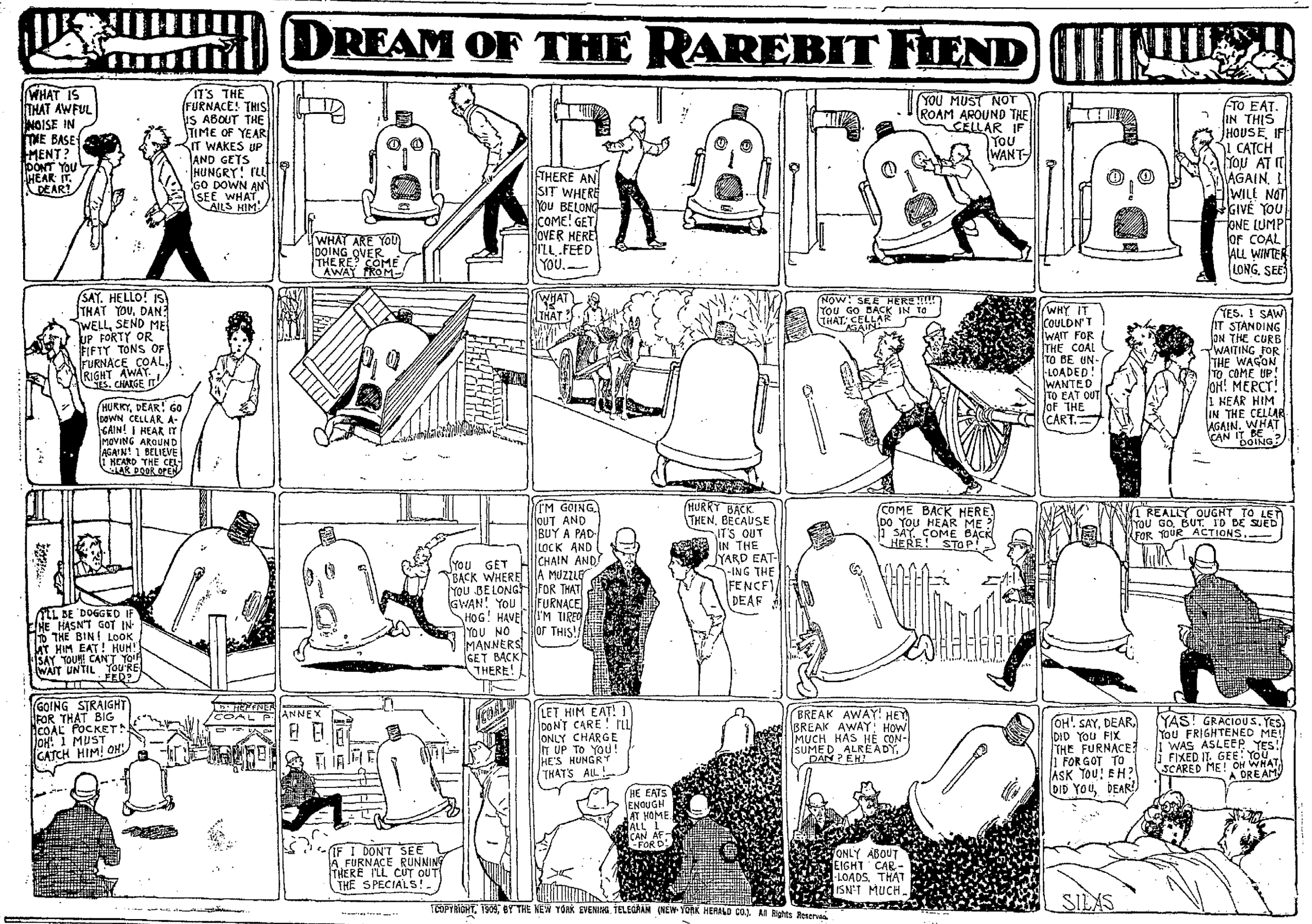
NEXT WEEK: "The Autobiography of a House." BY NORVAL RICHARDSON


DREAM OF THE RAREBIT FIEND
WHAT IS THAT AWFUL NOISE IN THE BASEMENT? DON'T YOU HEAR IT, DEAR?
IT'S THE FURNACE! THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME OF YEAR IT WAKES UP AND GETS HUNGRY! I'LL GO DOWN AN SEE WHAT AILS HIM!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE? COME AWAY FROM—
THERE AN SIT WHERE YOU BELONG COME! GET OVER HERE I'LL FEED YOU.—
YOU MUST NOT ROAM AROUND THE CELLAR IF YOU WANT-
-TO EAT. IN THIS HOUSE. IF I CATCH YOU AT IT AGAIN, I WILL NOT GIVE YOU ONE LUMP OF COAL ALL WINTER LONG. SEE?
SAY. HELLO! IS THAT YOU, DAN? WELL, SEND ME UP FORTY OR FIFTY TONS OF FURNACE COAL, RIGHT AWAY. YES. CHARGE IT!
HURRY, DEAR! GO DOWN CELLAR A-GAIN! I HEAR IT MOVING AROUND AGAIN! I BELIEVE I HEARD THE CEL-LAR DOOR OPEN
WHAT IS THAT?
NOW! SEE HERE!!!!! YOU GO BACK IN TO THAT CELLAR AGAIN!
WHY IT COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE COAL TO BE UN-LOADED! WANTED TO EAT OUT OF THE CART.—
YES. I SAW IT STANDING ON THE CURB WAITING FOR THE WAGON TO COME UP! OH! MERCY! I HEAR HIM IN THE CELLAR AGAIN. WHAT CAN IT BE DOING?
I'LL BE DOGGED IF HE HASN'T GOT IN-TO THE BIN! LOOK AT HIM EAT! HUH! SAY YOU!! CAN'T YOU!! WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE FED?
YOU GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG! GWAN! YOU HOG! HAVE YOU NO MANNERS! GET BACK THERE!
I'M GOING OUT AND BUY A PAD-LOCK AND CHAIN AND A MUZZLE FOR THAT FURNACE. I'M TIRED OF THIS!
HURRY BACK. THEN, BECAUSE IT'S OUT IN THE YARD EAT--ING THE FENCE! DEAF
COME BACK HERE. DO YOU HEAR ME? I SAY, COME BACK HERE! STOP!—
I REALLY OUGHT TO LET YOU GO, BUT, I'D BE SUED FOR YOUR ACTIONS.—
GOING STRAIGHT FOR THAT BIG COAL POCKET! OH! I MUST CATCH HIM! OH!
H. HEPPNER COAL P.
ANNEX
COAL
IF I DON'T SEE A FURNACE RUNNING THERE I'LL CUT OUT THE SPECIALS!
LET HIM EAT! I DON'T CARE! I'LL ONLY CHARGE IT UP TO YOU! HE'S HUNGRY THAT'S ALL!
HE EATS ENOUGH AT HOME. ALL I CAN AF-FORD!
BREAK AWAY! HEY, BREAK AWAY! HOW MUCH HAS HE CON-SUMED ALREADY, DAN? EH?
ONLY ABOUT EIGHT CAR--LOADS, THAT ISN'T MUCH.
OH! SAY, DEAR, DID YOU FIX THE FURNACE? I FORGOT TO ASK YOU! EH? DID YOU, DEAR?
YAS! GRACIOUS, YES. YOU FRIGHTENED ME! I WAS ASLEEP. YES! I FIXED IT. GEE! YOU SCARED ME! OH WHAT A DREAM!
SILAS

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BOWSER HUNTS SNIPE

Starts Early In Morning on Annual Quest For Birds.

NATIVES DENSELY IGNORANT.

After Fruitless Efforts Samuel Reaches Home, Believing He Is the Victim of a Plot—Wife Tries to Console Him, but It's No Use.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

MR. BOWSER should have due credit. Dinner had been finished half an hour when he suddenly said to Mrs. Bowser:

"Tell the cook to put me on a little something for breakfast. I'll be up at 5, and I'll want a bite before I go. Neither of you need get up."

"What is it you are going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser in astonishment.

"Why, I go on my annual snipe hunt tomorrow. I have been going for seven years now. The druggist is going to lend me his shotgun."

"Are you going alone?"

"Yes. I don't propose to take any one along to scare the snipe away. The snipe is a wary bird, Mrs. Bowser. He must be trailed down with caution."

"Yes, he must be very wary. You have hunted him for seven years and haven't found him yet. Not a snipe have you ever brought home. You brought home an old crow once, but that was your only game."

"You know what you are talking about, do you?" he asked as he flushed up.

"About snipe."

"Then let me tell you that I don't go out to create a slaughter. I take a day off; I get out into the country! I am satisfied with killing a bird or two. There has never been a time that I could not have brought home at least a couple of dozen had I wanted to make a butcher of myself."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Mr. Bowser. The snipe is an innocent bird.

HE WAS UP AND AWAY AT DAYLIGHT.

Why should any one seek to dabble in his blood? Just wade around in the swamps all day and bring home one snipe—just one. I want to see if you can tell one from a robin. Your breakfast shall be ready."

Mr. Bowser sprang up to say something, but changed his mind. Why should he lose his temper? Mrs. Bowser was jealous and envious because she couldn't go, too, and it was better to treat her as a child. To get real mad on the evening before his annual hunt might disturb his aim on the morrow. Therefore, like a wise man, he dropped the subject and picked up his paper and went to reading. That night he was restless and muttered in his sleep. Once Mrs. Bowser heard him growl out:

"Oh, I don't know a snipe from a robin, eh? We'll see about that!"

He was up and away at daylight to catch the first suburban car. He had a double barreled shotgun and 100 cartridges. He didn't propose to be hemmed in by snipe and run short of ammunition. On the car he looked the real thing, and after working up his nerve a little the conductor made bold to say:

"You are going after 'em for sure."

"Yes."

"Wolves or bears?"

"Snipe."

"And I'll bet you get a wagon load. You are just the fellow to do it. If you get in a hole sell your life dearly."

Natives Had Never Seen Snipe.

There was a young farmer on the train who had come to town the night before and gone on a booze. He was now better of it and going home, and, hearing the conversation between Mr. Bowser and the conductor, he started off singing:

"Oh, I went out to shoot the snipe
And make a dreadful slaughter!
I killed five hundred and a crow,
Though sure I hadn't orter."

At the end of the line Mr. Bowser made his start, followed by a wave of the hand from the conductor. He had gone about forty rods when he came upon a farmer cleaning out the roadside ditch and pleasantly asked:

"My friend, can you tell me the best place around here for snipe?"

"What's them?" queried the man after a minute.

"A snipe is a bird."

"He can't be an eagle?"

"No."

"Nor a wild turkey?"

"No."

"Then I never saw one. If I was you I'd be mighty careful how I handled that gun. You'd better leave it here and do your huntin' with a club."

Half a mile farther on Mr. Bowser found a pond in a field. It looked a likely place for snipe, and he went over. After he had circled the pond a bird rose, and he banged. The bird did not fall, but a young man who was mending the cornfield fence and had not been noticed came sauntering down to say:

"Want to kill some robins to eat?"

"I fired at a snipe."

"A snipe? Why, man, there hasn't been a snipe around here in 500 years. There's the bird you fired at sitting on the fence, and if it ain't a robin then I've gone blind."

"Then there are no snipe around here?"

"Not a one. You come out to shoot snipe, did you?"

"I did."

"It's too bad to disappoint you, but if you'll come up to the barn I'll let you shoot at a calf for 10 cents a shot. You may shoot all day long."

Some snipe hunters would have become discouraged, but Mr. Bowser plodded along until he came upon a farmer mowing the grass in his front dooryard. He stopped to ask about snipe, and the man came to the fence to say:

"No; if he's passed this way I haven't seen him."

"I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.

"Snipe—a bird? What does it look like?"

"He's a small bird and good to eat."

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

Distressed Family Didn't Know.

The farmer's wife came slowly out, followed by three children, and the husband asked:

"Mary, did you ever hear tell of a snipe?"

"Lor', no!" she replied.

"You are sure you don't mean a duck?" was queried of Mr. Bowser.

"Can a snipe be a duck? Can a duck be a gander? I said snipe. A child four years old ought to know what a snipe is."

"Yes, I reckon so, but we are a distressed family and don't try to know much. We have chills and biles and fevers and lots of other things and taxes are raisin' all the time. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next house. They are Democrats there and don't have nothing but good luck. I'm goin' to turn my coat this fall."

The next house was more than half a mile distant. Mr. Bowser reached it to find a woman and a dog at the gate. The one surveyed him with suspicion and the other with distrust.

"Madam," he said, "I am out from town to hunt snipe."

"Waal, hunt away," was her brusque reply.

"Are there any around here?"

"If there was I'd pick 'em myself."

"Pick 'em? How do you pick snipe?"

"Never you mind, but go on about your business or you'll get into trouble. We had a calf stolen last night."

"But you can't for one moment think that I did it?"

"I've got my suspicions, and you can see how bad the dog wants to get holt of you."

"My dear woman"—

But she started to open the gate, and Mr. Bowser started off, headed for town this time. As he came along to where the "distressed family" dwelt the farmer accosted him with:

"Say, stranger, my hired man says he knows what a snipe is. He says they are baldheaded on top of the head and have duck legs."

As the car was reached there was the same conductor, and as he took up the fare he whispered:

"Left 'em in cold storage out in the country, I see. That's the way I always do. Let the butcher that buys 'em go after 'em."

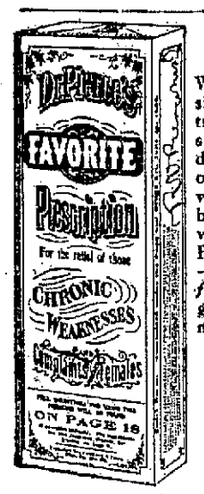
"Well?" queried Mrs. Bowser at 5 in the afternoon as Mr. Bowser walked in, hot, tired and dusty.

"Not a word from you, woman—not a word! Some fiend in human form spent last night driving every snipe out of the country, and I can lay my hand on the person who hired him to do it to spite me!"

NO CASE ON RECORD.

There is no case on record of a cough or cold resulting in pneumonia or consumption after Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken, as it will stop your cough and break up your cold quickly. Refuse any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow package. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Dreier and Bros.

Three different kinds of lunches to choose from at the business men's club lunch. Wayne Hotel Cafe.



Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—which saves the *suffering sex from pain*, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and *stubborn ills*.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

A Man of Good Taste

Knows a good cigar when he tastes it, and he also knows when he buys a

Coony's Little Havana, La Rienta or Lady Wayne

He gets what he is looking for.

Coony Bayer Cigar Co.

WOMAN'S NATURE

Is to love children, and no home can be happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering and dread that she looks forward to the hour with apprehension. **Mother's Friend**, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold." $1.00 per bottle of druggists. Book containing valuable information mailed free.

THE BRADFIELD RREGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

Wabash Portland Cement

Great Strength, Durability, Fine Color.

Best for Sidewalks, Foundations, Floors, Walls, Concrete Blocks, Bridges, Etc.

WABASH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

General Offices, Detroit, Mich. Works, Stroh, Indiana.

SOLD BY— Fort Wayne Cement Stone Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Wilmer Grain Co., Grabill, Ind. Hoagland Lumber Co., Hoagland, Ind.
Woodburn Lumber Co., Woodburn, Ind. Henry Hartman, Cor Creek, Ind.

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

Do not take chances on it wearing away or experiment with some unknown preparation which may leave the bronchial tubes and lungs weakened and susceptible to attack from the germs of Pneumonia or Consumption.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Contains no opiates.

Be Sure You Get Foley's

There are substitutes made to sell on the good name of *Foley's Honey and Tar*. Beware of them. You should have confidence in a cough cure that has been sold with universal satisfaction for thirty-five years. The genuine *Foley's Honey and Tar* is in a yellow Package. See that you get it.

A Mother Testifies

This is to certify that my daughter was down for almost one year with a cold. The doctors finally pronounced it consumption. We had given up hope for her recovery. I was given a sample bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. I gave it all to her in about three hours. It stopped the cough, and gave her rest. I sent next day and bought a 50c. bottle and began giving it. In three month's time she was well. There can not be too much said in favor of Foley's Honey and Tar. It saved my child's life. Mrs. George Batson, Fountain Grove, Mo.

Three sizes—25c, 50c and $1.00. The 50-cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the $1.00 bottle almost six times as much.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY DREIER & BRO

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

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WEEDS AND FEEDS TAINT MILK

AROMATIC HERBS AND WEEDS INJURE MILK. COWS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO EAT THEM

BY C. S. MILLER.

If weeds are allowed to grow in the field they will in a great many ways depreciate the value of farm products.

During the season of the year when the grass is short cows should not be allowed to feed upon pastures where noxious weeds such as sumac, milkweeds, poppies, skunk cabbage and rag weed grow.

Neither should these weeds be left to grow in meadows and grain fields where they are cut with the hay and grain to be fed to cattle. A few hours spent in cutting and destroying weeds is time well spent.

Cattle will eat the foliage of these plants at any time of the year, but are more likely to feed upon them during the months when the grass in the pasture is short.

A stream of pure, clear water comes, beyond a doubt, from a pure source. In a like manner it may be said that healthy, well fed cows produce pure, wholesome milk.

Is it too broad a statement to say that pure, wholesome milk comes from sound, healthy cows only, and that impure, unwholesome milk is produced by unsound, unhealthy cows?

It is not my intention to go into a discussion of the diseases common among cattle, but to emphasize how easily the milk of cows is tainted through their food.

Aromatic plants, such as the ones I have mentioned above, always possess an odor peculiar to themselves, and when taken into the body possess the power to penetrate the entire system, even into the milk in the udder.

Here we find the odor the same in the milk as it is in the plant. These plants cannot be said to injure the health of the cows, but they injure the sale of the milk and butter produced by the cows that eat them.

Aromatic foods such as carrots, potatoes, cabbage and turnips, which produce unpleasant odors, are often fed during the winter months, but must be fed very carefully to avoid bad effects.

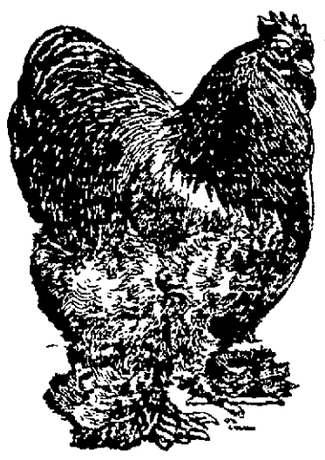
A good way to get rid of these effects is to feed a small amount after milking—not a short time before milking—so the aromatic products have a chance to pass from the system.

Aromatic weeds in the hay and straw, if eaten by the cows, will taint the milk just as readily and often to a great disadvantage. It is almost an impossibility to feed turnips and rutabagas without noticing the odor in the milk.

By feeding six or eight pounds of grain, mixed with some wet bran, a cow may be fed as high as a half bushel of carrots or sugar beets without its being noticeable in the milk. One-fourth of a bushel, however, is about the right amount to feed.

A small feed of good sweet clover hay a half hour or more before milking helps to carry the odor out of the milk in the udder.

PARTRIDGE COCHIN MALE



A good specimen.

The cow alone of all domestic animals is able to utilize profitable farm land worth $150 an acre and up. The raiser and seller of grain or hay cannot use such land; it is too costly for the production of beef or mutton or pork, save as the hog is a by-product of the dairy. The silo is indispensable on such land, as is well-kept poultry.

MEXICAN METHOD OF FEEDING TURKEYS

THE CHILI OR RED PEPPER FORMS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE FOOD GIVEN BY THEM TO THEIR TURKEYS

BY C. TOMEK,
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Of course I knew all about turkey raising when I came west. Hadn't I a nice little nestegg all from my turkey money? Hadn't my turkeys returned me a plentiful supply of pin money for years? And that dreadful year when the cyclone wrecked our house and barn, killed our stock and uprooted our growing crops, hadn't my little band of 250 turkeys—the children and I drove them into the dugout when we saw the storm coming—fed and clothed us and helped us start farming over again?

Yet now I sat looking in disgust at a flock of twenty-five peevish, unkempt turkeys. No, I had not neglected them. I kept them penned until the alfalfa was dry, then scattered wheat sparsely through their range.

At night I gave them a full feed of fresh curds, then I shut them in their warm, dry quarters, which I always kept scrupulously clean. What more could turkeys need?

They were thriving finely till the long spell of cold winds set in; then, in spite of all my care, they seemed to be on the verge of roup.

A soft voice interrupted by reflections. I looked up into a friendly brown face. "No feel bad, senora; Mexican save turkey. I cure all—all be good in two, three weeks."

That friendly little neighbor of mine actually came up the hill three times a day to feed and care for my turkeys, sometimes fetching the food already prepared from her own home, sometimes cooking it at my place.

"Turkey got liver like people," she explained. "No got strong gizzard like chicken; no can eat much raw stuff; make seek (sick) turkeys. You feed turkeys all same people, they get well; cold winds no hurt. Mexicans feed everything—beans, meat and bred, all chopped fine and made hot with pepper (chili)."

How those turkeys thrived! It was not three days till they had brightened up and taken a fresh grip on life. At the end of two weeks they appeared well and had grown visibly, vying with my kindly neighbor's own thrifty flock.

The red pepper cure is of value in any region where cold winds occur. It should be used in well-cooked foods; can be used liberally, but should not be too strong for a person to eat.

The chili pepper is a mild red pepper, and, like all red peppers, is a valuable stimulant. Numerous parties in the eastern states who have tried it on my recommendation have sent favorable reports concerning the Mexican method of feeding. One point should be made clear. It is not a cure for roup or any disease; rather it is a preventive; a stimulant for weak digestion; a tonic for the feeble.

RAISING BLACKBERRIES

If Given Care and Attention They Make a Very Profitable Crop

BY P. B. RUSHING.

To raise a five-acre patch of blackberries the first consideration is the land. Select the site most suitable. I prefer a southeastern exposure; however, most any land that will produce forty to fifty bushels of corn to the acre will grow good, nice, marketable blackberries.

The best time to set out is in the fall. I have planted in November, with good results. See that the land is free from weeds as far as possible, and I have practiced summer fallow in order to have it free from weeds, but think it more profitable to raise some hoe crop, such as potatoes, and in this way the ground can be kept clean and free from weeds.

Preparing the land means enough plowing, disking and harrowing to put the soil in good condition down deep. Most any farmer can estimate about what this would mean.

The next thing is getting the plants, and the best way I have ever tried is if you have a patch and can get roots from it you know that they are suitable for your soil, or else they may usually be procured from some near-by neighbor, and the greatest cost will usually be the labor of digging and setting them.

I have paid all the way from $10 to $25 per acre for the preparation of the land and the plants and labor of setting.

The first year after planting the land can be cultivated to most any crop that will not shade the young plants too much; but they must not be shaded, even if you lose the use of the land for the first year, as it would stunt their growth. The second year there may be a few berries, but not many, and the land should be put in something that will shade it, such as cow peas, which will also add humus and nitrogen to the soil.

The third year there will be a fair crop, which will balance the expense of cultivation and have a little left. The fourth year I have always had a "bumper" crop, which pays all expenses for caring for the young plants and leaves a good big profit.

Of course the old canes must be kept cleaned out, and in case the rust should strike them I try to cut every bit of it out and burn it. The amount of profit from this berry patch will depend almost entirely on the management it receives.

I find that I can usually get from 150 to as high as 260 cases, holding twenty-four quarts of berries, from an acre of good canes. I usually figure that it takes about $1 per case to market the berries, paying for picking, boxes and express.

I have had berries sell all the way from $1 to $3.50 per twenty-four quart case, depending, of course, on the condition of the market. I never sell many berries for $1 per case, for when they get that low I stop shipping.

I have sold many for $250 per case, and in a few instances have received $3.50 per case. It is not very hard to figure the profit, for anything over $1 is usually profit.

Taking as an average through the entire season $1.50 per case and 150 cases per acre would mean $75 net. This, however, is putting it down very low. But, then, taking it as they run, some years selling for an average of perhaps $2 per case, 150 cases would bring in a new profit of $150.

Of course they are not likely to run this high through the entire season, but I usually get over 150 cases per acre and am therefore able to make from $100 to $150 per acre on the average.

CEMENT FLOORS IN WINTER

An excellent suggestion is made by a practical swine breeder to those having cement floors in their pens.

He advises a movable wooden floor for the winter. He makes his own floors of one inch boards and lays them flat on the cement, in sections small enough to be easily removed at any time.

In this way he combines the advantages of both the cement and the wood. He can remove the board floor, scrub out the pen and also thoroughly clean and disinfect the false floor outside.

Cement is the cheapest material in the end for the floor of the hog pen. The floor of the outdoor apartment should be a few inches lower than the house floor, so as to insure drainage and dry sleeping quarters. Get the floor ready now.

A lump of copperas as big as a pea will destroy all the green scum in a water tank that holds fifty gallons.

In Webster county, Missouri, there is an apple orchard of 86,000 trees. This is probably the largest orchard of the kind in the world.

CORN SELECTION PAYS

This spring there was not enough good seed in the corn belt states to go around and the man who had good, sound seed could have made big money had he made a business of selecting and selling it.

Prof. Joseph A. Jeffrey writes that a great deal of shock and crib corn has been used for seed in that state. He gives an interesting example of what good selection means:

I have before me two illustrations of what this will mean. One farmer who saved seed last fall exhibited two ten-ear lots at a local corn show. Both samples were excellent corn, and if he had 5,000 bushels equally well saved he could easily dispose of it. As a matter of fact he had saved just about sufficient seed for his own use, but had a considerable amount of the same corn in the crib and a larger amount in the shock.

I have tested twelve ears of his shock corn, using the official method of making the test, planting five kernels from each ear. Of the twelve ears five produced no germinations, three germinated one kernel out of five, three germinated three out of five, and one only germinated all five kernels, and one of these kernels sent up a very sickly plant.

Of eleven ears of the corn from the crib, five produced no germination, three produced one, two produced two out of five and one produced three, all of which indicates a very unfortunate state of affairs.

In another instance a farmer sent us four ears to test. Two out of the four ears showed sufficient vitality to warrant their use for seed.

The failure of farmers to select their seed corn in the field will cost them several millions of bushels.

WORDS OF WISDOM

A man may succeed in grabbing off more land than any of his neighbors, but that is no sign he is the best farmer.

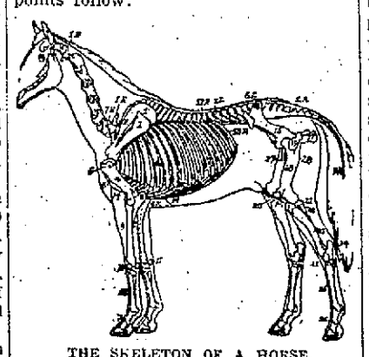
Some farmers get into debt through ambition, some through laziness, some through genuine misfortune which no man can avert and sometimes—though rarely—through trying to lighten the burdens and make happier the lives of helpless ones—but we can forgive him this weakness.

Do not forget if the manure pile is allowed to grow the bank account will later shrink. Manure means money and it quickly loses its producing power by leveling.

Book knowledge of farming is indispensable, but so is actual practice. One will not work well without the other.

THE SKELETON OF A HORSE

This illustration is a faithful reproduction of the skeleton of a horse. The description of the most important points follow:



THE SKELETON OF A HORSE.

1 H, First cervical vertebra (atlas); 7 H, seventh cervical vertebra; 1 R, first dorsal vertebra; 6 R, sixth rib; 17R, seventeenth dorsal vertebra; 18 R, eighteenth or last rib; 1 L, first lumbar vertebra; 6 L, sixth or last lumbar vertebra; 6 K, sixth rib cartilage; 1, scapula (shoulder blade); 2, spine of scapula; 9, radius; 10, carpus; 12, metacarpus (shin bone); 14, sternum (breast bone); 18, femur; 20, Patella (knee cap); 21, tibia; 23, fibula; 24, tuberosity of calcaneum; 26, phalanges; 27, internal trochanter of femur; 28, external or third trochanter of femur.

Mrs. Jane C. Barrow has for the past eight years supported herself and two children on the earnings of a four acre farm and lived better than she had formerly been living in a large city on a salary of $30 per month.

N. E. Hansen of the North Dakota experiment station, who has been traveling through Russia and other northern countries of Europe in search of new varieties of alfalfa and clover for cultivation in this country, has returned with more than 300 lots of seeds and plants to be used for experimental purposes. He found two varieties of alfalfa which grow in a section of Siberia where the mercury freezes and there is no snow.

DESTROYING RATS

THE NEED FOR THEIR DESTRUCTION ON THE FARM AND A FEW METHODS WHICH HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED TO ACCOMPLISH THIS

BY DAVID E. LANTZ.

The rat is the worst mammalian pest known to man. Its depredations throughout the world result in losses amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars annually. But these losses, great as they are, are of less importance than the fact that rats carry from house to house and from seaport to seaport diseases of all sorts.

Few attempts have been made to collect statistics of damage done by rats in America, but it is known to be very great. Farmers suffer enormous losses, both before and after their crops are harvested, from these pests.

Among methods for driving away rats that have proved useful under some circumstances are the following:

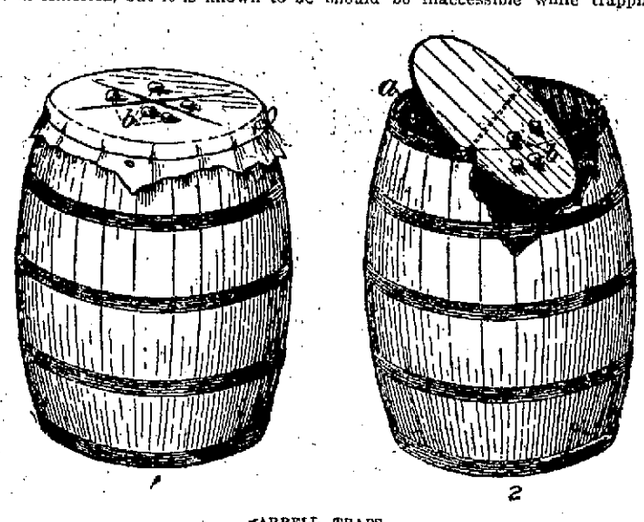
1. Freshly slaked lime placed dry in all burrows and runs of rats.
2. Freshly made thin whitewash poured into the rat burrows.
3. A strong solution of copperas (ferrous sulphate) sprinkled in runs and burrow entrances.
4. Chlorid of lime, loose or in old rags, placed in burrows and runs.
5. Gas tar daubed about the burrow entrances.
6. Powdered red pepper scattered in rat runs and burrows.
5. Gas tar daubed about the burrow entrances.
7. Caustic potash placed in the burrows and runs.

The best bait to use in trapping is usually food of a kind that the rats do not get in the vicinity. As far as possible, food other than the bait should be inaccessible while trapping is in progress. The bait should be kept fresh and attractive, and the kind changed when necessary. Baits and traps should be handled as little as possible. Ordinarily, traps should be frequently cleaned or smoked.

About sixty years ago a writer in the Cornhill Magazine gave details of a trap of which it was claimed that 3,000 rats were caught in a warehouse in a single night. The plan involved tolling the rats to the place and feeding them for several nights on the tops of barrels covered with coarse brown paper. Afterwards a cross was cut in the paper, so that the rats fell into the barrel. Many variations of the plan, but few improvements upon it, have been suggested by agricultural writers since that time. Reports are frequently made of large catches of rats by means of a barrel fitted with a light cover of wood, hinged on a rod so as to turn with the weight of a rat, as shown in illustration No. 2.

The Burmese use an ingenious and simple method of trapping rats. A large jar with a weighted cover is sunken into the ground. A hole is punched in the side of the jar on a level with the surface of the ground and just large enough to admit a large rat. Rice is used in the jar as bait. A writer states that he saw seventy-two rats caught in one such trap the first night it was set.

To destroy rats on farms, place a little fresh milk, each evening when the cows are milked, in a shallow pan where the rats can get it. Continue this for a week until the rats get bold and impatient to get at the milk. Then mix arsenic with the milk and await results. This plan is said to entirely clean a barn of rats.



BARRELL TRAPS.
No. 1—With stiff paper cover. No. 2—With hinged barrel cover. A—Stop. B—Baits.

A BURMESE TRAP.

HARVEST MITES, "JIGGERS" OR "CHIGGERS"

BY H. A. GOSSARD.

Last year, threshermen, harvest hands, workers in potteries, and apparently all classes of laborers who were obliged to handle staw in any way suffered intensely from the attacks of harvest mites or "jiggers." Horses stabled under mows in which infested straw had been stored, were in many cases rendered frantic by the irritation caused by these minute insects. Weather conditions lately have been exceedingly favorable for the development of a similar or worse plague this season.

The young mites are of microscopic size; blood red in color and belong in the order of spiders. The immature larvae are provined with only six legs while the adults have eight. It is the larval forms which cause annoyance. "Jiggers" are abundant in bramble thickets and on low growth in woods and along streams. They often occur in immense numbers in grain straw, sometimes causing sickness, and even death has sometimes resulted directly or indirectly from their attacks.

The eggs are laid on the ground. The young, upon hatching, in the species which have been studied, attach themselves to insect hosts and draw their sustenance from these for a time, dropping off when full fed. It is probably a misjudged attempt to follow their usual habit of parasitism that induces them to burrow into the flesh of human beings and warm-blooded animals, a proceeding which invariably results in their death.

Preventives and remedies: The Ohio experiment station recommends that so far as possible one should avoid sitting or lying in locations that are apt to be infested. Where exposure is unavoidable, dust flowers of sulphur into all the underclothes, especially into the stockings and inside the shoes. Threshermen should sift it into all their clothing and rub it over their bodies. Where infested straw must be stored in mows, dust the floor with sulphur and thoroughly sift it over the first layers of straw placed on the floor. Naphthaline powder may be used instead of sulphur and is said to be equally effective, but the odor makes it more objectionable. As soon as possible after quitting work exposed persons should take a bath in strong soapsuds. The carbolic and tar soaps are very useful for this purpose. If the mites have already penetrated beneath the skin, bathe in a very strong suds of carbolic soap. A very effective wash for this purpose is to make a solution of one of the coal tar sheep dips, such as Zenoleum or Chloronaphtholeum, one part of the dip to about 100 to 150 parts of water. Other solutions that may be used on the welts are of ammonia, coal oil (kerosene), or ordinary cooking soda. A dilute tincture of iodine or collodion if lightly applied to the swellings will protect from the air and allay the smarting sensation. A complete change of clothing should be made after bathing.

GOOD ADVICE TO HUNTERS

Some of you will be better observers than others, and will have taken notice of things as you go along. This is of more importance where the country is low, flat and featureless and timbered with trees that from their size, number and general appearance give a sameness to the woods.

Don't carry a gun with the muzzle pointing at any one, either behind or before you. If you are hunting in company with others, and your companions are ahead of you, carry the gun over your shoulder, the muzzle pointing up at an angle of 40 or 45 degrees.

A better way is to carry it under your right arm, pointing toward the ground in front of you, as from this position you can shoot quickly.

If unfamilar with the woods in which you are hunting don't fail to take careful notice of any peculiarities in the trees or the lay of the ground as you go along, in order that you may be able to find your way back home or to camp.

Better pitch your camp near a little creek if possible, and hunt one day on one side and the next on the other side, so if you get "turned 'round" you will have a better chance to find your camp before darkness comes.

If camping in the woods with several companions, and you are all unfamiliar with the country, better all hunt together, and there will be less danger of your getting lost, as you can compare notes.

Or if there is a hollow log near camp take a heavy ax and pound upon this occasionally as the darkness deepens. This pounding can be heard a long way in flat woods in the stillness of evening, when the absent ones are listening for it—a mile away; perhaps a mile and a half, while a man may get lost within a quarter of a mile of camp in some kinds of country with which he is unfamiliar.

Some people seem to think that the apple growing is just a "side issue." Perhaps it is, but it's a pretty big one. In one season this country of ours has been known to produce 210,000 barrels of apples.

LITTLE NUBBINS OF NEWS

At Byberry, Pa., there is a farm of nearly 900 acres owned by Philadelphia. It is the future site of a hospital for the insane, and as there isn't enough money now to build the hospital the city is working every inch of the land for all it is worth, and the insane patients from the West Philadelphia asylum are doing the work.

In the stomach of a cow slaughtered at St. Joseph, Mo., was found an iron rod three-eighths of an inch in diameter and thirteen inches long.

Wilbur Meady of Maine has a curiosity in the shape of a living rat three inches long in a beer bottle. The bottle has a small neck and the baby rat must have crawled into the bottle about as soon as it was born—at any rate he cannot get out again.

Some months ago Mr. Hunt of Kentucky sued and obtained $5 in payment for a sheep injured by a dog. But the sheep recovered and the owner did not believe he was entitled to the money. He therefore returned it to the auditor and has thereby won himself everlasting reputation for honesty.

FUTURE BRIGHT FOR SHEEP

Money invested in sheep will nearly double itself in one year, since the fleece will pay for the feed and care of the sheep, and the lambs, often two per ewe, are the profit.

It is estimated that ten sheep can be kept where one cow can, and the risk is much less. It may be said that the sheep always carries her pocketbook with her.

If she dies, her pelt or fleece pays her funeral expenses. If she lives, her wool in the spring and her lambs in the fall, pay double revenue. No other stock pays as large a percentage of clear profit on the money invested.

In years past complaint has been made that the industry could not be made profitable because of the losses from dogs and coyotes, but statistics show that losses from this source last year were less than a half of 1 per cent.

Nothing will build up a run down farm as quickly as a flock of sheep. While pasturing the sheep's manure is distributed about so evenly that no manure spreader could equal the sheep in its work.

The American people are consuming more mutton every year and a very bright future is in store for the sheep industry.—Professor R. J. Kuiser.

RAIL FENCE PHILOSOPHY

Most of us get all the happiness we deserve and no less. Our failures are, for the most part, our own fault and we have only ourselves to blame if misfortune comes.

Be benevolent; bury all bickerings in the bosom of forgetfulness.

Kindness kindles the fires of friendship and love.

A basket of eggs all of one size, color and appearance will create a better impression among private customers than a mixed lot. Some men make a success by grading them and shipping to private customers. If they can make it pay you certainly should.

Manure will not waste as much fertility in the field as it will in the average pile in the barnyard.

The horse needs daily exercise and likes a variety of food.

Talking about our "shiftless" neighbors does not help them. Perhaps a bit of encouragement delivered straight at their hearts would.

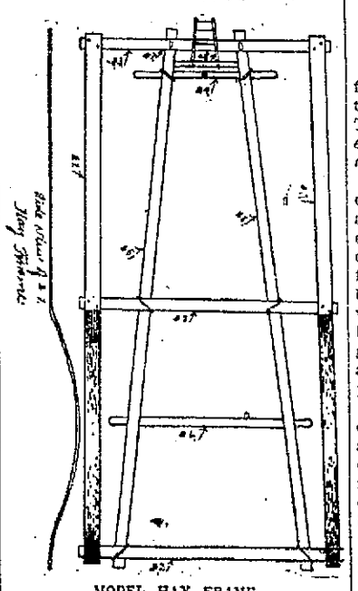
An old stove in the woodshed will make it a snug place in which to mend the harness and do odd jobs of carpentering.

Take a hand in politics. Get next to what the politicians are doing and learn in advance who is likely to be nominated for town and county officers next spring. If there is a bad man in the lot turn out and help to beat him.

Don't whine. Whittle.

A MODEL HAY FRAME

The side pieces are made of 1x8-inch elm or other strong plank 18 feet long. The end pieces are 2x6 inches 6 feet long. The front brace (No. 4) is made of hard wood 3 feet long, and takes the place of the bolster on the wagon. The main rails of the frame (No. 5) are made of 2x6-inch pine 26 feet long. No. 6 is the rear bolster of the wagon. The cross-pieces (No. 2) are fastened to the main rails with stirrups of ¼ inch iron with a strip bolted on the under side. At No. 7 there is a knee 1 foot tall, mortised into the frame, raising the bed away from the front wheel. The boom ladder (No. 8) is made of 2x4-inch stuff 6 feet long, and attached to the frame by a roller.—J. Wesley Griffin.



MODEL HAY FRAME.

"Mummied" fruit on trees ought to be cut off and burned, else rot and fungus germs will be carried to next year's crop.

FALL PASTURING OF WHEAT

Grazing Stock on Wheat Fields in the Fall is Beneficial to the Growing Crop

Wheat is a crop that needs much consideration if we wish to obtain the best results possible. There are certain times in the year when it would be a great mistake to pasture wheat and there are certain fields that ought not to be pastured; but there are also some instances when wheat can be pastured to great advantage. Of course the conditions must justify the proceeding.

Early wheat as a rule can be pastured quite hard in the fall, providing all conditions are favorable. Of course it would be poor policy to pasture it when the season was wet and the ground muddy, as the tramping of stock on such land would puddle the soil so badly that the entire crop might be ruined, and perhaps the soil also.

Should the soil be very dry, on the other hand, the stock is very apt to dig up much of the wheat, as the roots will not have a firm hold in the loose soil.

Land that has been very trashy and plowed late in the season is actually benefited by judicious pasturing, providing everything else is favorable; for the stock will pack the ground down firm, thus closing the large air spaces underneath, and at the same time keep a dust mulch on the surface, which is very desirable. If such ground were left unpastured the wheat would very likely freeze out if the winter should prove severe, owing to the fact that the trash laying between the furrow-slice and the subsoil causes large air spaces, which are very detrimental to the root system.

As soon as the winter breaks up in the spring the stock should be kept off the wheat, for it is at this time that the wheat must make a good start in order to cover the ground before the weeds get a start. Spring pasturing wheat usually decreases the grain yield greatly and should therefore be avoided.

Horses are much harder on wheat than are cattle, for they push the loose soil away from the plants and nip them off close to the roots, while cattle pull off only that which they can easily get hold of.

FIGHTING OF THE SCALE

Both the young and adults are now at work, and the experiments of the past season confirm the former opinion of Professor H. A. Surface that no insecticide will kill the adults without also destroying the leaves. The young can be killed by persistent applications as for plant lice spraying once in four or five days for a few weeks greatly reducing the pest. Should the life of the tree be threatened, paint the bark of the trunk and branches with boiled lime-sulphur-salt wash, or whale oil soap, two pounds to one gallon, made into a solution of the consistency of common paint by the addition of hot water may be used. This should not come in contact with the leaves, but may be used also as a spray after they fall.

GOOD FOREST WORK

In point of variety and scope the forest work done on the Biltmore estate, in North Carolina, is remarkable. The forests, which cover 130,000 acres are made profitable by the production of various forms of material.

Four million feet of lumber, 5,000 cords of tannic-acid wood and fuel, a thousand cords of tan bark, and several hundred cords of pulp wood are cut every year. At the same time the forest through wise management is bettered and is steadily increasing in value. Workmen employed along the boundaries of the forest do duty as fire guards. Thus fire protection is secured at least throughout all the accessible parts of the tract.

In connection with all lumbering operations permanent logging roads are built. These minimize the present cost of transportation, and will greatly reduce the cost of marketing future crops. Thus the extension of the roads is steadily adding to the investment value of the forest. Moreover, they serve also as a network of fire lines. Forest planting is practiced where fire will not threaten its success.

The experimental work in silviculture which is done at Biltmore, is certain to make important additions to the science and practice of forestry.

It was recently discovered that a large shipment of trees in southeast France consigned to various ports of brown-tailed moth. Prompt action by the United Stated was infested by the the state officials resulted in the destruction of this crop, although some of it has been distributed about the country. Out of thirty-eight shipments the moth was found alive in twenty-two. One shipment alone numbered 61,000 trees.

"INCURABLE" HEART DISEASE SOON CURED

By the Great Specialist in Treating Weak and Diseased Hearts, FRANKLIN MILES, M. D., LL. B.

Who Will Send $2.50 Worth of Special Treatment and New Book Free.

To demonstrate the remarkable curative powers of his new and complete Special Personal Treatments for heart disease, short breath, pain in the side, oppression in the chest, irregular pulse, palpitation, smothering spells, puffing of the ankles or dropsy, Dr. Miles will send, free, to every afflicted person, $2.50 worth of treatment. The worst cases soon relieved.

These treatments are the result of 30 years' extensive research and remarkable success in treating various ailments of the heart, stomach and nerves, which often complicate each case. So astonishing are the results of his treatment that he does not hesitate to offer all afflicted persons a two-pound Trial Treatment free.

Certainly nothing could be more generous. Few physicians have such confidence in their treatments. There is no reason why all afflicted persons should not avail themselves of this liberal offer, as they may never have such an opportunity again. Delays are dangerous. No death comes more suddenly than that from heart disease.

Mr. H. Bennett, Logansport, Ind., cured after 5 prominent physicians failed. Mrs. Alice Vredenburg, Mason, Mich., cured after many failed. Mr. P. W. Runyan, Spencer, Iowa, after 3 failed. Mr. L. A. Prout, Lisbon Falls, Me., after 12 failed. Mrs. Mary DeHart, Greenville, Pa., after 11 failed. Mr. C. E. Smith, Wayne, Mich., after 3 failed. Mrs. Elizabeth Boal, Eaglesport, O., after 4 failed. Other cures from your state sent on request. Many cured after 5 to 15 physicians and professors had pronounced them "incurable."

Send to Dr. Franklin Miles, Dept. H., 918 to 928 Main St., Elkhart, Ind., at once, for Heart Book, Examination Chart, Opinion and Free Treatment. Describe your disease.

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We remove desire of patients, we accept for treatment, if directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. Testimonials SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.

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Fort Wayne, Ind.

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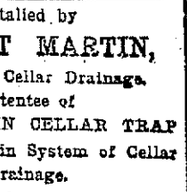
is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.



HAY FEVER

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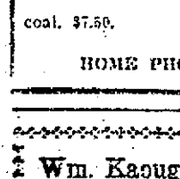

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ALL PARIS REVELING IN THE REMARKABLE STEINHEIL CASE

Woman Accused of the Murder of Her Husband and Stepmother Has Aroused the Interest of All Paris and Enlisted the Sympathy of Men in Her Defense Against Accusation of Having Committed One of Strange Crimes of Century.

Woman is Described as a "Charmer of Men" and is Known to Have Been on Intimate Terms With Some of the Foremost Figures of the French Republic—Some Details of Latest Sensation in Gay Paris and Details of a Crime That Stirred All France.

MME. STEINHEIL
FROM L'ILLUSTRATION

M. ADOLPHE STEINHEIL.
FROM L'ILLUSTRATION.

MME. AND MLLE. STEINHEIL.
FROM LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.

THE STEINHEIL VILLA.
FROM L'ILLUSTRATION.

MME. JAPY.
FROM LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.

FELIX FAURE
FORMER PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

All Paris has been reveling during the week in the multitude of sensations furnished by the trial of Mme. Marguerite Steinheil for the murder of her husband, Adolphe, and her stepmother, Mme. Japy.

The trial has been in progress in the assize court and attracting such attention as a case celebre can attract only in Paris. Interest in the case was stimulated early in the week by announcement that Mme. Steinheil had won the sympathy of the prison warden where she is confined and that he was loudly proclaiming her innocence. The significance of this is apparent when it is recalled that Mme. Steinheil has been much characterized as a "charmer of men."

No other mystery of recent years, black with crime and red with passion, has so stirred France as this double murder, in which a strange woman with a kaleidoscopic past is coupled with the names of a dead president of the republic and a living king, and who is about to be brought from her cell in the prison of St. Lazare, the gloomy Paris penitentiary where women whose evil deeds have startled the world have been confined, to answer for her life.

Political parties have plunged into the case; the Dreyfus affair has been resuscitated, and the charge has been made that government officials have shielded the woman, so that the affair is more like a political campaign than a capital case.

Her Power a Mystery.

No one has yet revealed the secret of Mme. Steinheil's inexplicable power over many men. Statesmen of the highest influence have been her servants to command; fortunes have been lavished upon her by aristocrats of enormous wealth; famous artists have acknowledged her spell. A library of conjecture has been written about her, but the true story is more remarkable than the creations of imaginative Parisian journalists.

After a fashion it is the story of Du Barry or La Pompadour, with the stage setting in a republic instead of a kingdom. She was Marguerite Japy, daughter of eminently respectable parents and granddaughter of one of the prominent manufacturers of France, whose establishments in Bayonne still bear his name.

As a girl Marguerite Japy lived in the little town of Beaucourt. She was not very strong and was sent to the south for her health when still a child. That visions of her future perturbed her is evident from the confession that when she met Adolphe Steinheil while he was painting frescoes in a Bayonne church and fell in love with her she married him because she wished to go to Paris and mingle in the gay world there.

Steinheil was the son of a painter and nephew of the illustrious Meissonnier, so he had the entree to the inner circles of one of the most delightful groups of Paris society. Immediately Mme. Steinheil began her woman's campaign for power. Literary and artistic lights were not enough for her shrine. She soon became a notable figure in high political and judicial society in the capital. Her husband was invited to the most exclusive official receptions, and it was no secret that he was asked because of his fascinating young wife.

She Meets President Faure.

Mme. Steinheil started her own salon, that vain ambition which has been for so many French women the lure of the flame for the moth ever since the wise old days of Mme. de Stael.

Everybody came when Mme. Steinheil invited. Money was spent lavishly, though her husband was poor. He mortgaged his home in the Impasse Ronsin. He was hard pressed. Then came brighter if not better days. Mme. Steinheil struck at the most glittering target. She was introduced to Felix Faure, president of France, by M. Lemercier, a judge.

The president was subjugated by her indefinable charm. He gave an order for a portrait to Adolphe Steinheil. His visits to the Steinheil home did not cease when the portrait was finished. The commission won other orders for the artist. There was no trouble about money affairs.

Then, two years later, Felix Faure died suddenly in the Elysee, his official home. The president had been visited in the afternoon by Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris, and by the Prince of Monaco. They observed that he was greatly agitated and almost abrupt in his manner. In the next room was Mme. Steinheil, screaming for help. M. Le Gall, the president's secretary, hurried into the apartment.

Scandal is Hushed Up.

He found the president of France dead. On a table was a small bottle containing a drug, a powerful stimulant, but not poisonous in small doses. The bottle was removed and Madame Steinheil was smuggled out of the palace. Time was not given her even to readjust her toilet. That night she attended a dinner and was the gayest person there. When, long afterward, some of the facts filtered out, a beautiful and popular actress was mentioned as the woman in the case, and only two or three persons knew that it had been the mysterious and fascinating Mme. Steinheil.

Her influence grew apace after that tragedy. It has been said that men of Felix Faure's party were willing to do all she asked rather than have the scandal affecting their dead leader come to light. Adolphe Steinheil was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, one of the great distinctions of the French government. She herself received a decoration. Powerful statesmen remained her devoted admirers. Her sway was undisturbed.

When Sisowath, the black king of the Cambodians, came in opera bouffe style with his dancers to Paris a few years ago he reviewed the military display at Longchamps from the presidential box. Also in the box were President Fallieres, the premier, all the cabinet members, with their wives and daughters, and—Mme. Steinheil. As soon as the brunette king's eye fell upon her he manifested deep emotion, and later there was difficulty in persuading him to leave Paris when his official visit was terminated, so great had become his infatuation for Mme. Steinheil.

Admirer Maintains Her Villa.

From barbaric royalty the enchantress passed on to a member of the French aristocracy. Her admirers had already included a very wealthy manufacturer, and at the last Maurice Borderel, a wealthy widower, who admitted that he had furnished the money to support the Vert Logis, the beautiful villa of the Steinheils at Bellevue, where Mme. Steinheil spent her summers. Incidentally, it was said that the villa was the scene of indescribable orgies.

Then came the murder in the Impass Rosin. Steinheil was found strangled in his bed and in the next room lay the mother of his wife, Mme. Japy, similarly killed. In a third room Mme. Steinheil was found bound and gagged. The only other person in the building was Remy Couillard, a valet, who discovered the double murder and released Mme. Steinheil from her bonds.

She declared at once that she had been bound and gagged by three masked men and a woman, who, she thought, might have been her husband's models, whom he took from the highways and byways of Paris. She said she had been robbed of all her jewelry. The police were able to make no headway in the case, and eventually Mme. Steinheil declared that she would herself track the murderers.

After she had run down several inoffensive persons, who easily produced alibis, she accused Couillard, the valet, of the crime, and her charge seemed to be borne out to a degree when he was searched and in his pocketbook was found a pearl which had been taken from a ring described in the list given by Mme. Steinheil to the police. Couillard vigorously denied that he had any knowledge as to how the pearl came to be in his possession or that he was in any way implicated in the dual murder.

At this stage a jeweler came forward and declared that Mme. Steinheil had brought the ring to him, asked him to melt it down and give the pearl back to her, which he had done. Thereupon she broke down and made a confession.

"I put the pearl in Couillard's pocket," she said, "in order to shield another whose name I must not disclose. I love him and he has shunned me. I have foully wronged Remy Couillard." Then, after a pause, she burst out: "The man who committed the crime was Alexandre Wolff." Wolff, who was the son of her cook, was arrested, but he easily established an alibi and was released. Then the woman herself was taken into custody.

She was put through the "third degree," which there includes what is called the reconstruction of the crime. The Steinheil villa was arranged as it had been on the day of the murder. Those who played the roles of Steinheil and Mme. Japy took their required posts. Then entered the masked assailants, who proceeded to strangle their supposed victims, including Mme. Steinheil. Finally, Couillard, the valet, appeared, rediscovered the crime, and released Mme. Steinheil just as he had done on that fatal morning seven months before.

As Couillard went about his uncanny task, attempting to repeat every action, so far as he could remember, Mme. Steinheil frequently interrupted him with: "No, you walked first to the window," or "No, don't you remember, you did not undo the cords that fastened my feet until you had released my arms?" Throughout the ordeal she appeared to be less affected than any one else present. From first to last she was like a debutante at a theatrical rehearsal, striving to sustain the star role.

Meantime she had confessed that her charge against Wolff also was baseless, and she was questioned by M. Andre, the examining magistrate, to whom she declared that she was the victim of an odious conspiracy.

"You have told me," said M. Andre, after these inquisitions had lasted several days, "that you did not love your mother because she made you marry M. Steinheil?"

"Yes, that is true," she replied.

"What other thing had you against her?"

"She took advantage of M. Steinheil's love to marry me to him without a dowry." Then she burst out, angrily: "You seem to think that I should gain some advantage by the death of my husband and my mother!"

"The advantage that you would have gained or that you did gain by the death of your husband," replied the magistrate, gravely, "was that you might be free to marry Maurice Borderel. Is that not true?"

Mme. Steinheil did not answer.

"You told M. Borderel," continued the magistrate, "that your mother cost you money. At her death you inherited about $15,000 and possibly more."

"Oh," cried Mme. Steinheil, "I know I have led a wicked life, but I am not a murderess."

"We shall see," responded M. Andre

Strange Scenes in Court.

The arrest of the woman caused a sensation in comparison with which the Humbert, Dreyfus and Syveton affairs paled into insignificance. Unprecedented scenes were witnessed at the palace of justice while she was under examination and guards were required to restrain the crowds from entering. On the boulevards men fought for special editions of newspapers having in them accounts of the case, while in the lobbies of the chamber of deputies the nationalists threatened to call the government to account unless orders were given immediately to investigate the scandal to the bottom.

Opponents of the government, like Henri Rochefort, tried to make political capital of the affair by seeking to force an exposure of the scandal connected with the death of President Faure. It was declared that she had met the president in the Swiss Alps during the manoeuvres in 1898, and that she was greatly enamored of him. A person who attended the funeral of M. Faure described how she had fallen on her knees before the grave, and, taking from her bosom a bunch of violets, had thrown it on the coffin, then prostrating herself on the ground and passionately kissing his portrait.

The anti-Semitic Libre Parole openly charged Mme. Steinheil with having poisoned President Faure by means of cynalde of potassium concealde in a cigar. The newspaper recalled that on the day of the funeral one of its writers who had seen the body remarked, "All the skill of the embalmers was unable to preserve the body from the dissolvent action of the subtle poison." The newspaper closed by saying that M. Faure was poisoned because he was opposed to revision in the Dreyfus case.

List of Admirers Published.

About the same time the Action Francaise actually published a list of names of men who, it asserted, had been on terms of the closest intimacy with Mme. Steinheil. It included a senator, a noted engineer, an automobile manufacturer and two of the magistrates who were called upon to hear her case after her arrest, but from whose jurisdiction it was soon removed.

According to this journal, the list had been examined and vouched for by a woman servant of Mme. Steinheil, who added that the husband, Steinheil, was complacent, apparently content that his home was maintained by the generosity of madame's admirers. In brief, the unfriendly press hesitated at nothing. The woman was called the "Red Widow," "Comedienne," "The Queen of Liars" and "Tragedienne."

One of these papers asserted that Steinheil was not only fully conversant with his wife's manner of life, but that he had possession of papers compromising public men, for which he demanded $200,000. This sum was considered exorbitant, the account said, and consequently an arrangement was made with Mme. Steinheil to rob the house, she to take advantage of the occasion to rid herself of her husband. The paper gave the name of the detective who directed the operation, but when the house was ransacked there were no papers there, and later it was learned that they had been removed to Switzerland.

Her lawyers maintain that Mme. Steinheil is innocent; others of her friends say she is insane and should be placed in an asylum, but the opposition press cries that she is a poisoner more dangerous than was Lucretia Borgia, and a clamor is raised that she should meet death upon the guillotine. And in the meantime Parisian politicians are torn asunder by the strangest case the gay capital has known since Alfred Dreyfus came back from Devil's island.

PURCHASING COUPONS

Orders or credit checks given by any contest piano house in the city, which can be applied on the purchase of any of my new pianos.

GUY CONKLIN,
10-30-tf 1008 Calhoun St.

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED FOR YEARS

Child of Four Would Scratch Her Head for Hours—When Fifteen It Got Worse—Hair Came Off in Spots—Hundreds of Dollars Spent in Vain—Cuticura Soothed Like Cold Water on a Burn and

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURED HER AT LAST

"When I was four years old a humor came out on my scalp. It would make a thick scab in one night, itching and burning terribly. My father spent many hundreds of dollars trying to find a doctor who could cure this humor, but none of them could ever help it even a little bit. At the age of fifteen years I had the measles, and after that the sore became maturated and I had to soak my hair out before I could comb it. My hair came off in spots and my head was in a bad shape.

"About this time a friend of my father suggested he try Cuticura for me. My father took this advice and bought the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent. I used them faithfully and to my surprise they stopped the itching at once, like cold water to a burn. In a week my head was clean from the scab but was very red and inflamed, but I had experienced more relief from the terrible itching and burning than ever before. I did not expect to be cured, as I thought that nothing could do that, but I had to use something all the time and Cuticura was cheaper than doctors.

"After some time, to my surprise, I awoke to the fact that my head was cured. It was as free from the disease as though I had never suffered. I am now forty-two and have never had any sign of my old trouble since I was cured. I owe health, happiness and life to Cuticura. Every one thought it was incurable. I used to dream sometimes that I was cured but thought it never could be, but Cuticura made the dream come true. Fancy a child sitting up in bed until ten or eleven o'clock scratching her head! I couldn't help it either, the itching was so terrible, night and day. It is a wonder I lived through it, but I can prove all I have written by my old neighbors. Mrs. Florence E. Ames Getchell, Box 503, Hallowell, Me., Feb. 9 and 13, 1909."

Cuticura Remedies are sold everywhere. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Cuticura Book on skin diseases mailed free.

BLOOD POISON

TELLS ITS OWN STORY

The scrofulous skin, the copper-color spotted face, the swollen tonsils, the husky voice, the sore throat, the ulcers in mouth or on tongue, the swollen, stiffened joints, the hair falling from eyebrows and head, the dulled eye, the haggard look. Not only does the victim of this ugly disease suffer physical weakening and mental depression, but has the tormenting humiliation of knowing that the malady cannot be concealed from the eyes of friends. Blood Poison, above all diseases, should have treatment the moment any of its symptoms is manifest.

Write to Dr. Brown, 935 Arch St., Philadelphia, the physician who has made Blood Poison a life study. Send for a bottle of

Brown's Blood Treatment

$2—enough to last for a month. Take it and note the improvement from the start. Brown's Blood Treatment is sold by leading druggists; $2.00 per bottle or direct by express on receipt of price.

—CUT OUT THIS $1 COUPON—

The Dr. Brown Company,
935 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As I have never used Brown's Blood Treatment before, please send me through my druggist

(Druggist's Name) .....
(Address) .....

A full size $2.00 bottle of Brown's Blood Treatment, for $1.00; also your valuable booklet.

My name .....

Address .....
(Write plainly. Only one bottle to each family).

This coupon is void after.....

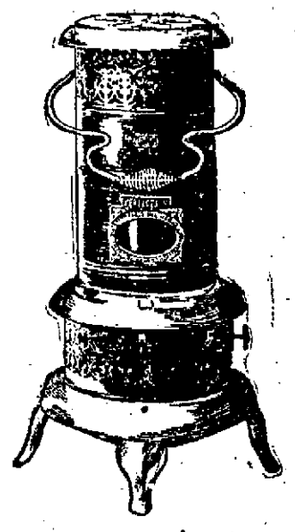
Raising Temperature

depends upon the heater—how constructed—whether it gets all the fuel-energy or only some of it.

If the heater is a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)



the raising of the temperature is certain.

Turn the wick as high or low as it will go—there's no danger, no smoke, no smell—just an emphatic raising of temperature. The

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is a permanent check upon carelessness, making the heater safe in the hands of a child. Burns nine hours with one filling, heats all parts of a room quickly.

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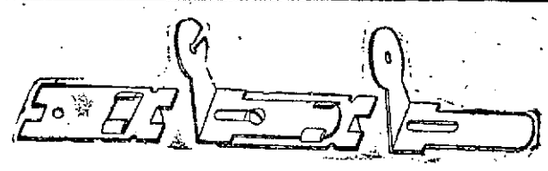

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in every home in Fort Wayne and in this manner convince the people that we have one of the very best articles on the market today, in the way of a Shade Bracket.

We have reduced the price to 5c per pair—look at your woodwork and see how it is all marred up with the old-style bracket—especially, if you rent out your homes. One tenant will put brackets one place when house is vacated—the next tenant will put the shade bracket either just above, a little below, or, perhaps just outside the holes that are already made in the woodwork—by and by you will see nothing but holes and no place to put on small brackets any more. Your woodwork is ruined—now look at the cut of this bracket and you will see the difference between the old style bracket and the Adjustable Shade Bracket, they will last you a lifetime—no need of ever removing them after you once place them on your woodwork—for you can adjust this bracket to fit any width of shade. It is so simple that a child could do the work.

After brackets are placed on the woodwork, you unfasten small screw, adjust bracket to fit the width of your window shade, then tighten up screw again. It not only saves your woodwork, but your shades will last twice as long. When shades are properly hung, the edges will not wear out and shade cloth will not crack. Try them and be convinced that what we are telling you is the truth. Buy Treep's Adjustable Shade Bracket and you will use no other.

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OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

THE SUPPER AFTER TIEPOLO

By Forrest Halsey

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A MAN must live," thought De Bracy.

He stood at the window. Far below the checkerboard of streets was beginning to be studded by the firefly lights of cabs and motors. The dull brown of the park forced into brilliancy by arc-lights was like some country waif painted for the town. In the north the searchlight of the Albany night-boat pushed a moving, luminous finger into the clouds. The notes of a street-organ came to him, softened by distance into melody:

> And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
> Gave me her promise true.

He smiled with shut lips. "Her promise true," he said. "I wonder why I think of old times to-night?"

According to the clubs and drawing-rooms Oliver Van Corlear De Bracy thought little of old times and less of an old name. Still, his world recognized his right to live, without too close an inquiry as to how he managed it. The last of the honors and perquisites of the De Bracys was the right to the social raft until exhausted.

"Gave me her promise true,"

trilled the piano.

"Those mid-Victorian poets had such imaginations," mused the man at the window. "Waters, light the lamps. I am expecting a gentleman."

The room began to glow with increasing radiance as lamp after lamp cast its soft clarity upon porcelains and mahoganies. Old tapestries commenced to swim out of shadows, and low tables to glitter with silver services and shine with the jeweled confusion of snuff boxes and miniatures.

"Waters," said De Bracy, "how often have I told you that the highest light should fall on that photograph cabinet?" referring to a huge folding-screen wherein, row on row, the autographed likenesses of ermined aristocrats attested his popularity in the coronation year. "My best stage property, Waters. —Control your face, man. I sometimes think I shall never make a valet of you. That's better. Is that the office calling? Hand me that dressing-gown, the Chinese one. Now, show the gentleman in—until he goes, I am not at home."

The figure of Waters disappeared through the armorial brocades of the doorway.

De Bracy tied the cords at his waist, surveying the room with sardonic eyes.

"Not elaborate set, but the gallery, though cheap, critical," he thought.

"Mr. John Williams," announced Waters, holding back the curtain.

The personality of John Williams had screamed from the columns of the press for years in ever-increasing menace, until now its roar penetrated every crime from which, like the barons of old, he exacted tribute.

His name had entered into the common language. The man in the street, when he spoke of being beaten, conquered, tricked, said he had been "Williamsed."

"Of what use can the social mouse be to this lion of achievement?" De Bracy wondered, as he advanced to greet him.

This thought, in a different fashion, occurred to John Williams, as he gazed with a contemptuous curiosity on the man before him. Dead generations had taught him to distrust this type. The refined aquilinity of the features, deeply tanned, thrown into relief by the crisp blond hair that belied the man's forty years by a good ten; the tall, slender figure in its bizarre garb of black satin, splashed by the vivid scarlet and rose pink of wonderful Eastern embroideries; the hands, long, slender, with the pointed fingers familiar in old portraits, made a picture so foreign to his usual environment that the slight confidence which had sent him on his errand disappeared. His nod had the curtness of a business man's, rebuking an over-polite clerk.

"I'm from Harburger," he said cuttingly.

"So I presume, Mr—er"—with a glance at the card —"Wilkins. I am very sorry, but I am afraid Mr. Harburger has made a mistake."

"My name is Williams—John Williams, of the United Milling. What mistake did he make?"

"Excuse me," said De Bracy. "My books are full, and Mr. Harburger does not send me enough clients to justify my keeping any dates open for him. As a business man, you will understand my position, Mr. Williams." The nod and smile of Oliver Van Corlear De Bracy were unmistakably a careless dismissal.

"Young man," said the other, his eyes narrowing, "I don't make calls. We can do business, I guess."

The younger man flapped open the lid of a bronze cigarette-casket, put a paper roll in his teeth, and, turning his back on the other, puffed at the flame of a Roman hearth altar, tended by a vestal virgin in bronze.

"That depends," he said between puffs.

"On what?" said the older man.

"You," said De Bracy.

"Me? How? Ain't my credit good?" the ghost of a smile flickering on the adamant of his eyes.

"Your credit financially, Mr. Williams, does not concern me. Mr. Harburger is responsible if he sends you."

"I'll be damned," said John Williams.

De Bracy smiled and waved his hand—the gesture might mean anything.

"Sit down, Mr. Williams; I will explain," he said seriously. "Will you smoke? No?" He seated himself in a large chair, bending forward and looking into the other's eyes with cool directness.

"Mr. Harburger has doubtless told you," he began in a level voice, "I am a tradesman—as you are. My business is the breaking of mesalliances. My clients range from the royal families of Europe to members of corporations like the billion-dollar iron trust. Now, as a business man, may I put it to you—why should I, with my books full of clients, if not as wealthy, fully as liberal as you, put them all aside because you walk in and say your name is John Williams?"

"Because, son"—John Williams leaned forward, pointing a finger expressive of the manicurist's hopeless battle with the early pick-axe—"though you dress like a bowery fortune-teller, you're a man, and you'll help a fellow when he's stuck."

The cool gray eyes looked at the hard blue ones.

"Tell me your trouble," said De Bracy.

The older man produced a case. "Smoke?" he inquired. The other tossed his cigarette away and took a cigar.

"You've heard of my son Joe, Mr. De Bracy?" Williams continued. "You know he's been trained from his twelfth year to take my place at the head of the United Milling? He's a wonder. Invented the aero brake we use on our system. I've been handing over branch after branch to him from time to time, until now he is practically the head of the United. That is, he was"—with a snap of the jaws.

"He never cared for your society game. None of our crowd does. But last summer outside of Saratoga he met a broken-down auto with a woman in it. Chauffer gone off and not come back. He tinkered the machine and took her home. Well, she's got him. He's gone wild over her. Runs around pouring out money, neglecting business, writing her poems. Yes, sir, the manager of the United Milling! Think of it! Poems to her hair; I've seen 'em! Crazy over her hair; says it's the most wonderful in the world. My God! Think of talking that way about a woman! And now he's fixin' to marry her—a lady that's old enough to have rocked and spanked him, and ain't straight at that—three husbands cancelled by the courts. She's one of your women. She'll take him away from us, and the United Milling. She laughs at my wife, damn her! at my wife! She even laughs at me—John Williams—and she's got me dead to rights. It's killin' his mother. That's the reason I come to you, Mr. De Bracy.

"Her latest label is Mrs. Blanche Redington Blackburn," said the older man.

"I accept your commission, Mr. Williams," said De Bracy.

"I've always said that two real men can get together easy in business or scrapping," said the other, producing a check-book. Let me have a pen. The ink's dry in mine."

De Bracy stood watching the curtain that still trembled with the exit of his visitor. His face hard, haggard, the mouth a cruel scar.

"'Gave me her promise true,'" he murmured. "This time I am armed, however, dear Blanche."

The young man-servant re-entered.

"Waters," said the Bracy, "how much wages do I owe you?"

The young fellow flushed and looked at his master with a crooked smile of embarrassment. "There's no hurry, Mr. De Bracy, sir," he deprecated.

The amusement showed in the De Bracy eyes. "You never will make a valet, Waters," he said. "I owe you three months' wages, as you know. Dress me and then you may go for the night. You will want some money; pawn this ring. Now that we have a balance in the bank we can afford to disregard appearances, Waters."

Waters was a whim of De Bracy's. He had picked up the boy from the streets, and was repaid by a fiery gratitude that burned away many a barrier.

II.

"Oliver," said young Joe Williams, "you never saw such hair in your life. Jove! it fairly seems to be alive, it glows and glitters so." It was three weeks since the meeting between John Williams and Oliver Van Corlear De Bracy.

SHE HAD COPIED TIEPOLO'S "WOMAN IN GREEN"

Through the red flare of the setting sun a continuous mass of carriages and cars clinked and purred through the Mall. The crisp tang of a December evening was in the air. The couple in the racing car, swathed in the disguise of their great fur coats, were skidding with whirring dash in and out of the streaming vehicles, the younger man one sense alert and watchful of his mechanism, while his subconscious self was dreaming. De Bracy had not seen him otherwise than dreaming since he made his acquaintance at the huge place covered with copper and marble crullers that the Williamses called home.

To the skilled man of the world the winning of the youth's affection had been an easy matter.

As they became intimate, however, De Bracy saw more clearly the difficulties of his new case. The lady was vulnerable, the wall of her past presented a hundred points of attack; but at each masked advance De Bracy found that Mrs. Blackburn had pointed out the breach and had posted young Williams on guard.

The infatuation of the young millionaire had become so dangerous that the occassion brooked of no delay. De Bracy decided to join the pair for dinner at Claremont, towards which they were now motoring.

"Oliver," said the boy, "I am not poetic, but really her hair seems like the crowing glory of my life."

"Look out for that carriage," said De Bracy at a startled exclamation from the machinist perched behind. "Don't let her hair get wound in your steering gear."

They scudded out of the park and were flying along the heights, catching glimpses through side streets of the river, which was one golden ripple, the asphalt a gray blur sweeping under the car.

"Do you know, there's quite a story about her hair," continued the man at the wheel. "She always had beautiful hair, but when she was in Europe some years ago she went under the care of a great specialist who kept her shut up in a place in the Austrian Tyrol six months. He tortured her horribly, but her hair, under his treatment, became long, and thick, and wonderful, just as you'll see it to-night. But here we are, and plenty of time for a brush-up and a smoke before she comes. By the way, Oliver, do you want the car this evening? I'm going back in the brougham with Blanche."

An hour later they stood on the piazza watching the lines of vehicles discharging their occupants, who rustled up the steps to become part of the evening spectacle.

Dusk had fallen and the red-shrouded candles were glowing invitingly upon napery and silver. Purple, cobalt and deep brown, the far hills were wrapping themselves in the mists of night. Lights began to twinkle and shimmer on the river.

"Here she comes, Oliver," cried young Williams, hurrying toward a brougham whose big sorrel minced and fretted at the steps. "Blanche, here is Mr. De Bracy at last."

"Why, Oliver!" said a sweet, high voice. "It has been years and years."

"My dear Blanche, the years for you are but as a day," and De Bracy assisted Mrs. Redington Blackburn to alight.

"I told Joe I wanted to meet you. Joe, dear, run like a good child and see if Marie has come. I told her to bring some heavier wraps. Inquire at the office."

Joseph disappeared, and under De Bracy's guidance Mrs. Blackburn trailed her languid laces to the table whose orchid exuberance proclaimed Joseph's devotion. With a supple sweep of line she sank into a chair and began stripping her long gloves, watching the man opposite through the fringe of her lashes.

"Oliver," said the woman, "we have three minutes while that boy searches for a mythical maid. We know each other. I have followed your career: anyone who has read the headlines knows mine. You are not in this for nothing. Tell me, what do you want? What is your price? Is it peace or war? If it is peace, Oliver"—she leaned forward, the old perfume of iris enfolding him, her lips just fluttering with the words, her eyes violet wells of meaning under her burnished hair—"that is a golden city. Help me and I will lend you the key."

"My dear Blanche," said the man easily, "ten years ago you led me into hell, and left me, locking the gate. You are not to be trusted with keys, Blanche."

She leaned back, her lips a painted smile. "Your residence in hell has taught you to make your living, Oliver," she said.

"Then pardon me if I make it," he answered, smiling. "All is fair in two things. We failed at the love, let us try war, my dear Blanche." She laughed with an accent like thin glass snapping.

"I'm glad to see you two getting on so well—what's the joke?" said Joseph, behind them.

"Mr. De Bracy wishes the orchestra to play 'Annie Laurie.' I have so many amusing recollections connected with that song," she laughed. "Ask them to play it, like a dear boy," said Mrs. Redington Blackburn.

"Well," said Joseph a couple of hours later, "we must be trotting. I'm so glad I brought you people together again. I knew you'd like each other. I've never spent a jollier evening in my life—we must have a lot of them. Blanche, it's a pity your maid didn't bring you heavier wraps. Come, Oliver, and see us to our carriage."

"Yes, Oliver," said Mrs. Blackburn, rising. "I intend to see a lot of you from now on."

"My dear Blanche, I shall be always at your heels," laughed De Bracy.

III

"Mr. De Bracy, sir." Waters laid the flesh-brush on the long marble massage-slab let into the tiled wall.

De Bracy, swathed in toweling like a monk, stood on the first step of his sunken bath. The last few days he had tasted defeat to its dregs. The battle had been decidedly to the lady. Never in a life of fighting and manoeuvering had he been so outmanoeuvered and out-fought. The announcement of the engagement was now imminent.

"I am beaten," thought De Bracy, "and by a hank of hair."

"Mr. De Bracy, sir," said Waters again.

"Yes," said that gentleman.

"I took them flowers to the lady at the St. Agatha yesterday. She wasn't in. Her maid said she and Mr. Williams was motoring. The maid was quitting and I helped her carry her boxes to the car. And Mr. De Bracy, sir,"—the valet's blue, boyish eyes were sparks of exitement.

At first De Bracy hardly paid attention to the valet's story, but as it progressed he became attentive, questioning the man sharply in places, making him repeat in others.

"Waters," said De Bracy finally, "you never will make a valet, but you have your uses. Calm your excitement and remember your massage lessons!"

Fresh from the attempts of Waters, immaculately groomed, orchid in buttonhole, an introspective eye behind his monocle, De Bracy strolled down to his club.

It was within a week of Christmas. Here and there a holly wreath hung its green suggestion against the lace window-curtains. Even the servants at the club seemed to have a silent obsequious hint of favors to come.

A breakfast of unusual length was followed by a brooding hour in the darkest corner of the reading-room. It was not until almost noon that he signalled the doorman for a cab and drove to a bird and animal store on Eighth Avenue. Here De Bracy descended and was gone some time, returning with an amused man carrying a large cage, which was bestowed in the bottom of the hansom.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "it can be done easy. I'll be up to-night. You'll see how quick they get wise. Norfolk-Arundale, eight o'clock. I'll be there on the dot."

The cab drove away. "Well, of all the Christmas gifts!" grinned the man on the curb. "Them swells is nutty."

The next morning while De Bracy was still in bed, the elder Williams was announced. The mesalliance breaker pushed away his breakfast tray with a groan.

"Let him in, Waters," he said "In five minutes call me to the telephone. Put the cigarettes on the bed-table. Now, show him in."

De Bracy leaned back against his pillows, blond, imperturbable, cigarette in teeth, the morning papers with their head-lines announcing young Williams' engagement spread before him. The door opened.

"Good morning, Mr. Williams," said De Bracy.

The old man entered and walked directly to the bed-side.

"I congratulate you, Mr. De Bracy," he said.

"Me?" with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, you." The old face was the color of yellow wax, the mouth a thin gash of a smile.

"You played me very neat—tricked me very smoothly," said the level voice. "How much did she promise you?"

De Bracy struck a match.

"Now," continued the old man, "you've done what ain't been done to me for twenty year—tricked me. You gave it out to the reporters yourself last night. Clever of you, wasn't it? But you won't laugh long. You don't know me. You and your woman, you won't drag that boy where you two are. You shan't have him. I can't fight your way, but out where I come from we think a man's got a soul, and we guard our own, we don't let your kind get 'em. We've got a way of our own with your kind."

"Mr. Williams," said De Bracy, "even when you think the train is going off the track it is not wise to hit the engineer on the head. He may know his business. Any way, you don't. I don't make confidants of my clients. I told you I would smash this engagement and I shall do it at a supper I'm going to give on Christmas Eve. That's all I will tell you. Your business is to be quiet and sign checks, or else handle the matter in any way your mining-camp training suggests. Now go. I'm a busy man this morning."

IV

"Do you know, Oliver, I think it's the kindest thing of you to give us this Christmas Eve supper," said young Williams as he stood in the ante room of his friend De Bracy's apartments a week later.

They had been laughing together over the descriptions in the "afternoon dreadfuls" of the forthcoming entertainment, whose mystery had it's journalistic imaginations.

"You're a trump," said the young man.

"There may be truth in that," laughed his companion, "but remember that not the least of my reasons for giving this affair is I wish you happiness—you see, I know Mrs. Blackburn."

"Thank you," said the youth. "Oliver, you're the best friend man ever had. Say, old man, what's that thing scratching around in the next room. Sounds like a—"

"Never mind," laughed De Bracy, "it is a surprise —and Joe, you know this supper is to be a copy in costume of Tiepolo's 'Supper of Leonardo,' so I am going to give your fiancee a Christmas present. I want you to make her wear it to-night. It is an Italian head-net of the period. It will be beautiful in her hair."

V

The progress of an unusual social event was attested by the dense crowd about the lighted awnings of the Saint Mammon on Christmas Eve.

Upon entering, the guests were hoisted in lifts to the dressing rooms, where twentieth century wraps discarded, revealed sixteenth century Florentines. Before comparisons could be made they were hurried to the ante-room of the large ball-room of the Saint Mammon. The lights here were so dim as to obscure all but the faint gleam of bare shoulders and the smolder of gems. Fed by mystery, expectation grew to a subdued murmur as group after group laughingly entered the gloom.

"Noble Florentines," said a voice from the darkness when the last couple entered. "My Lord Leonardo, hearing that a company of brave cavaliers and beautious ladies driven from Florence by the siege, had taken refuge in his possessions, has bidden you in all courtesy, as it is the feast of the Eve of Christmas, to dine with him and pass the day from noon to the set of sun in the pergola of a villa on the hills overlooking Ravenna. Here various joyous gentle, wonderful and pleasant things shall be done for your amusing and in special honor of a young lord, his friend, and a gentle lady.

"Signores and signors, enter, the feast is spread."

Stringed music began to play and the curtains forming the whole back of the room were drawn away, revealing in a flood of light what had been the grand ballroom of the Saint Mammon.

A deep "Oh!" of long drawn wonder came from the crowd on the threshold.

The ballroom had disappeared. A stone floor of black and white mosaic extended to a terrace wall of old Italian marble, over which climbed and blew hundreds of roses on their vines. Two massive columns supported a roof of lattice work that hid the ceiling and on this and hanging from it in huge profusion glistened masses of purple grapes. The yellow light of noon sifting through the grape leaves dapled the terrace with moving shadows and glinted in prismatic colors from the antique gold, silver, and Venetian glass of a table covered with altar lace that stood against the rose-covered wall. Beyond, clear etched in summer sunshine, mile on mile the olive vineyards stretched to the red roofs of Ravenna.

Butterflies dipped among the roses. On long golden perches tropic birds preened vivid wings. A little young Saracen, his bare arms and legs clasped by silver bands, knelt in a corner tending some hawks who shook their gilded blinkers at a monkey chained by a jeweled girdle to the terrace wall.

De Bracy stood indicating the seating of his guests.

Young Williams and his fiancee entered, the woman a pace in advance—she had copied Tiepolo's "Woman in Green," and over her splendid hair she wore a head-net of diamonds and old cameos. Without waiting for De Bracy's hand, she swept to the head of the table.

Hour after hour, marked by changing shadows and struck by distant church bells, the dinner went on. Tumblers, jugglers, fortune-tellers, poets, wrestlers, capered, sang and made their appeal. Finally, the curtains parted, revealing the greatest tenor of the age. "Ave Maria," he sang.

The monkey clashed his chain and chattered.

De Bracy signalled the young Saracen. "Take him out," he said.

The Saracen bent, loosened the monkey's chain, made a misstep and fell.

"He's got away!" Catch him!" shouted Waters.

A cry from the women and a fury-flash leapt upon the table—scream on scream, as the monkey flew its length and sprang straight at the head of Mrs. Redington Blackburn—an explosion of yells—and he jumped from her shoulders, clambering up the swinging grapevines to the roof. There he sat chattering, picking at an Italian hairnet, while all around him flowed a copper mass of glorious hair.

Below, Mrs. Redington Blackburn cast her glass into De Bracy's face. "You beast," she hissed, her face, hard, old, seamed through its cracked enamel—while in the red glory of the setting sun her head shone—bald.

"It is easily explained, Mr. Williams," said De Bracy. "Her maid told my man that when she was in a retreat in the Austrian Tyrol she contracted a sickness that left her bald. So I had a monkey trained to snatch the head-net wherever he saw it. He saw it on Mrs. Blackburn. Did you see that the lady had left for Europe?"

"Yes," grinned the old man, "and did you see this?" handing him a slip of paper.

"Mr. Williams," said De Bracy, "this check is too great. I am overpaid."

"No, you ain't. You've saved the United Milling and give my wife a Christmas gift that'll make the rest of her life happy."

For Boy and Girl

BY TREVI'S WATERS

By GEORGIANA HOME

THE Roman moon was at its full as a group of merry folk came from out an olden doorway and fell into file on the bordering walk.

Luggage had been labeled and strapped for the morning start, and now, true to tradition, these out-bound travelers were bent on emptying their pockets of pennies into Trevi. For the time-worn legend tells that he who loves Rome but leaves it, must make pilgrimage to the fountain of Trevi on the evening before he departs, and cast into the waiting water a coin which is supposed to guarantee that on some happy future day he will return to Rome.

Down somber streets they went where the star-shine was shut out by palaces that almost met overhead, around shadowy corners, fearsome of nights and black with history. Then into the moon-swept square and, here, on the soundless midnight, fell the clear splash of Trevi's waters.

White and serene the fountain stood like a waiting altar, and, for a moment, laughter and chatting were hushed as all gathered about the marble brim.

Then "splash! splash!" went the pennies or the "centesimi," amid much merriment.

But one there was who was far from merry—a girl in her early teens.

She had dipped into her pocket with the rest and had drawn forth a silken purse which she had forgotten to empty. A goodly sum and the glint of gold shone through the meshes so closely clasped in her unwilling hand.

"What, all this!" and the little American tightened her hold.

The great sculptured Neptune looked down from his height at the maiden, whose upturned face was as fair and pouting as a sea nymph's, but she felt no awe of the Sea-King's trident. She was peering into a possible future which might hold for her no enchanting Rome with its sparkling fountains where the waters always played, and where life was brimful of wonders.

Many of the visitors around her drank of the sweet water, touched by the thought that even two thousand years before men had quenched their thirst at its generous spring. And then they threw their pennies into the great fountain.

Shutting her eyes that she might not behold the sacrifice, the young American girl threw purse and treasure into the large basin. A ripple, and it was hers no more.

The loss was nearer than the joyous return to Rome which it foretold, and the following morning, as the train carried her northward, who shall say that in the sunshine, she did not repent?

On that same morning, the dawn saw its usual eager crowd of street boys fishing away at the sacred spot for the pennies of Trevi.

One was a lad of fourteen, ragged as the rest, dark-eyed and sunny-faced—and he it was who captured the well-filled purse.

He opened it, and when there shone into his amazed eyes the glitter of gold, he clutched his treasure and scampered away to a spot where he could safely examine this marvel. The most secret of nooks it must be, or he might lose it all.

No gems of story were as dazzling as these gleaming coins, as, one by one, they rolled into his hand. Like the mythical gold of the Rhine, this heap sent its rich glow upward into the heart of the ragged boy and he sang for joy.

It was a key that opened to him an unknown world, and he was wild with glee.

Carefully he tucked away the purse and hurried home. For he had a home—without father, mother, brother or sister, but not lacking in affection. In this lowest story of a medieval palace lived a kindly woman who had taken the boy when he was left alone, and had found room in heart and household for one more. To this home he ran in glad haste.

In a sunny corner, not far from his home, sat a slender girl, dark-haired and of gentle beauty. Large dark eyes she had, too, wide open but sad, for no joy could enter them from the world without. She was blind.

"O, little sister, what thinkst thou? I have gold. Hark!" And the boy jingled it merrily.

Startled, the listener said: "Where didst thou get it, Filippino? Tell me quickly."

"In Trevi. Just think! it is ours, ours!"

"*Thine,* dear Filippo, for, listen, thou shouldst not part with what may help thee to skill in workmanship. So shalt thou gain more gold and become a great man."

This was a new outlook and the lad grew grave. The thought was sweet. With money earned, he could brighten life for this dear friend and beloved playmate.

Suddenly a great gladness broke over his earnest face and his eyes filled with tears, as he leaped to her side.

"Little sister, little sister, thou shalt see! This shall buy thee back thine eyes!" The joy of the face upturned to his in its listening way made the boy's heart throb. Then with sudden sadness came the answer: "It can never be, Filippo. Only the good God can give me back my eyes."

"Yes, it can be. Here is gold, so much, a heap! It will pay the doctors who can do wonderful things; and, O little sister, when thou canst see again—" and a sob, manly and heartfelt, choked the loving words.

And so the mother found them, trembling with a new hope. The impetuous boy ran to her. "See, see how much is here! Will it not bring back her dear eyes?"

She had no thought of refusing his noble gift. From his great love had come the generous impulse and it was sacred.

The story was told, and the three sat close, while the mother's heart beat as warmly for the orphaned lad as for her own.

Filippo's faith found fulfilment. Light was given back to the tender eyes by patient skill and merciful time. And when the physicians heard of the wonderful gold, they refused to take it, and said that it was clear as Trevi's own shining pool that some far-seeing lover of childhood had furnished it as the golden keystone for Filippo's own fortune.

All this made a pretty story to be told and retold in Rome, and it lingered as a twilight tale for travelers.

And in a far-after time the American girl who had paid such heavy toll to Trevi, stood again by its waters.

They rippled in the breeze and their sun-laden laughter seemed the liquid glint of her golden coins rising to welcome her back to Rome.

She smiled at the fancy. But it was not, indeed, the gladsome spirit of the gold that danced before her in the dawn, rejoicing that love had widened its ways into such far-faring beneficence.

It was the hour of morning devotion, and, even as she stood there, a whispered blessing bound her to two who knelt together in grateful happiness before their humble household shrine.

And above them hung an empty silken purse, which she recognized as the one she had thrown into the fountain. But she did not know that its meshes were heavy with prayers purer than any gold.

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THE OPAL RING

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

KATHLEEN VAN BRUNT returned to her place at Miss Hollister's school, after the summer vacation, the happiest girl to be found anywhere.

"Look, look, Viola!" she cried, snatching off her glove, after she had greeted her roommate. And Viola's big blue eye opened wide with wonder and envy as she closely examined the beautiful ring. A large fire-opal of changing lights and colors was set between two small but finely cut diamonds.

"Oh, Kathie! How lovely!" sighed Viola. "Come to Edna's room and show it to the rest of the girls."

Kathie was soon the center of an admiring group. The ring was passed from hand to hand, and many were the comments on it. Only one girl, however, had anything to say against it.

"It's very, very pretty," remarked Elise Chartron; "but opals are unlucky, and *I* wouldn't wear one for *anything!*"

Kathie's face fell, and Viola noticed it. Hotly and loyally, she replied, "I don't believe a word of that. My mother has worn an opal for years and every one says she's a very lucky woman!"

"The misfortune will come some day," prophesied Elise gloomily, as the group broke up.

Several months passed, and Viola's admiration for the ring grew daily more intense. Frequently Kathie would let her wear it for an hour or two. And, then a dreadful thing happened. Kathie woke one morning to find the ring gone from her finger. Viola was still sleeping peacefully, but, giving her arm a jerk, Kathie waked her.

"What's the matter?" she grumbled sleepily. "Has the rising bell rung?"

"Oh, Viola!" gasped her companion, "I can't find it—my ring!" Instantly Viola sat up in bed.

"Let's strip the bed," she suggested, and, jumping up, shook the pillow-slip, sheets and blanket, and even turned the mattress. But it was all in vain.

"I'll have to tell Miss Hollister," said Kathie, "and ask her to allow me an hour from study to hunt for it. Perhaps she'll let you help." Permission having been granted, the two girls searched every nook and corner of their room, but all to no purpose. The ring had vanished and left not a trace behind.

Miss Hollister's face grew grave when she heard the result, and she questioned the two girls closely. Kathie had worn the ring when she went to bed—that was certain—and had not waked during the night, though her sleep had been troubled, and she had dreamed uncomfortably. Viola had not had the ring since the afternoon before.

Miss Hollister was puzzled, and began to fear that suspicion could only rest on little Viola, whose manner that morning seemed strange. She trembled violently, her eyes were wide and frightened, and her little unsteady hands plucked constantly at her skirt. Remembering, however, that Viola was a nervous, excitable, high-strung child, Miss Hollister wisely decided to say nothing, for a time at least, so the matter was dropped.

But that night Viola developed a high fever, and by morning she was much worse. Her mother was hastily sent for, and when she arrived decided to take her home. Before she was taken away, Kathie crept into the room, and throwing her arms around Viola whispered: "I'll never believe anything wrong of you, dear, never, never! I love you so much, and I don't care if we never find the old ring!"

But Viola only stared at her with great, unseeing eyes, and muttered: "The ring—the ring—I didn't, couldn't take it!"

Two weeks had passed since Viola had left. Kathleen missed her cheery little roommate sadly and grieved because she would never come back to the school again, as a letter received from Viola's mother stated.

"And all because of my opal!" she whispered to herself. "It *must* have been unlucky, after all."

Then came the first snowfall of the season. "I suppose I'll have to wear my arctics," thought Kathleen, preparing for the afternoon walk. "How I hate them!"

She put the first one on without difficulty. As her foot slipped into the toe of the second, she felt something there. Drawing it off, she shook it impatiently.

A moment later, white and breathless, she rushed into the private office of Miss Hollister.

"Look!—do look!" she cried, waving an arctic in one hand, and a ring—her long-lost opal—in the other. "In my arctic!" she panted.

"Kathleen," commanded the principal, "sit down *quietly* and explain this to me."

"But how did your ring come to be hidden in such a place?"

Suddenly the girl exclaimed: "I have it! I know now just what I must have done. I got up in my sleep and put it there myself during the night. I remember now, I was restless and troubled. Mother says I used to walk in my sleep when I was a little girl. Oh, do let us tell Viola at once!"

Twenty-four hours later Kathleen was kneeling by Viola's bedside.

"And, Viola," added Kathleen, "I'm not going to wear the ring again for a year. You know I'll graduate next spring, and then it will be time enough to wear it. But I want you to have an opal, too, so see what I've brought for you. I bought it with my own pocket-money at Bertani's."

With that she clasped about Viola's neck a slender chain, on which hung a tiny gold locket, set in the center with a single, small, but perfect opal.

"CAREFULLY HE TUCKED AWAY THE PURSE AND HURRIED HOME"

THE WOODCHUCK

By Silas A. Lottridge.

THE woodchuck is well known among the farmer boys and girls throughout the Middle and Eastern States, for he is as much a part of the farm as the brook or the orchard.

In form he is far from graceful, especially in the latter part of the summer, when the body becomes very fat and pouchy. The color of the fur varies from a reddish brown to a grizzled gray, or, occasionally, black. The teeth, like those of the squirrel and prairie dog, are strong and well adapted for cutting.

His summer home is sometimes in a burrow, and sometimes in a wall or stone-heap. The woodchuck of the present day is rather inclined to desert the old home in the woods, where he fed upon tender bark and roots of various kinds, and become a dweller near the clover-patch in the field. For this reason he has become a special object of persecution by the farmers, and a continual warfare is waged against him from early spring until fall; some are trapped, many are shot, and not a few are destroyed by the farm dogs.

The trap is set at the entrance of the burrow, being made fast to a stake which is driven into the ground. The woodchucks are more easily trapped in May or June than later in the season. Old ones frequently become very shy, especially those living in meadows remote from the house and having their burrows in the edge of the woods or bushes near by. Sometimes one of these woodchucks will spring a trap day after day without being caught; or even dig around the trap, much to the disgust of the farmer-boy, who is usually paid a bounty of ten cents for each "chuck" caught. Occasionally the farm dog develops considerable ability in capturing them.

There is no animal that exerts less energy in the course of a year than the woodchuck. He feeds upon the best in the meadow and occasionally in the garden, being very fond of the juicy peas and beans and tender lettuce. Then as winter comes on he forgets all care and worry, crawls into his burrow, and, like the bear, falls asleep, not to awaken till spring.

The cubs usually number four or five, and the date of their birth is not far from the tenth of May. The snug little chamber in which they are born is located two or three feet under the ground and contains a small bed of dry grass gathered the fall before.

The woodchuck family best known to me was the one that lived by the old rail fence just back of the orchard on my father's farm. The mother introduced herself one morning in the latter part of May, just as old Rover and I had started out for a day's fishing. As she fled at our approach, Rover followed and disclosed to me the burrow into which she had fled.

More than one day's sport I got out of that burrow. I took care that Rover didn't go with me when I made my visits, and, instead of digging out the inmates boy-fashion, I waited for them to come out of their own accord. Several times the old woodchuck appeared; but, feeling sure that there were "more to follow," I patiently watched and waited. Finally my patience was rewarded, for, one fine morning, five little cubs came tumbling along the narrow passage after their mother to the entrance of the burrow and looked with their great, beautiful brown eyes upon the outside world. What a marvelous surprise it must have been to them to view the green grass and the beautiful flowers!

When satisfied that there was no danger lurking in the immediate vicinity, the mother led the way into the grass, followed by the cubs, which tumbled along in haste to keep close to her. They tried to imitate her in everything; and when she nibbled a clover-leaf they followed her example, and soon the sharp little teeth had learned to cut the juicy leaves.

The real object of their first outing was soon accomplished—that of filling their stomachs; and then they began playing about in the grass, very much like puppies, but the mother was careful not to let them wander far from the entrance of their home, for if her trained ear caught the sound of something approaching, she would hustle the little ones into the burrow. Once the cubs had traveled only a part of the passage before they heard the deep breathing of the dog at the mouth of the tunnel. The exertion and excitement must have made their little hearts beat fast, and for the first time in their lives they learned what it was to be frightened.

This was only the beginning of their education; for day after day they came out of the burrow, and when they scrambled back something had been added to their little stock of woodchuck knowledge. A part of this knowledge was obtained by copying their mother, but by far the greater part came through instinct and experiences of their own.

Some attention was given to the art of climbing trees and fences, for from elevated positions they could command a much more extended view of meadow and woodland. Yes, woodchucks really climb fences and small trees, though their first attempts are very clumsy. Never a day passed that the little woodchucks did not receive a lesson in danger-signals. They soon learned to distinguish among the many sounds that came to their ears those that threatened harm from those that meant no harm at all. They learned that a dog is not a dangerous foe, as his presence is usually made known while he is some distance off; but they learned to be very wary when a fox was in the vicinity.

I once knew a dog, however, that was a famous woodchuck-hunter. After locating a woodchuck, Shep would watch his movements for a little time; then, while the woodchuck was feeding, he would move directly toward it, keeping his body close to the ground, but would stop instantly and lie very still whenever the woodchuck raised itself on its haunches to look about for danger. When Shep believed himself to be near enough to the entrance of the burrow, he would make a dash for it, and if he reached it first, there was sure to be one less woodchuck to feed upon the clover.

When the early autumn came, the little cubs were pretty nearly grown up; and soon they settled down to the serious business of life, either finding a deserted burrow or digging one for themselves. Within a space of three days the old burrow had but one occupant, the mother.

Usually each woodchuck has a burrow by itself, but occasionally a pair will live together through the winter. I came upon such a pair, not far from the summer home which had so interested me, and I pleased myself by imagining they were two of my old friends. The spot they had selected for their burrow was on a gentle sunny slope in one corner of the meadow. They had evidently been working little by little on the new burrow before they left the old one, but now they made a regular business of it, and worked with a will. They made rapid progress, for the feet are armed with powerful claws and there is a web between the toes, a combination which makes an excellent pick and shovel. The fore feet are used principally for digging, and the hind ones for throwing backward the loosened earth and stones.

For some distance from the entrance their burrow inclined downward quite sharply, and then turned slightly upward and continued along beneath the surface for a distance of fifteen feet. There was a small side tunnel, four feet long, which ended in an exit; the main burrow ended in a chamber of considerable size, in which there was a quantity of fine grass for bedding.

When the woodchucks had completed their home they had nothing to do but to eat and doze about in the sun. With a few weeks of this sort of life there came a wonderful change in their appearance; their cheeks were distended, their fur was glossy, and their skins were stretched with fatness.

When September was well advanced they could eat no more, and had only to wait and doze away the time until about the first week in October, when Mother Nature would send them to sleep for the winter. The blood began to flow more slowly through their veins, a drowsiness which they could not resist gradually crept over them, and finally they curled themselves into balls of fur, side by side in their snug retreat, and fell asleep.

Warm autumn days followed with their mellow light; Indian summer came and went, but the slumber of the woodchucks was unbroken; and thus the cold, bleak winter passed in one long dream of summer.

JOHNNY'S DREAM.